The Saturday Evening
POST
October 19, 1957 – 15¢

OCT 15 '57

I CALL ON DINAH SHORE
By PETE MARTIN

DOES ENGLAND REALLY NEED A QUEEN?
By MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

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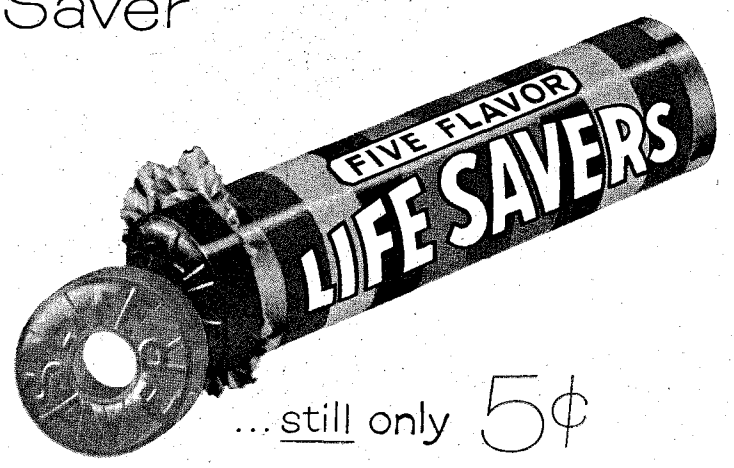

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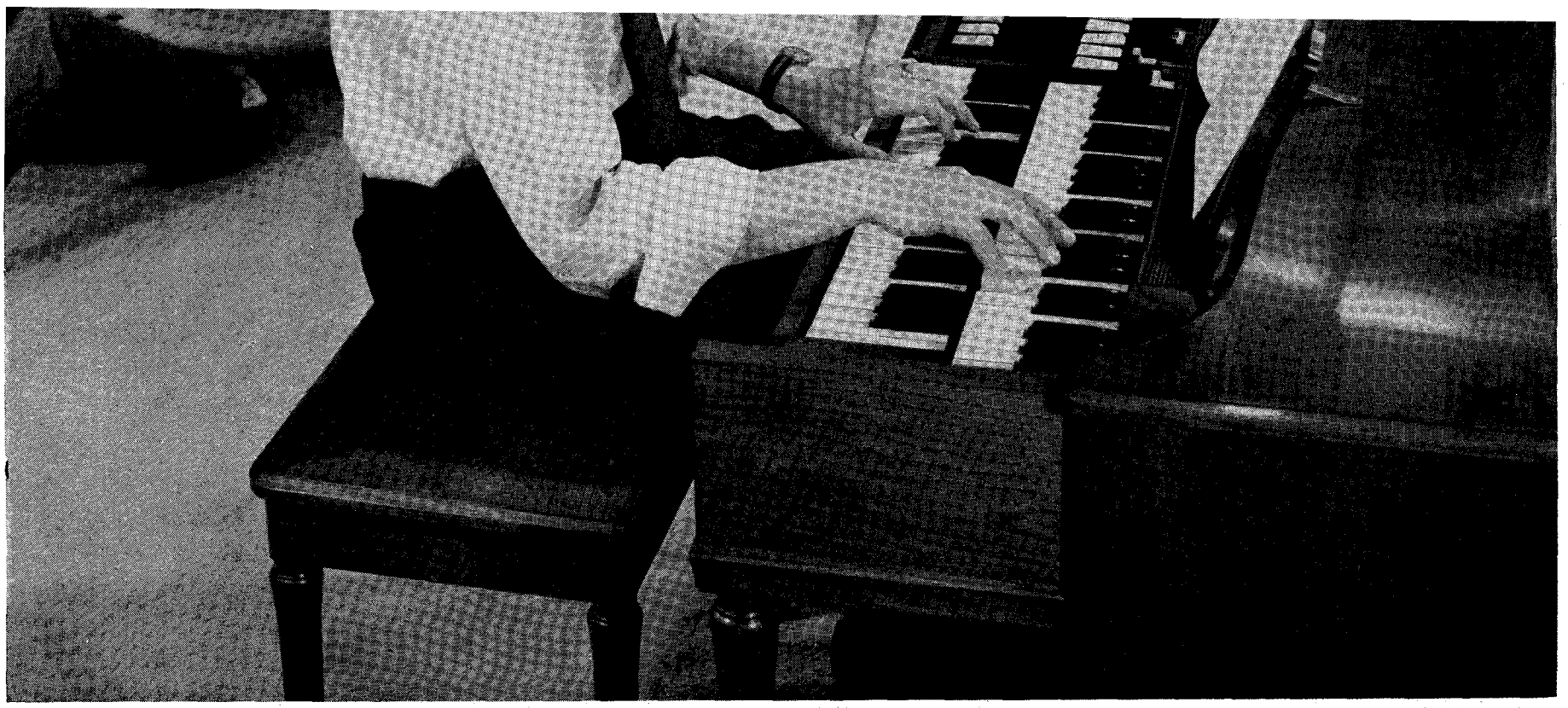

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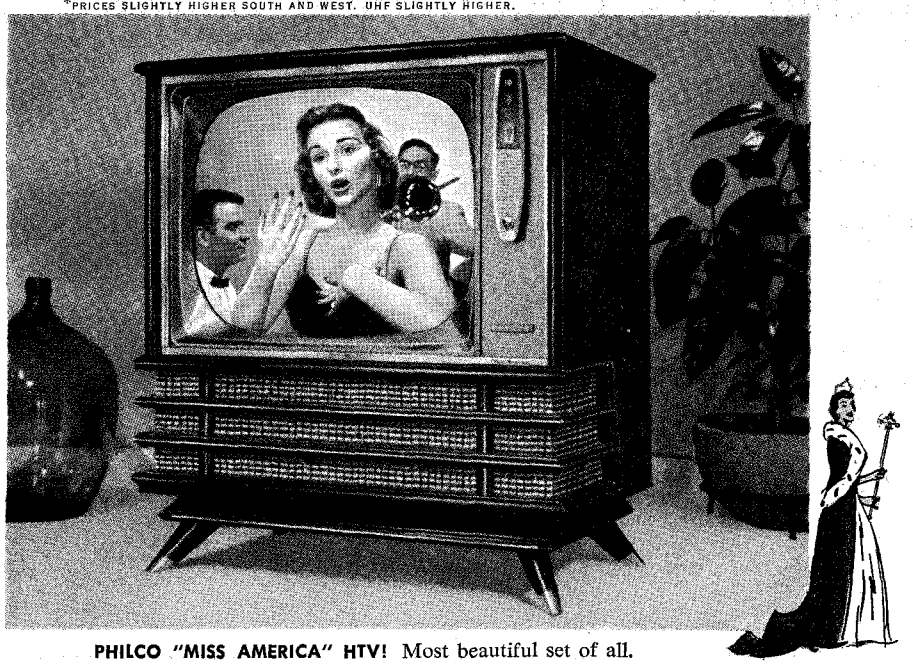

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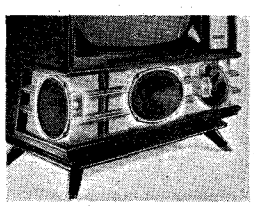

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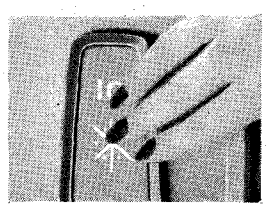

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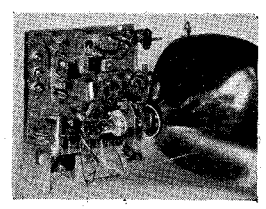

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THE COVER

Dentists are to be pitied. How would you like to be greeted by horrified faces like this from morn till night throughout your professional career? Dentists are kindly, humane souls who love their fellowmen, minister constructively to their grinders, and seldom hurt the fainthearts much while doing it—yet their only reward, besides a fee, is those eternal faces, staring, staring upward as if at an ogre. Next time you go to a D.D.S., smile at him; and if he doesn't faint, maybe in his gratitude he'll pull a couple of your teeth for nothing. Kurt Ard (a new cover artist; see page 132) was astonished that his model climbed into that chair looking happy and had to be urged to look awful. The lad, it developed, had just *been* to a dentist—his teeth were all filled.

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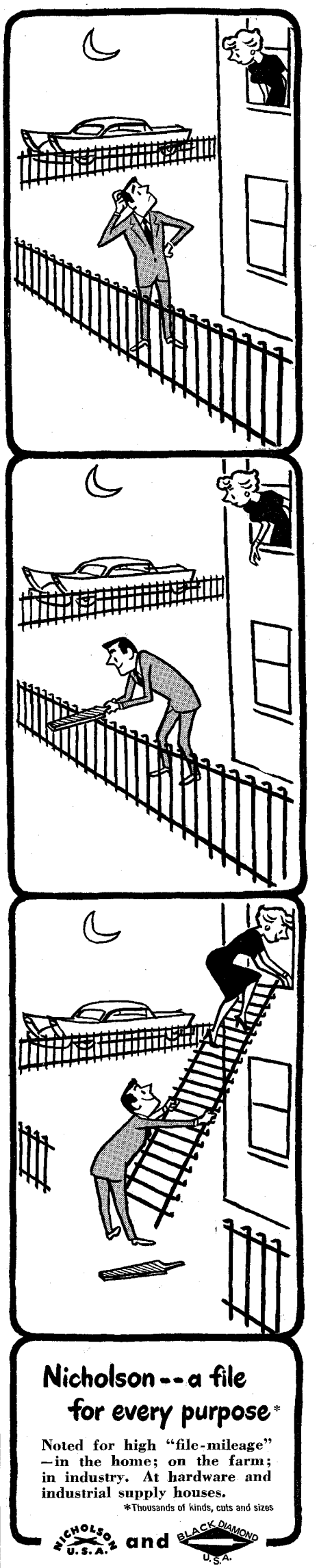

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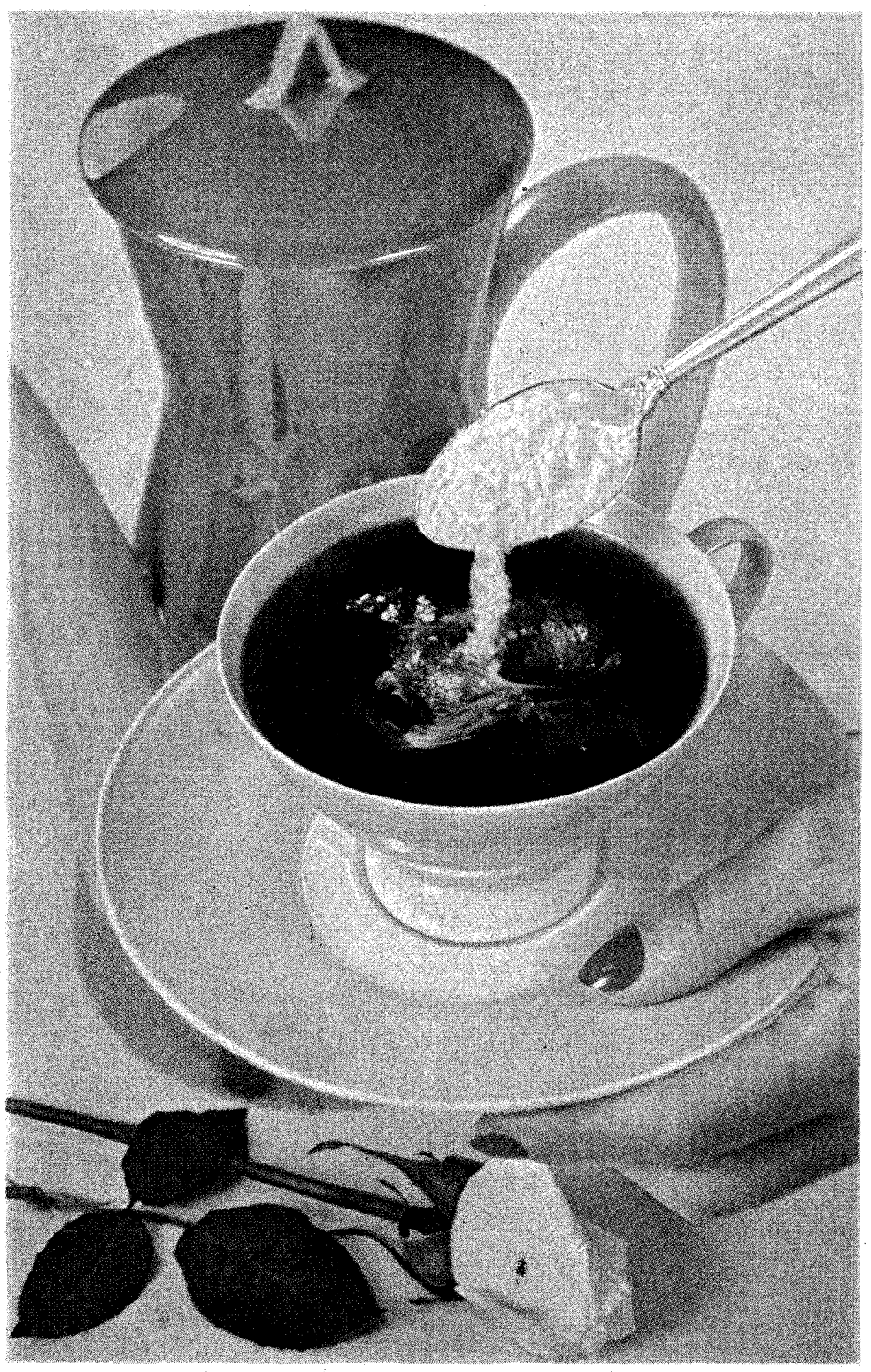

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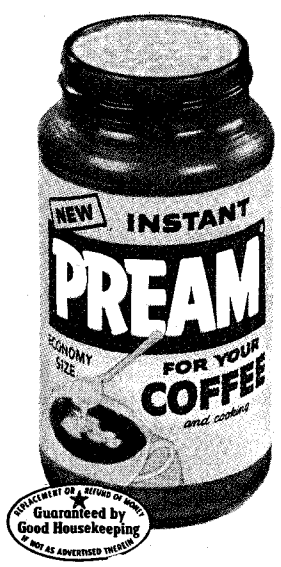

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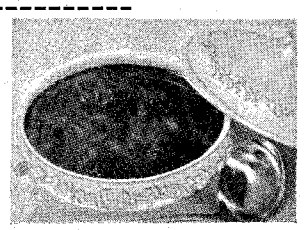

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Letters

"Body Snatchers"

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading I AM A KIDNAPER OF SORTS, as told to James Joseph in the September 14 issue. The (necessarily anonymous) man who wrote that may console himself with the thought that the "kids" he "kidnaps" are all too willing to be bought. . . .

Every word of that article is so true it hurts, especially since no one can tell those guys, "Stay in school! Look ahead!" The young "engineers," who might otherwise become world-acknowledged scientific leaders, are old enough to make their own decisions. And by the time they regret them it will be too late.

LOIS LECOUNT
Burbank, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

How true, how true.

Seven years ago my own husband was "kidnaped"—tempted by high salaries, the beautiful Pacific Northwest and, most deceiving of all, the promise of being able to perform the highly technical job he was trained in college to do.

Since then I have watched the discontent within him grow. . . .

Of his three-year-old son, my husband has this to say, "I only hope he never becomes an engineer." 'Tis a sad state of affairs, don't you think?

NAME WITHHELD
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Your article . . . is the farthest thing from the truth I have ever read. It makes all of us who are engaged in recruiting appear as nothing but sneaking, backstabbing thieves. There may be a few of this type, but most of us are sincere and above board in our relations with prospective employees.

It is obvious why the author remained anonymous. He knows as much about the job we are doing as I know about the sex life of a dodo bird on Venus.

PAUL R. GREEN
Recruiting Co-ordinator
Convair
San Diego, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

With skilled body snatchers such as the one you describe gobbling up graduates for industry, what chance do the high schools have of persuading top-quality science graduates to become teachers?

Here is a frightening figure: of the 4320 science graduates who *actually completed teaching certificates* in 1956, only 130 wound up as high-school physics teachers. That is the total number of new physics teachers that all U.S. high schools were able to recruit for the year (1957 Teacher Supply and Demand Report, National Education Assn.).

CARLTON SMITH
Wilmette, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I, too, am a "body snatcher," but I may truthfully say that the firm for which I work has never resorted to any of the tactics mentioned in this article. True, we are a comparatively small organization, recruiting on a retail rather than a wholesale basis, and we are interested in scientists, rather than engineers. . . .

Neither have we ever taken, nor would we ever attempt to take, a faculty member from his campus. Of course, we will accept college professors who come to us already decided to leave the academic life, but we will make no effort to induce them to do so. If we did, who would train the scientists we are going to need in the next few years?

K. S. ANDERSSON
Technical Operations, Inc.
Fort Monroe, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to quote from a letter I just received from an engineer friend in New York:

"Business in N.Y.C. is rapidly decelerating in the engineering and drafting field. Engineering firms are laying off, but up to now other firms are just about absorbing this. . . . Pretty soon I expect to find engineers and draftsmen pounding the streets looking for work."

HAROLD NEVIN CAREY
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

There is no shortage of engineers in the aircraft and guided-missile industry. . . . Engineers are currently, in Southern California at least, pounding the pavement in search of employment. I have just returned from a day of this delightful recreation, along with a good number of my friends and associates. Nor is this the first time in my career that such has happened, for I can remember distinctly the same situation in 1946 and in 1948, not to mention a minor drought in 1952.

J. C. MEAGHER
Garden Grove, Cal.

● *Newspapers in New York and Los Angeles still print columns of want ads seeking engineers. The Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy says there is a shortage—Russia outnumbers the U.S. about 800,000 to 700,000. On the other hand, the David Blank-George Stigler report, published by the National Bureau of Economic Research, concludes that it is "doubtful" that at any time there has been a "severe shortage of engineers." What do other engineers say? Are there enough of you?*
—ED.

Bird Portraits

Dear Sirs:

Hats off to The Saturday Evening Post for giving us the rare privilege of seeing the BIRDS OF OUR LAND color portfolio done with such fine workmanship by Mr. Don Bleitz [Sept. 14]. It is fitting that he take a place beside John James Audubon.

MRS. HERBERT A. BRADDOCK
St. Augustine, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

My September 14th Post just came. It is the finest one you have ever published.

MRS. BLANCHE J. PIERCE
Jackson, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

While no one can deny the beauty of Mr. Bleitz's bird photographs, they are not necessarily superior to the best work done by pencil and brush. I quote the late great English naturalist, Abel Chapman, who wrote in 1910:

"While photography promises uses the value of (Continued on Page 6)

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A car takes husbands to work and wives to shop. Everybody knows that.

But a lot of families let it go at that. They forget that a car's for more than just pick-up-and-take jobs.

Much more.

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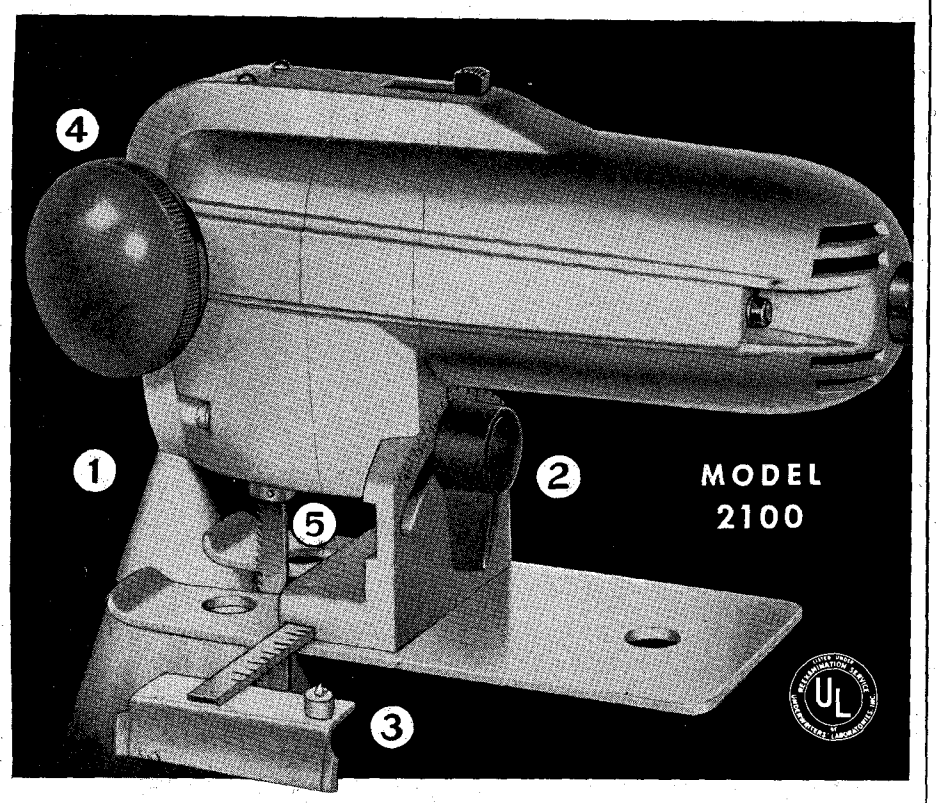

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

which it would be difficult to exaggerate, yet it has defects and limitations. . . . With birds in flight, the human eye only catches the form during the instantaneous arrest of the wing at the end of each stroke—in many cases not even so much as that. But the camera snaps the whirling pinion at mid-stroke or at any intermediate point. The result is altogether admirable as an exposition of the mechanical processes of flight; but it fails as an illustration, inasmuch as it illustrates a pose which Nature has expressly concealed from our view."

LAURENCE JOHNSON
Middlebury, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

After twenty-odd years of enjoying the covers of Post, as well as an increasing pleasure in the contents, I am finally disappointed in one. Referring to the September 14th picture of the snowy owl, I feel cheated (as much as I enjoyed the article and take pleasure in my own bird prints and bird watching) because it was not seasonal or typical of what I look forward to each week.

ELIZABETH LA MOORE
Dallas, Texas

Dear Sirs:

The cover picture . . . gave me a thrill. It reminded me of the time my mother got me out of bed in the middle of the night, when I was six years old, to look at the snowy owl in the elm tree by our bedroom window. He was magnificent! I've not seen his equal, even in zoos, since.

ELSIE PIERCE DYE
Washington, D.C.

Prussians and Leopard's Spots

Dear Sirs:

Anent GERMAN SOLDIER, 1957 VERSION (by Norbert Muhlen, Sept. 7) and its author's sharp critique of Prussian military training and discipline, let us remember that it was the Prussian officer, Friedrich Wilhelm, Baron von Steuben, who trained (and disciplined) an armed mob of rebellious colonists into a manageable military force. Without him and his methods, they would have been duck soup for the British. Times have changed, and so have methods, but let us hope that the German Soldier, 1957 Version, in his public conduct, will be as outstandingly well-behaved and orderly as his forebears always were, reflecting credit on his people and his country.

A. HERBERT JUEDE
Au Train, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Can the leopard change his spots? . . .

The German people, as long as the record shows, have been not only a warlike but a war-loving people. . . .

Now, after two terrific defeats they are in a chastened mood. But for how long?

MRS. H. B. MACFARLAND
Austin, Texas

Where is Coach Elliott?

Dear Sirs:

In PIGSKIN PREVIEW by Fred Russell, Sept. 7, I noticed that you have Bill Jennings, a former assistant Oklahoma coach under Bud Wilkinson, as new coach at Nebraska. I thought Pete Elliott, also a former backfield coach under Wilkinson, got that job. If Elliott isn't coaching at Nebraska, where is he?

JOHN E. HEANEY
Jamaica, N.Y.

● *After only one season at Nebraska, Pete Elliott was hired in January by the University of California to succeed Pappy Waldorf as head coach. Nebraska then gave its head-coaching job to Bill Jennings, who had been serving as backfield coach under Elliott.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Your annual PIGSKIN PREVIEW is excellent. . . .

Unfortunately, however, you have the cart before the horse with reference to the "mirrored offense."

The offensive system which startled Iowa friends and foes alike has been plaguing Delaware's opponents since 1951 as the "Delaware Wing T" and is the brainchild of Delaware head coach Dave Nelson, not a recent adaptation. Iowa coach Forest Evashevski made no secret of the source of his 1956 offense, and the two former Michigan teammates have co-authored Scoring Power with the Winged T Offense, a new book that promises to become a favored do-it-yourself manual among the nation's coaches.

BOB CUNNINGHAM
Newark, Delaware

● *We meant to say that Forest Evashevski got the idea for the "mirrored offense" from Dave Nelson, rather than vice versa, but we fear that it came out ambiguous. Our apologies.—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Don Bleitz. • 23–International. • 24–Camera Press, London Daily Express, Camera Press. • 25–Combine Photos, European, Keystone Press, two from European; British Information Service, Camera Press. • 26, 27–Sid Avery. • 28, 29–Ken Riley. • 30–Stan Galli. • 31–New York Times, Wide World. • 32, 33–Lynn Buckham. • 34–Pat Coffey. 35–Pat Coffey, three from University of Oklahoma. • 36–Gene Lester, National Press. • 37–Bruce Bomberger. • 38–Larry Keighley. • 39–Larry Keighley, Peter F. Petraglia. • 40, 41–John Burns. • 42, 43–Arthur Lidov. • 44–Larry Fried, two from Detroit Free Press. • 45–Gene Lester. • 51–Mac Conner. • 114–European. • 126–Larry Keighley. • 132–Larry Fried, two anonymous; United Press.

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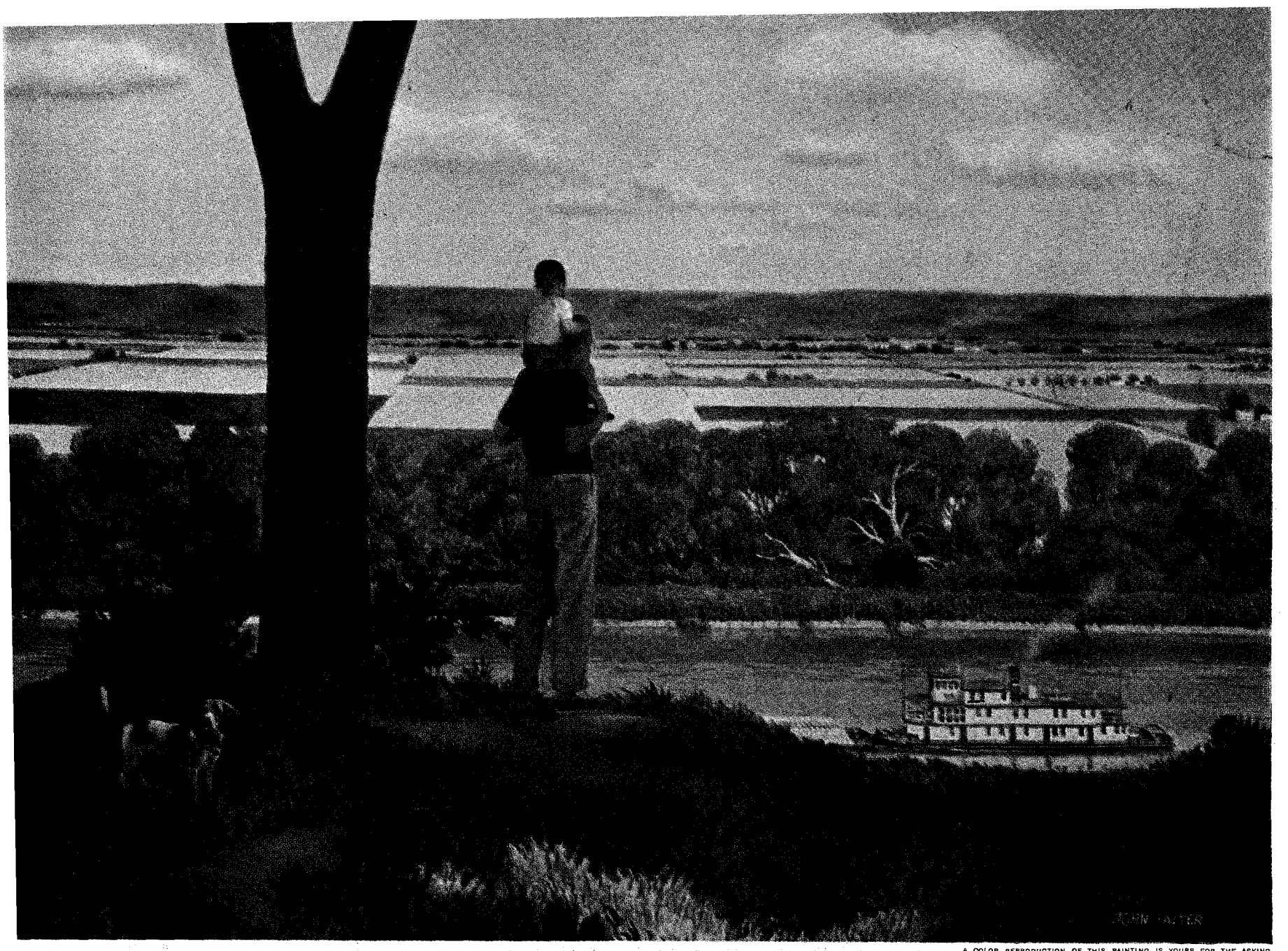

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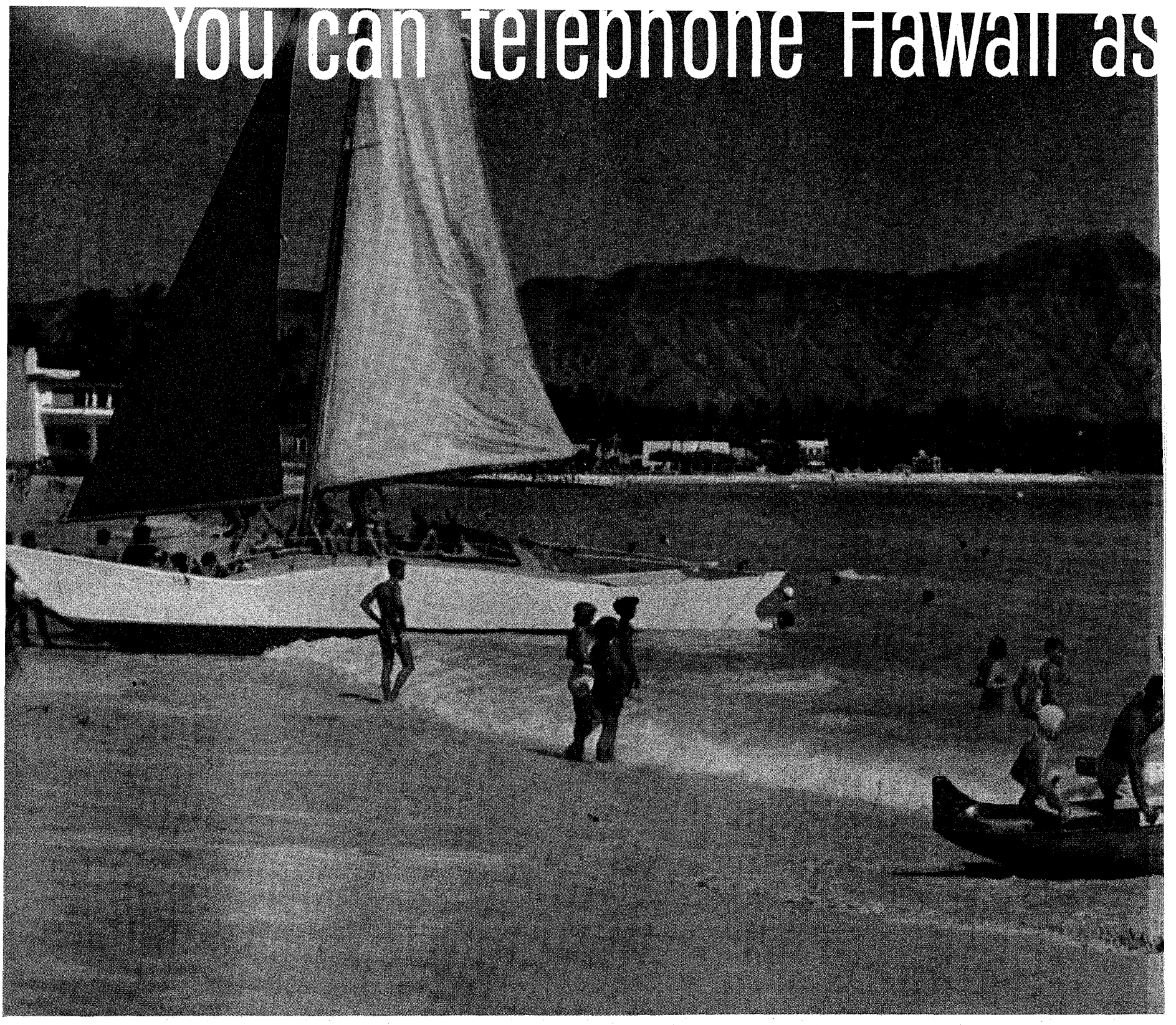
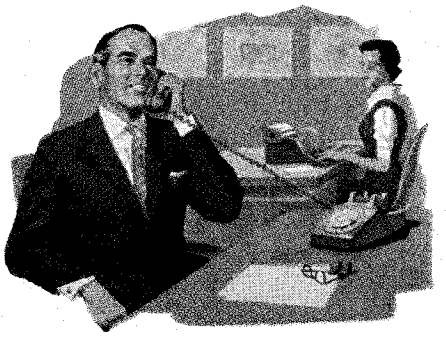


Waikiki Beach in Honolulu



New underseas telephone cables now

Another historic advance in communication service has just been completed.

For years you have been able to call Hawaii by *radio*telephone. Now new telephone *cables* have been added, stretching for 2,400 miles under the Pacific Ocean connecting the United States mainland and Hawaii.

Added to the present radiotelephone circuits, the new cable system provides more

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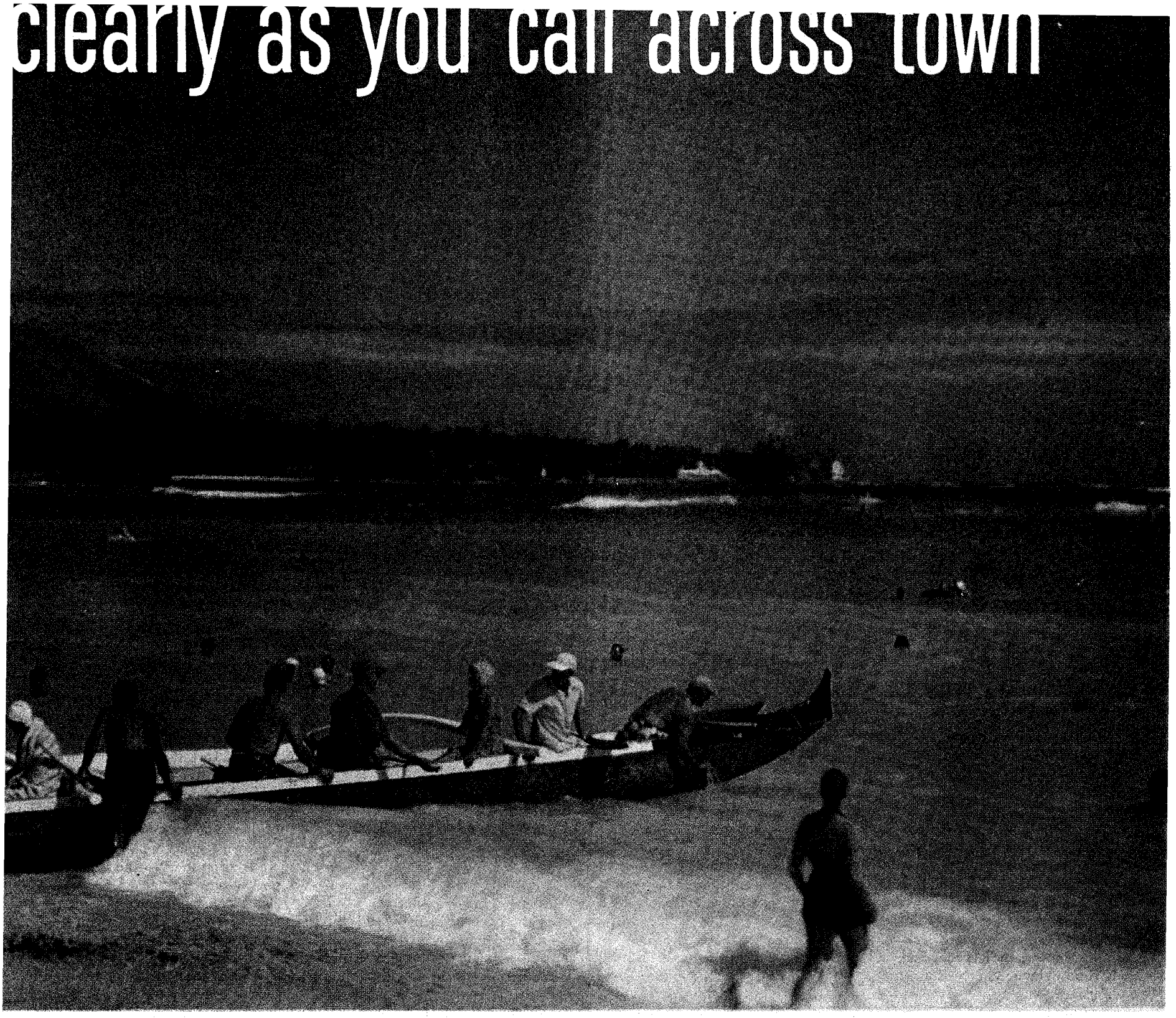
clearly as you call across town



link United States mainland and the Hawaiian Islands

and faster and better service. It makes it possible for you to telephone to and from the Hawaiian Islands as clearly as you call across your own home town. Just give the operator your call.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

KNITTING THE WORLD TOGETHER

The original certificate of incorporation, American Telephone and Telegraph Co., February 28, 1885, includes these prophetic words: "*. . . and each and every of said cities, towns and places is to be connected with each and every other city, town or place in said states and countries, and also by cable and other appropriate means with the rest of the known world as may hereafter become necessary or desirable . . .*"

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Editorials

Defenders of Hiss Ignore the Missing Witness

There is a man who could have been a key witness in the Alger Hiss case, but who during both trials kept his knowledge to himself. His subsequent testimony might have saved much mental anguish among Hiss' many zealous defenders who blindly accept the book he has written as proof that he was framed.

The unknown witness did not speak up when Hiss' lawyers hammered at their strongest point. This was that Whittaker Chambers was the only person to swear that he had seen Hiss in a meeting of a secret Communist Party cell. Had there been another witness to back up Chambers' testimony about this cell, the Hiss defense would have been worse off than it was.

In January, 1950, Hiss was convicted. In March a book was published, written by the unknown witness, Nathaniel Weyl. It was entitled Treason. Weyl related the history "of disloyalty and betrayal in American history" ever since the Revolutionary War.

A small part of the book concerned the Hiss case. The author summarized the evidence. He did not state whether he believed Hiss guilty, nor did he disclose that he himself had been a Communist.

Three months later, in June, 1950, Stalin began the Korean War. American troops were rushed into action. Many American prisoners, as was afterward learned, were murdered, and others were tortured.

For weeks Weyl suffered agonies of conscience. Then he went to the FBI. He told the truth which he had withheld during the two Hiss trials.

Much later—February 19 and 21, 1952—Weyl testified before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. In Part 8, Pages 2795–2823 and 2871–2876, of the Hearings on the Institute of Pacific Relations, appears the testimony given by this previously silent witness.

Nathaniel Weyl is an economist and author. He is the son of Walter E. Weyl, government and labor economist, one of the original editors of the New Republic magazine.

Nathaniel Weyl testified that he joined the Communist Party in the winter of 1932–33, when he was twenty-two years old and a post-graduate student of economics at Columbia University. In the summer of 1933 he went to Washington as an economist for the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. Two of the chief lawyers in the AAA were Alger Hiss and Lee Pressman.

Soon an important Communist named Harold Ware came to see Weyl, and ordered him to attend meetings of a secret cell that was about to start. Alger Hiss and Lee Pressman were members of this cell, Weyl testified, and so were Pressman's two future law partners, John Abt and Nathan Witt, and also Henry Collins, Charles Kramer and Victor Perlo. They met regularly and studied Communist policy, under Ware's guidance. "I saw him (Hiss) pay dues," Weyl swore.

Weyl testified that the cell meetings had nothing to do with espionage in his time. That was a later development.

Weyl dropped out of the Communist Party in 1938, but he remained active in some Red fronts. In 1939, Stalin made his pact with Hitler, and Weyl at once began writing anti-Communist articles. He has remained anti-Communist ever since.

Yet he could never bring himself to testify against his former comrades, and he remained silent and wholly unknown during the Hiss trials. It took the Korean War to open his mouth.

Charleston Editor Takes Pity on the Illiterate Tourist

Perhaps the best reason for never leaving your home county is that nowhere else can you hear the right pronunciation of English words. Everywhere you find an appalling ignorance of how to pronounce even the simplest words in exactly your own perfect way.

Suppose you come to the historic city of Charleston. Here is an alert newspaper, the News & Courier. And on that paper there is a columnist whose name is Ashley Cooper. He is now the newspaper's assistant publisher.

"Although, as everyone knows," says the News & Courier, "Charlestonians speak perfect English, residents of many other sections of the United States unfortunately do not. Ironically, these sloppy talkers from elsewhere complain sometimes, while visiting the Holy City, that they cannot understand the pure and clear accents of Charlestonians."

Out of the kindness of his heart, or perhaps in the hope of inciting a new civil war among the Charlestonians, Ashley Cooper began publishing in his column certain words and phrases which he called "Charlestonese." Now these have been gathered into a pamphlet, the Dictionary of Charlestonese, which sells for twenty-five cents, the profits going to the newspaper's Christmas charity fund. Examples:

AIR—What you hear with.

BECKON—Meat from a pig, often eaten with aigs for brake-fuss.

BUN—Consume by heat. "When you make toe-est, don't bun the braid."

COINED—Humane. "He was always coined to animals."

LAYMAN—A fruit from which laymanade is made.

MINE EYES—Salad dressing.

POET—To transfer a liquid. "Poet from the pitcher to the glass."

SEX—One less than seven, two less than eh-et, three less than noine, foe less than tin.

SNOW—To breathe loudly and heavily while sleeping.

WRETCHED—The long name for the nickname "Dick."

With the help of this dictionary you can translate your own words into Charlestonese. For example, when your Charleston aint (the sister of one of your parents) met your mother-in-law from Argon (a state north of California) she asked her, "Cane chew talk like a good Charlestonian?"

And what would happen if newspapers elsewhere issued similar guides to the local accent—dictionaries of Bostonese, New Yorkese, Miamese, Milwaukese, Dallasese, Renoese, Spokanese?

American Investors Play an Unheralded Part in Foreign Aid

No panacea can wipe out all at once the poverty in the world. But we can take heart in the peaceful accomplishments of American private investment in foreign lands. Canada, it is true, gets the lion's share, and Canada is not poor.

Our private foreign investments are increasing in the more "backward" countries as well. A study by the University of Syracuse School of Citizenship and Foreign Affairs shows that some 25,000 American citizens and 1,280,000 foreign nationals are working for American business firms abroad, not only in Canada and Europe but in the Middle East and North Africa, Central and South Africa and the Far East.

American oil companies are scouring the whole world for supplies, paying' almost a billion dollars a year in taxes and royalties in the Middle East alone, while American oil, mining and smelting firms pay $800,000,000 in Latin America.

"We have added 4,000,000 acres to our 12,000,000-acre 'play' in Cuba. . . . In Jamaica we are carrying on work to earn a three-quarter interest in a concession on the entire island area. . . . We have a new subsidiary for exploration and production in Venezuela." This is a mere routine item in the quarterly report of one company.

American companies are aiding in the petroleum-power revolution in Europe—an example of the result of this is found in the fact that ten times as many tractors are used on French farms as in prewar days.

American engineering skill and several great electrical-manufacturing companies are helping to build power plants in Spain. The boom in Japanese shipbuilding has American know-how behind it. American companies are providing Turkey with an essential oil refinery.

No one contends that these projects alone will cure all the world's ills. But they are laying the foundation for higher standards of living and mutual understanding between ourselves and nations the world round.

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Going places with the *Light* refreshment

SEEMS that modern, active people are always on the move, so it's hardly surprising they've streamlined their eating habits, too. Lighter, less-filling food and drink keep their figures trim and their spirits flying.

Today's Pepsi-Cola travels right along with this trend. Reduced in calories, never heavy, never too sweet, it's the modern, the *light* refreshment. When you're going places, always say "Pepsi, please." Refresh without filling!

Pepsi-Cola

refreshes without filling

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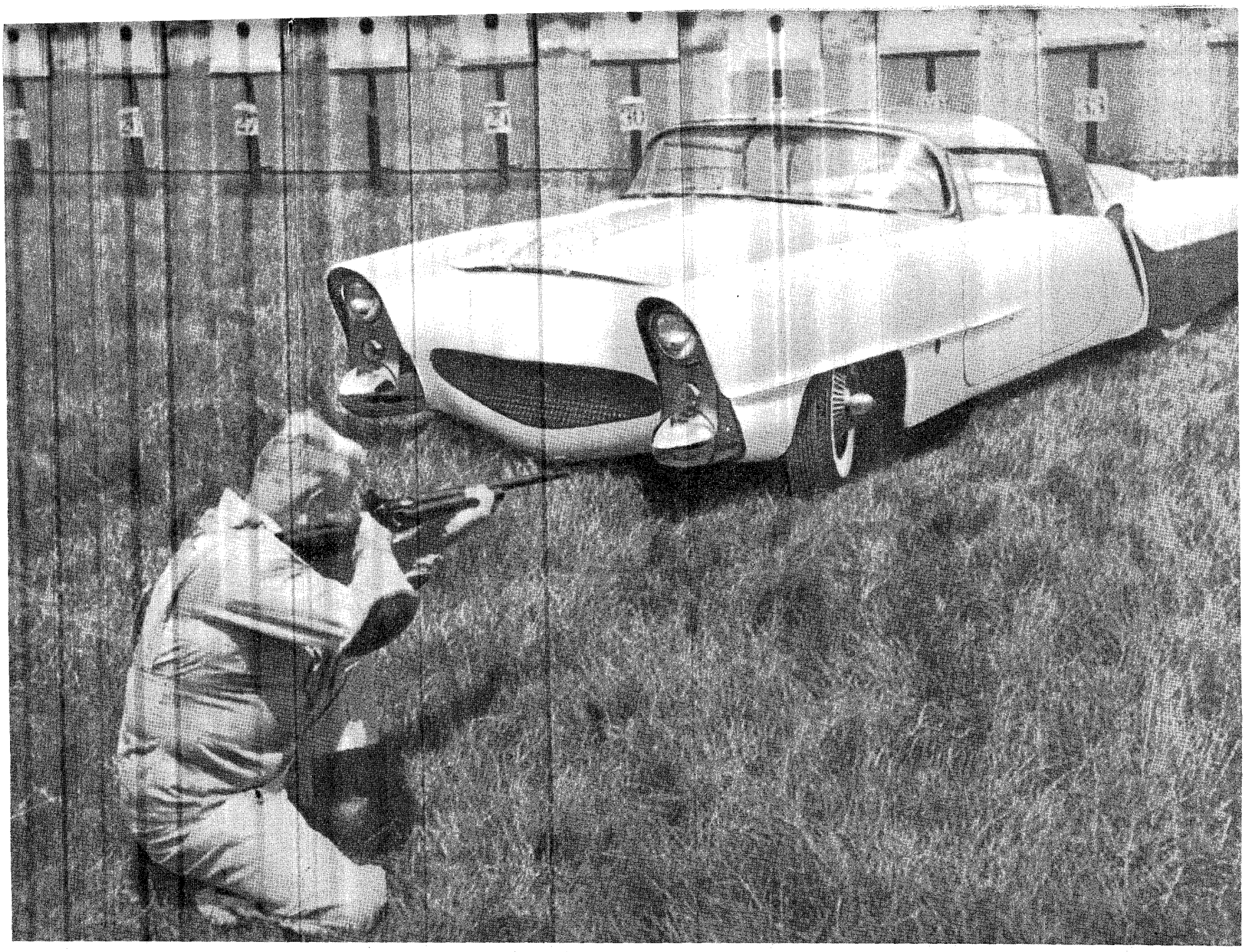


PROVED NEW SEIBERLING TIRE REDUCES HIGHWAY TRAGEDIES !

Proved—not even smashing, tearing rifle bullets could make the self-sealing Seiberling Sealed-Aire Tire lose air! This unequalled ability to seal big, dangerous punctures was proved by Dan Carroll, famous rifle marksman and Remington Arms Company expert. Only Sealed-Aires, the tires built with exclusive Seiberling bulkhead construction, survived this test. Competitive puncture-sealing tires went flat instantly when shot.

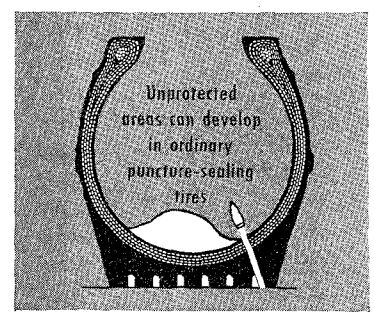
Sealed-Aires are America's finest investment in safe tires—the safest investment you can make to prevent a highway tragedy! Your Seiberling Dealer will gladly demonstrate these safest of all tires. Why not see him soon?

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO • TORONTO, CANADA

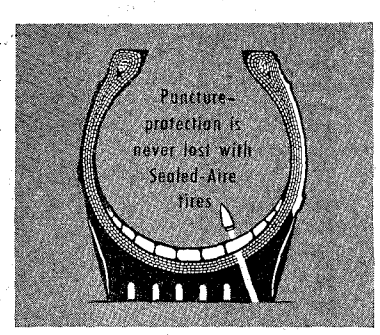
SEIBERLING

SEALED-AIRE NYLON TIRE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF AMERICA'S FINEST TIRES IN EVERY PRICE RANGE!



Nothing holds the soft sealing-gum in place. Tire heat and centrifugal force can cause the gum to slide and lump up. Result: Loss of both puncture-protection and tire balance.



"Bulkheads" in Sealed-Aire tires keep the soft sealing-gum in protective position across the full tread width. Result: Lifetime puncture-protection and lifetime balance.

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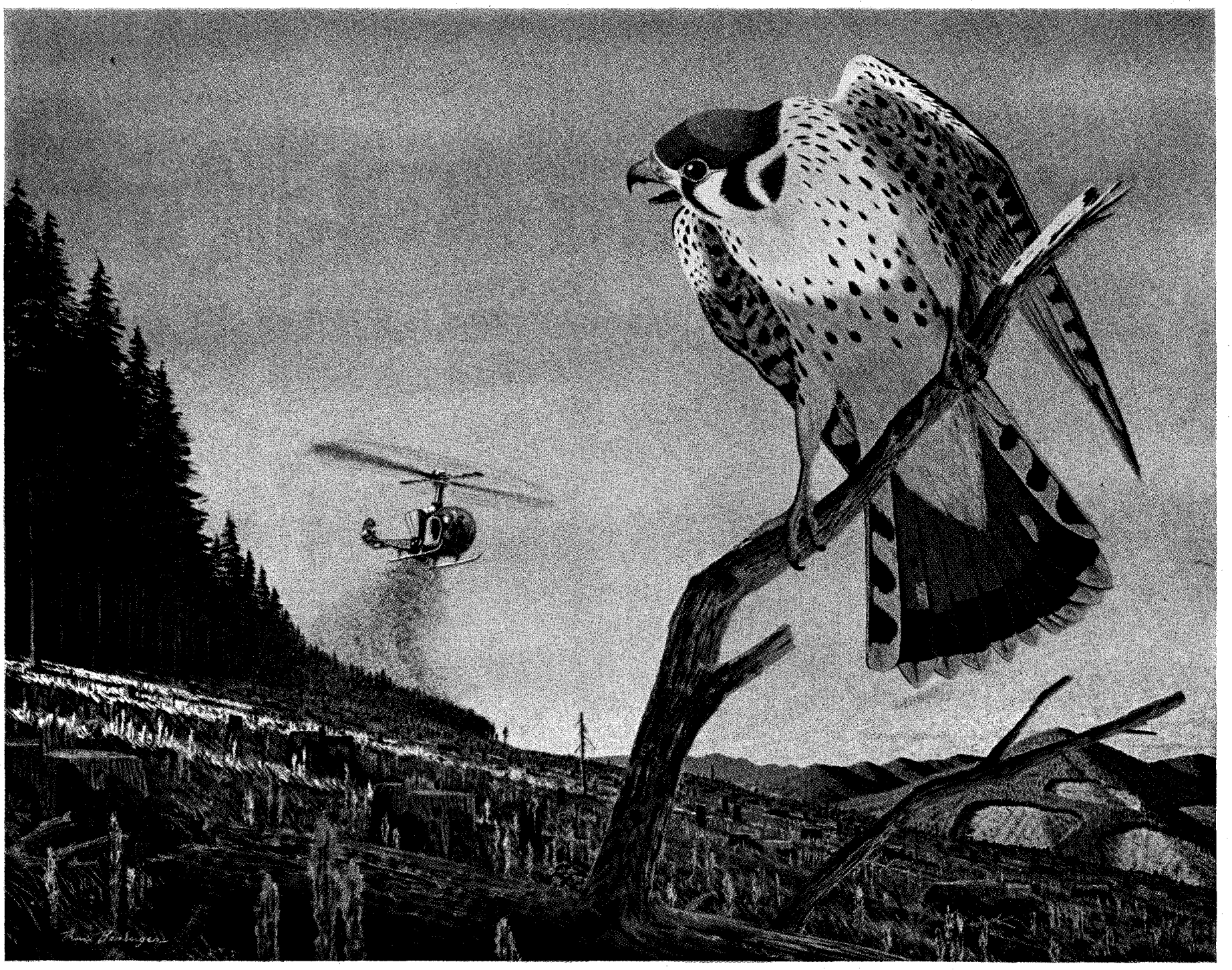
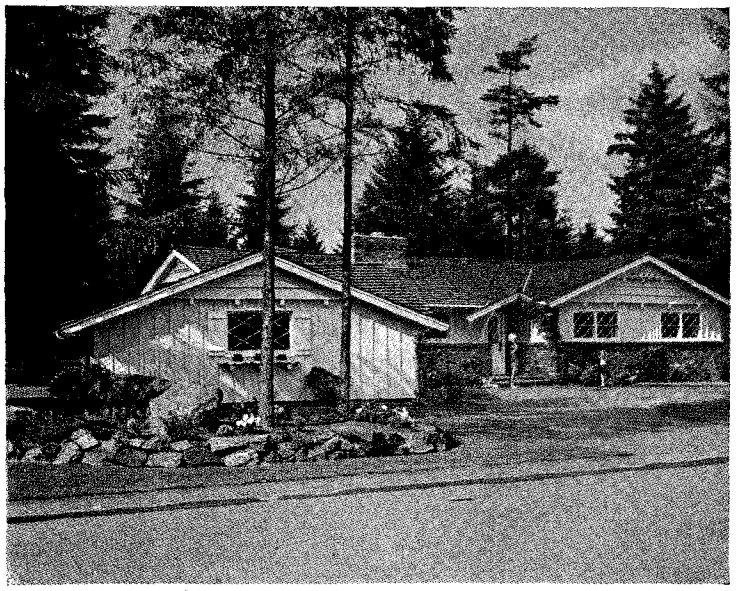


sowing the seeds of future forests on industrial tree farms...

Homes of wood are ideally suited to the natural surroundings of suburban living areas. For such homes, many beautiful woods are available nationwide as Weyerhaeuser 4-Square quality lumber.



Late this fall, the staccato sound of helicopter blades will again be heard over Weyerhaeuser tree farms in the Pacific Northwest. As startled wildlife scurries for cover, millions of tree seeds will drift down across several thousand acres of harvested land. Lying dormant during winter cold, the seeds will stir to life in early spring... growing into trees to supply America's future needs.

Aerial seeding is one of the modern techniques used to accelerate and intensify restocking of company lands. While harvesting programs always provide seed trees for natural reforestation, there are recurring years in which the seed supply is inadequate. Since this slows the pace of regeneration, nature's efforts are being augmented by aerial seeding on a broadening scale. As a result, new tree crops are rapidly established and the land is kept fully productive.

Today, company tree farms produce a continuous flow of wood for use as lumber, plywood, chemical pulp and countless other forest products. Through natural and artificial reforestation, they can supply such benefits forever. *Write to us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington for a free booklet,* ***Promise of the Trees.***

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

making forestlands serve America better by scientific management

WEYERHAEUSER
4-SQUARE

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GMC "Giant-Killer" does

This GMC W660 is equipped as a specialist in cleaning out and reconditioning oil wells.

It doesn't travel very far to its jobs. It is only after reaching a trouble spot – hauling its 66,000 pounds over 'roads' that should be traveled only in a balloon – that the engine puts in its *real* hard licks.

For when the drill rig goes up, that engine buckles down to the incessant, day-in, day-out strain of operating it.

In only six months, the GMC shown here ha put in 2,000 hours of this—a rate equal t doing 200,000 road miles a year.

This is no rare case. GMC's in every fiel often are called upon to do giant-killer jobs And they deliver every time.

The odds are you will never subject YOU trucks to such grueling service, but experi ence like this is your assurance of stamin

GMC

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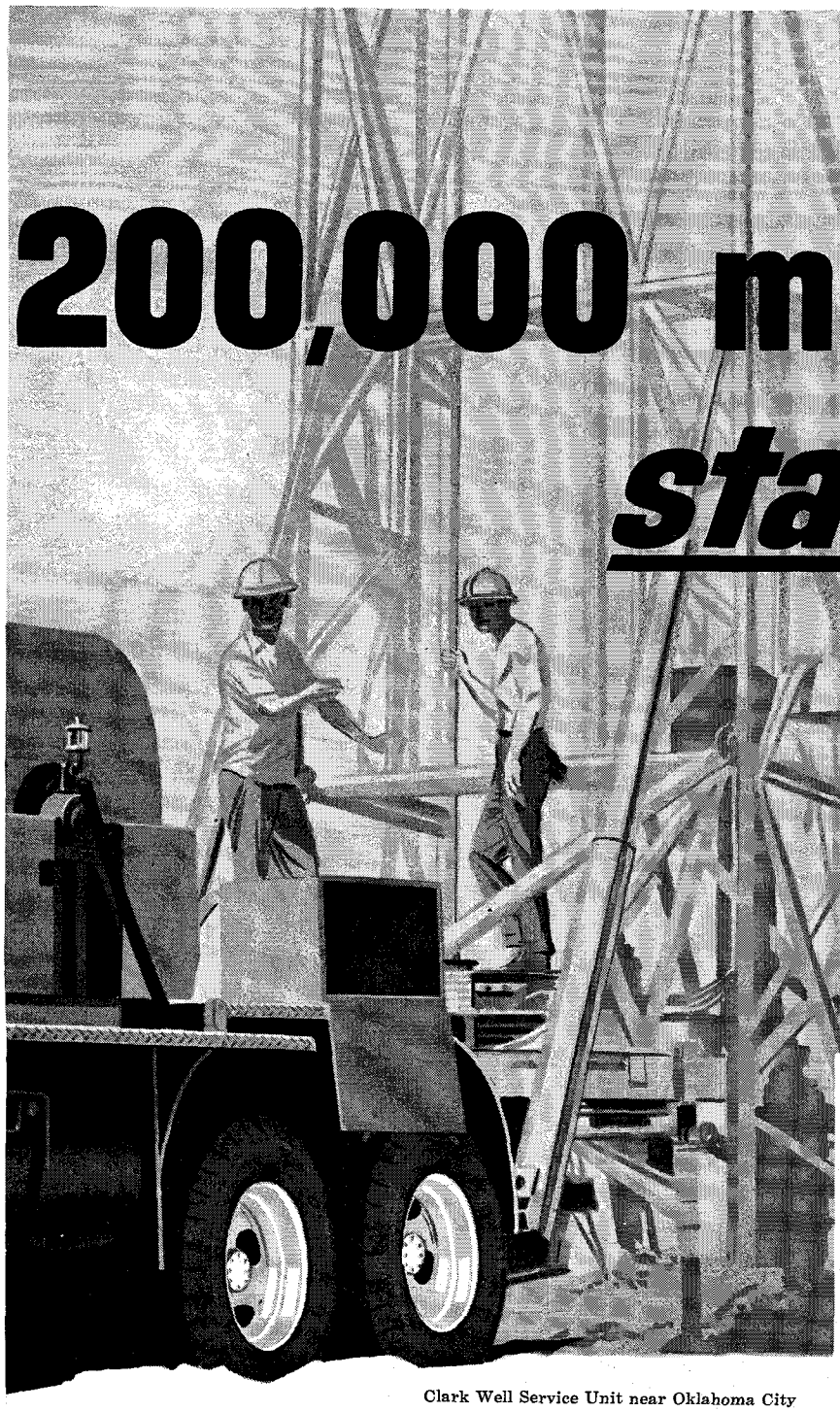
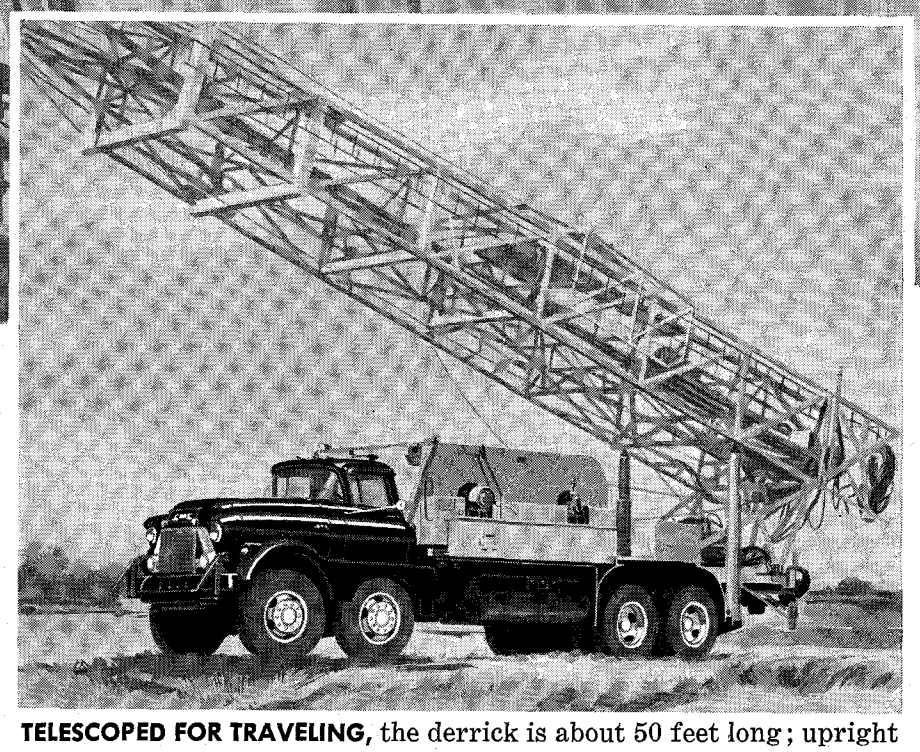
200,000 miles a year...
standing still!



Clark Well Service Unit near Oklahoma City



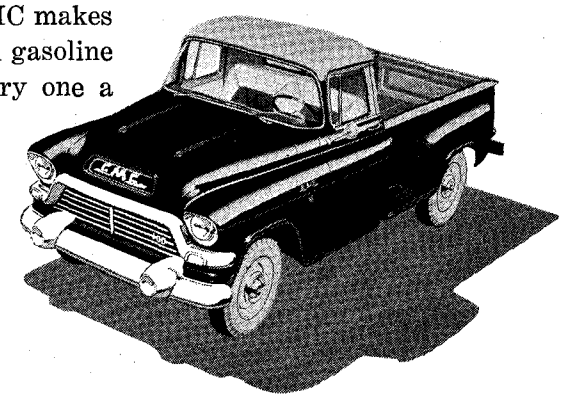
TELESCOPED FOR TRAVELING, the derrick is about 50 feet long; upright on the job, it extends to 80 feet. This rig also is capable of drilling to a depth of 4,000 feet.

and reserve strength far beyond normal requirements. And you'll see that pay off in low operating costs.

Let your GMC dealer work out the ideal GMC for your needs. Whatever your requirements, he'll fit them. And his price will give you the greatest value you can get. *Call him today.*

GMC TRUCK & COACH
A General Motors Division

FROM HALF-TON TO 45 TONS, GMC makes a full family of fine trucks. Both gasoline and Diesel engine models – every one a Blue Chip Money-Maker!



Money-Makers

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Here's the wool Pairables story

One part plaid, two parts plain, with wool's rich color the common denominator! It's Pendleton's formula for unbeatable fashion. The magnificent wools, shown here, are in the newest plaids of Granada red and mossberry green . . . paired with subtle browns and greys. They're Pendleton-perfect all the way through—from golden fleece to gilt-edge fashion.

Men's jackets, $17.50; slacks, $22.50
Women's "49'er" jackets, $17.95; skirts, $14.95
Robe-in-bag, $13.95

There's only one

Pendleton

always virgin wool

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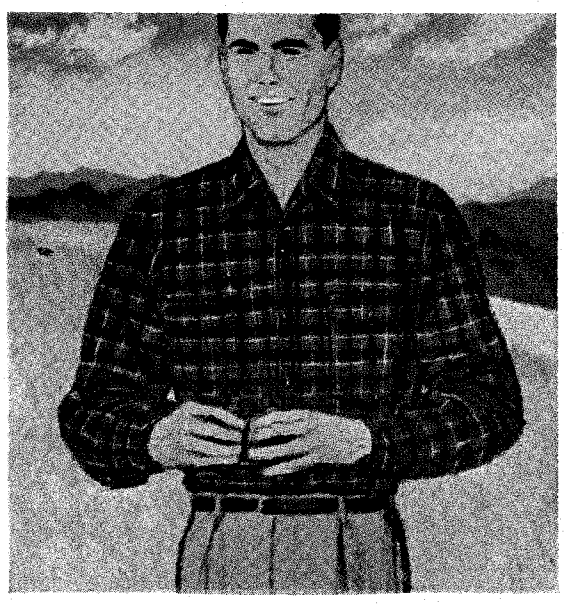
Sportscast for fall—pure Wool

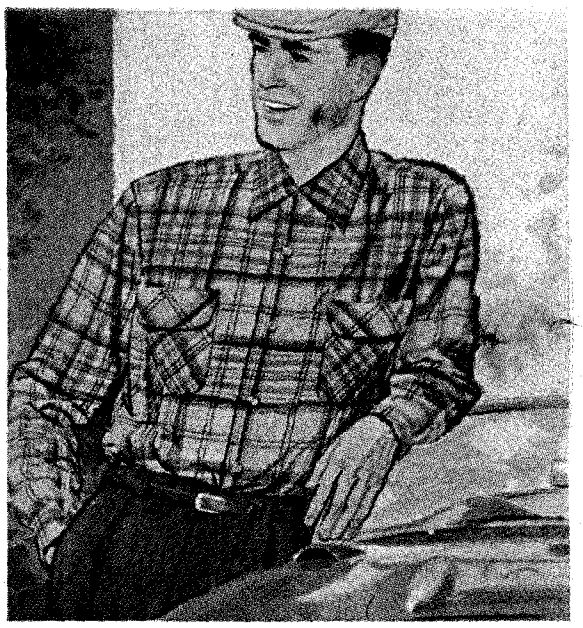
Prediction: You'll be spending one-third of your time these golden autumn days in the new sporting wools.

For what else responds so beautifully to Fall's call to action. Especially wools like these, glowing with incomparable color! Tailored as only wool tailors to give you perfection of line, better fit.

And these new wools treat you to comfort unlimited. Naturally resilient, wool never binds or restricts in action! Naturally insulating too, wool keeps you one jump ahead of the weather! No matter what tricky turn the temperature takes this fall . . . you're snug, you're warm, you're set for the great outdoors in wool!

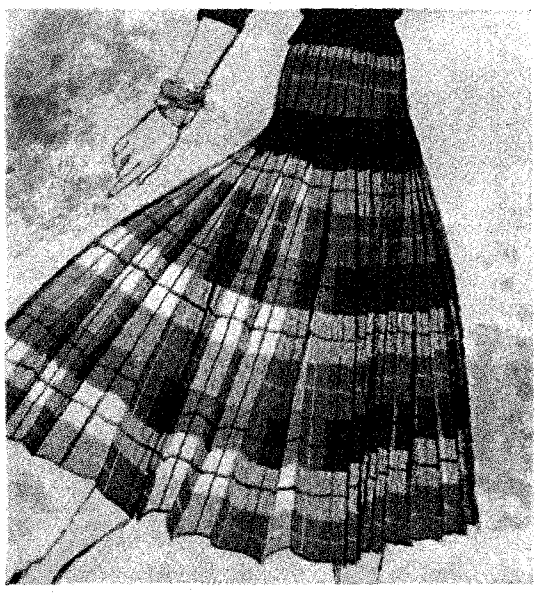


Keyed to the great outdoors—Pendleton's precision-tailored wool shirt keeps you warm from dawn to dusk. For wool is insulating—protects you from autumn's quick-changing temperatures. Shirt, $12.95

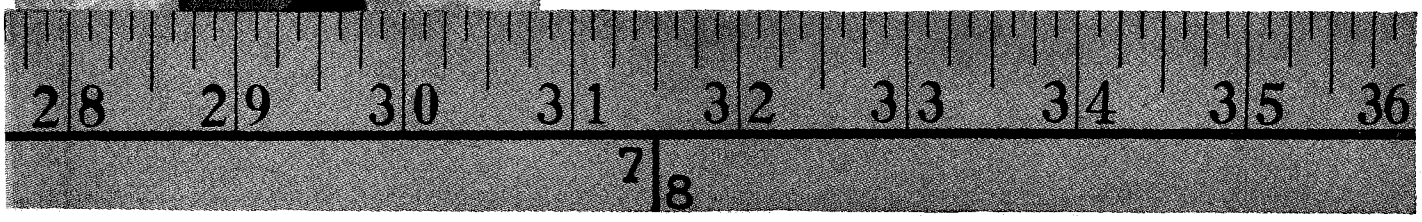


For the open road—Pendleton's plaid sport shirt of pure wool gives free and easy comfort behind the wheel. That's because wool is naturally flexible—moves with your every move. Shirt, $13.95

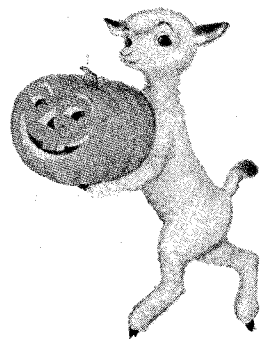
It's harvest time for wool sweaters. And only wool lets you gather such exciting shades—equaling nature's own palette. A prize for collectors—Pendleton's pull-over in clay brown. $10.95



Born to a double life—Pendleton's reversible skirt* of pure wool plaid. Thanks to wool's "spring-back," those hip-hugging pleats will keep their slim line. Skirt, $29.95 *Reg U. S. Pat. Off. No. 2530678



nothing measures up to Wool



For further information write Wool, P-1, 420 Lexington Ave. New York 17, N. Y.

Jointly sponsored with ASPC

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The Electro-Cardiogram *helps your doctor trace out the story of your heart. It tells him much about the condition of your heart and enables him to take remedial action. It is wise to have your doctor check your heart at least once a year.*

Listen to your Heart...

Scientists are studying an important aspect of health —the relationship between your diet and your heart

If your heart could speak, it would say:

"I am a muscle . . . tough, hard-working, faithful. I beat constantly . . . more than 100,000 times a day . . . pumping precious blood through the many miles of arteries, veins and capillaries within your body. But as you grow older, these miles of 'pipe lines' may become clogged or narrowed . . . so I must beat faster, work harder to send blood coursing through the circulatory system . . . and the strain often becomes so great that I tire, weaken . . . and in extreme cases cease to beat."

What your heart does

The human heart is truly a remarkable pump, working constantly every minute of the day and night without faltering for an entire lifetime—sometimes more than a hundred years.

Through a vast and intricate system of veins and arteries it must maintain a flow of blood continuously. Clogging or blocking of these lifelines . . . just as mineral deposits clog the flow of water pipes . . . interferes with the heart's performance.

How do blood vessels become clogged?

Doctors know that deposits sometimes form in the walls of the arteries . . . and narrow or clog these vessels.

One of the main constituents of these de-

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posits is a fatty, wax-like substance called *cholesterol,* which is always present in the blood. Under certain conditions these cholesterol deposits may build up enough to narrow or clog the vessel completely.

What part does diet play?

Diet is always a governing factor in health and longevity. Sound nutrition is reflected in both appearance and vigor. When eyes are bright, skin is clear, teeth are sound, hair is glossy, good health from good eating is evident.

Within recent years, the relationship of diet to heart disease has been under intensive study. Because heart disease is America's Number One Killer, medical investigators are searching continually to learn more about its causes . . . to increase human knowledge of the heart and its reaction to the way we live, the work we do, what we eat . . . and the strain and stresses we endure.

It has long been recognized that cholesterol is in some way involved. Your body makes it from the foods you eat. Cholesterol is always present in the blood stream and tissues—and performs many vital functions. It is made from all kinds of foods . . . including fats. However, many recent nutritional studies indicate that the kind of fat we eat has much to do with the amount of cholesterol in the blood stream.

In general, there are two types of fat: "saturated" and "unsaturated." Thus far, the evidence tends to establish a direct relationship between high blood cholesterol levels and the amount of "solid" or saturated fats in the diet. On the other hand, unsaturated fats seem to have the opposite effect and lower the blood cholesterol level.

The bearing of these findings on the problems of heart disease is not yet known, but the desirability of lowering elevated blood cholesterol level has long been recognized. Therefore, many doctors are recommending, particularly to their coronary patients, that unsaturated (liquid) fats be used in place of solid ones, wherever possible . . . in salads, cooking, frying and wherever fat is added during the preparation of foods.

ARE WE EATING PROPERLY? *We in America have such an abundance of delightful foods that* overeating is a common practice. And what we eat—particularly the amount and kind of fats—is now being studied in regard to the relationship of diet to heart "trouble."

Mazola corn oil is recommended by many doctors under these circumstances. It is an unsaturated fat . . . a pure, natural vegetable oil made from good, golden American corn. Mazola is both a delicious and highly nutritious food, not a medicine. You can and should eat and enjoy Mazola corn oil every day. It is wonderful for salad dressings, it fries foods golden brown, it is readily digestible, clean and convenient to use.

The way of Wisdom

Watch your weight . . . watch your diet . . . see your doctor for a periodic check-up.

Mazola is pure corn oil, unsaturated . . . not hydrogenated . . . nutritionally unexcelled.

PURE MAZOLA CORN OIL is being used extensively in the continuing research in regard to fats in the diet and cholesterol levels of the blood. It is unsaturated, and seems to have an effect opposite to that of saturated fats—it lowers rather than raises the amount of cholesterol in the blood stream. Being pure corn oil, Mazola is light, readily digestible, delightful in salad dressings, and particularly excellent for frying, baking and all cooking.

A product of
Corn Products Refining Company

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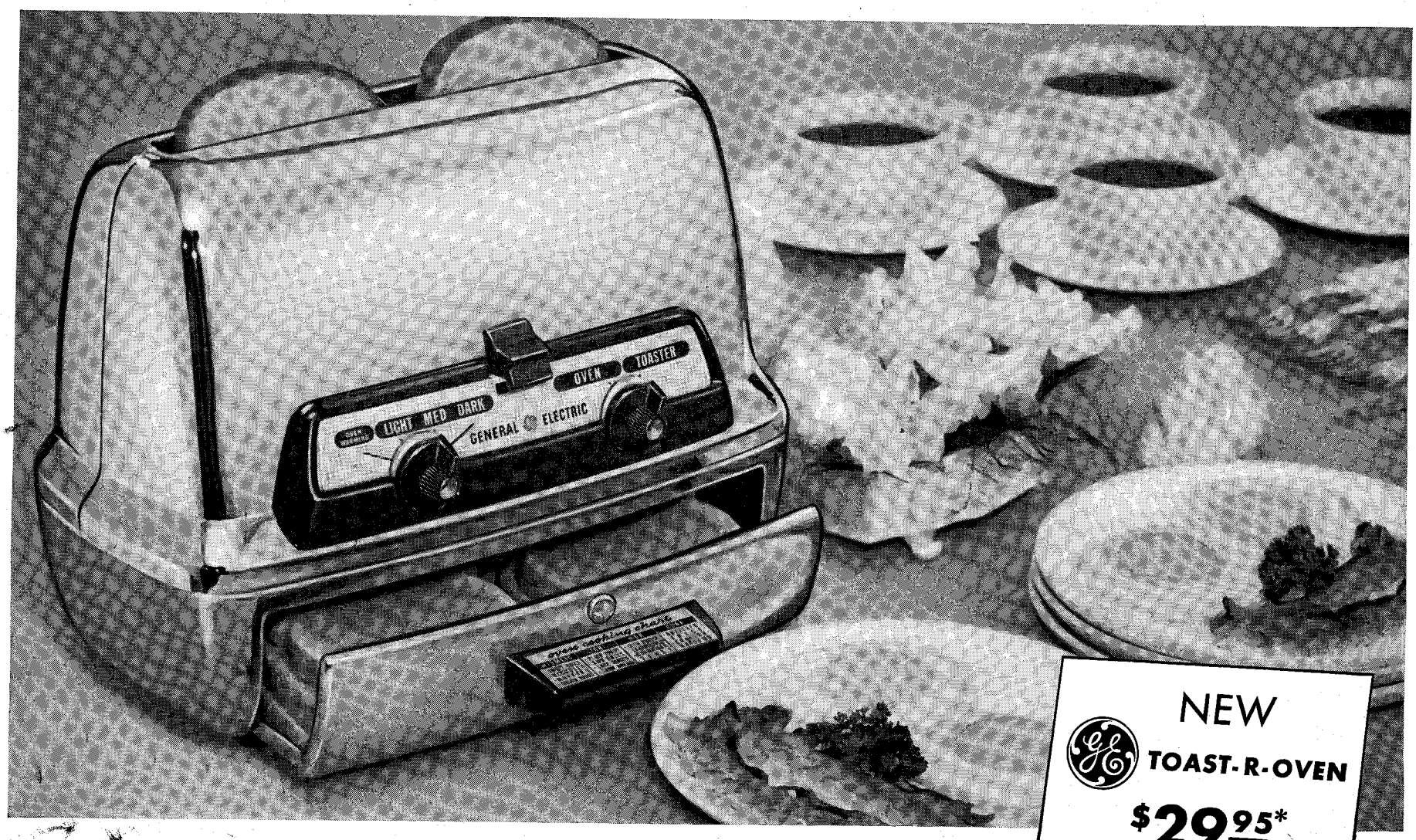
NEW! The only toaster that's an "oven", too!

The new General Electric Toast-R-Oven makes perfect toast "upstairs" or "down." Heats bread and rolls, toasts buttered bread right at the table!



NEW
TOAST-R-OVEN
$29.95*
*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price
Toasts 2 slices
Warms 6

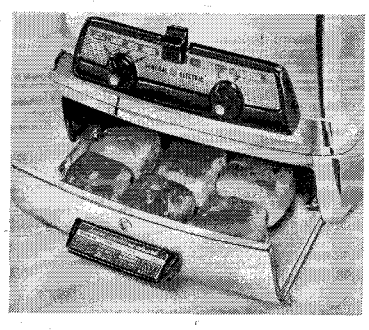
HERE'S SOMETHING really new in toasters. The General Electric Toast-R-Oven does just about all your toasting, warming, browning jobs *right at your table.*

Makes toast "upstairs" to any delicious shade you want. Keeps it warm "downstairs" in the oven. Just set the oven dial for warming rolls, buns or muffins.

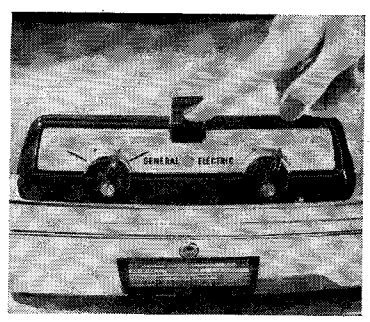
And it's all so simple! You'll love the easy convenience of the General Electric Toast-R-Oven. Love its compact beauty, too.

Why not see it at your General Electric dealer's soon. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

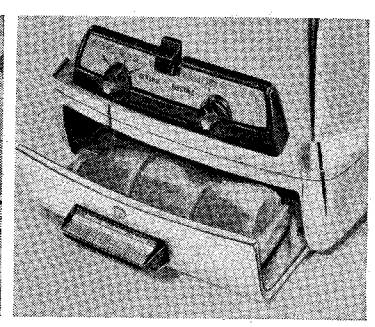
1. Make toast as you like it . . . light or dark or in between with the upper part of your new General Electric Toast-R-Oven. Toast pops up extra high—no digging . . . no burned fingertips.



2. Toasting oven warms up to six rolls, heats muffins, buns—many baked foods that used to mean using the range oven. Holds 8 pieces of toast at one time . . . 6 keeping warm, 2 toasting on top.



3. Press a button to lower toast and start heat. To get the oven temperature you need, set dial at left. Chart on oven door shows you the "just right" heat for whatever you're preparing.



4. Like to toast buttered bread? And how about garlic-y French bread and crunchy oven toast? Just dial the shade you want. You can fix all these treats at the table with this really *new* toaster.

5. Toasted or melted cheese sandwiches, too . . . topped with a slice of tomato for good eating! Oven drawer slides out for easy cleaning. Chromium finish dazzles at the flick of a soft cloth.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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YOU GET MORE MILEAGE AT LESS COST WITH TOUGH NYLON CORD TRUCK TIRES

It's a matter of cold economics. Truckers require tires with long life and minimum maintenance. That's why they're switching to nylon cords.

Nylon's the muscle fiber. Nylon was made to take day in day out pounding, heavy loads, punishing twists and turns. Nylon's superior quality gives truckers the tire protection they need against blowouts caused by cord-killing heat, bruises, moisture, flex breaks. Nylon cord tires not only clock more original mileage (with fewer road delays)... but the stronger body can safely take recap after recap...thus dropping costs still further.

And today a growing share of the rugged nylon yarn going into truck tires is the product of a major nylon yarn supplier: The Chemstrand Corporation. Produced under the stiffest quality controls in the only completely integrated nylon plant in the country, Chemstrand nylon is as tough, durable, uniform as science can turn out ... to make tire cord for trucks, autos, airplanes still safer-running... still longer-lasting.

CHEMSTRAND® NYLON

Chemstrand makes only the yarn; America's finest mills and manufacturers do the rest.

THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1 • Plants: CHEMSTRAND®NYLON—Pensacola, Fla. • ACRILAN®ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Ala.

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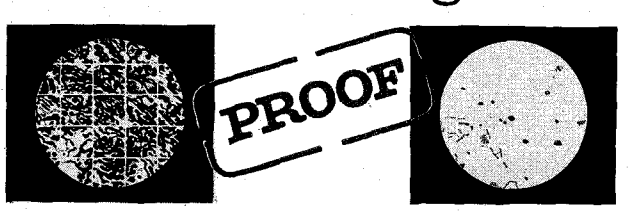
When you can't always brush after meals,
even though it's best — start the day with...

GLEEM *Today as ever* ...the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED

To get added resistance to decay . . . protection against mouth odor all day—always start the day with Gleem. It meets the problem most of us face everyday: not always being able to brush after meals. Gleem with exclusive GL-70 is so effective that just brushing before breakfast completely destroys most bacteria. That's how it strikes right at the very cause of decay and mouth odor. You'll find the youngsters agree—Gleem's flavor is so terrific, it makes brushing *fun!* So if you and your family can't always brush after meals, even though it's best, use Gleem!

Only GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific odor-measuring tests prove brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor . . . freshens the mouth, morning until night . . . means a *sweeter goodnight kiss.* So start *your* day with the one and only Gleem!

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The Saturday
POST

Elizabeth II, the Duke of Gloucester (right) and courtiers. "Since the Queen is no longer called upon to rule," the author says, "the monarchy has become pure show."

Does England Really Need a Queen?

Elizabeth II is popular—but powerless. Is her monarchy anything more than a club for snobs and a drain on the taxpayer? A famous British writer sounds off.

By Malcolm Muggeridge

About the Author

Malcolm Muggeridge enjoys asking embarrassing questions about things other Englishmen hold dear—the British crown, for example. In 1953 he became editor of Punch, a stuffy, tradition-bound humor magazine which he proceeded to streamline into a colorful vehicle for his irreverent barbs. Muggeridge recently resigned his editorship to devote more time to writing and to TV appearances.

The Editors

Admiration for the monarchy as an institution, and for the present incumbents as individuals, would seem, on the face of things, to be universal among all sections of the British population. The newspapers minutely report the doings of the royal family and praise them fulsomely, often to the point of fatuity. Even the Daily Worker does not attack them outright, but contents itself with an occasional ironic comment. As for the British Broadcasting Corporation, and now the Independent Television networks—they are both tireless and unctuous in describing the public appearances of the Queen and of her consort, the Duke of Edinburgh; of her sister, Princess Margaret, as well as of the Queen Mother, and other more distant relations like the Duchess of Kent and her children. The Queen's son, Prince Charles, and her daughter, Princess Anne, have already become public figures. Almost before they could walk, they had ac-

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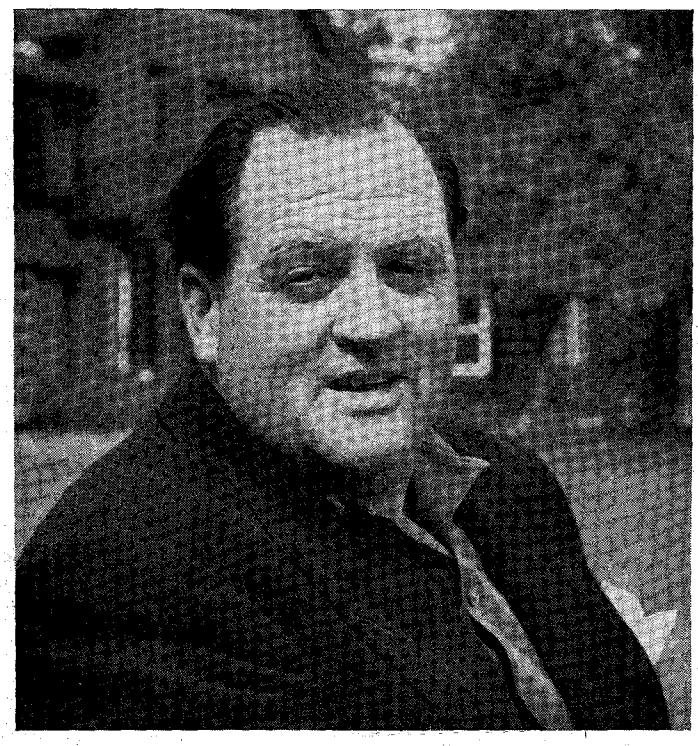
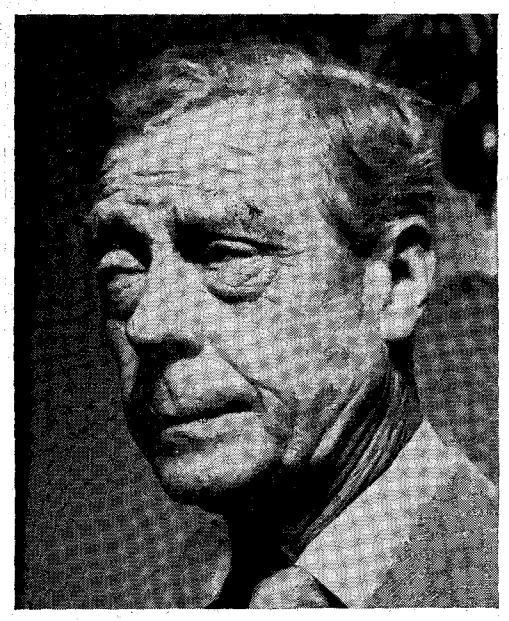


"High priest of the cult of royalty" Richard Dimbleby, who, as a B.B.C. television announcer, brings the British detailed accounts of all royal occasions.



The Duke of Windsor, a "shadowy, aging playboy . . . a man born not to be king. . . . Through lack of humility, he upset the royal applecart."

"This is for insulting the Queen!" shouted 63-year-old Phillip Burbridge as he slapped Lord Altrincham across the face. Altrincham had written an article in which he attacked the Queen and her "tweedy" entourage.

quired that characteristic gesture of royalty, the flapping of a hand in acknowledgment of applause. They became front-page news while still in their cradles.

There would seem to be little doubt that all this caters for an authentic public interest. Magazine editors assume that features about the royal family, however banal and repetitious, will restore flagging circulations. Pictures in color of the Queen or of Princess Margaret are believed never to fail on the bookstalls. The Duke of Edinburgh's valet or a former royal governess like "Crawfie" can command for their reminiscences sums which even Mr. Noel Coward or Mr. Somerset Maugham might envy. A major royal occasion like a coronation or a funeral brings half London onto the streets. Even when the Queen is not in residence at Buckingham Palace, some faces will be sure to be staring through the railings there, in the same sort of way that pious old women shuffle through dark, deserted churches.

This popular esteem for the monarchy and for the person of the sovereign is a relatively recent development. The first Hanoverian monarchs were wholly German, and detested the country of their adoption as much as their subjects detested them. George III enjoyed some popularity, probably because he went mad, and in her declining years Queen Victoria was held in awed regard. She ruled for a record number of years, and, next to lunacy, the English admire longevity. Of George IV, the Times—not, in those days, the automatic champion of constituted authority which it was subsequently to become—wrote on the occasion of his death:

"As Prince of Wales, in the tawdry childishness of Carlton House, and in the mountebank Pavilion, or cluster of Pagodas at Brighton, His Royal Highness afforded an infallible earnest of what one day might be expected of His Majesty. In July, 1783, £50,000 per annum was settled on the Prince. Three years afterwards his debts amounted to £160,000. Some familiar then counselled him to bribe the people of England by an appeal at once to their good nature and their morality, and to marry for the public good. Those who knew little of the Prince's character asked each other who was to be the fortunate object of his affections. Those who knew better asked who was to be the victim of his necessities."

The obituary continues in the same strain, referring to "the late King's many generations

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of intimates, with whom he led a course of life, the character of which rose little higher than that of animal indulgence. . . . Never have we seen recorded," it goes on, "among the Prince's intimates the name of one man distinguished in the world for any intellectual attributes (we say nothing of the moral) which it would not have been a charity to forget," and concludes:

"It is shocking that foul examples should emanate from so high a source, that the very name of modesty should be obliterated from the walls of that edifice whose lord is the fountain of honour for all Englishmen and their children."

The life of Queen Victoria's successor, Edward VII, cannot be compared with George IV's, but it, too, was not particularly edifying. He got himself involved in an unsavory lawsuit arising out of an accusation of cheating at cards. He was a witness in an action for divorce. Nevertheless, when he died, his memory was accorded the sonorous adulation which has come to be regarded as due to a deceased monarch. Max Beerbohm's delightful, if cruel, caricature of him was put away.

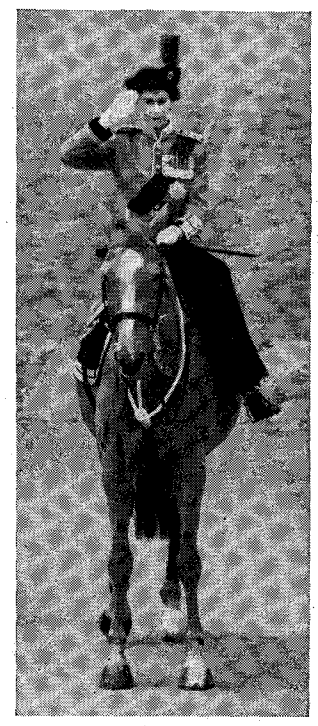
It was during the reign of Edward VII's son, George V, that popular monarchy, as we know it today, took shape. George V himself, according to Sir Harold Nicolson, a simple, estimable, painstaking man, has recorded the utter astonishment he felt at the manifestations of personal affection which were so notable a feature of the Jubilee celebration on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession. It had just not occurred to him, any more than it would have done to George IV, that his subjects held him in affectionate regard as a man, as distinct from holding him in respect, or even awe, as a monarch.

One of his courtiers who accompanied him on his drive through some of the poorest districts of London described to me how they had quite expected demonstrations of hostility or at any rate ridicule. Instead, to their amazement, they were acclaimed with delight. If the very poor would thus take the king and his ma[illegible]y, to their hearts in s[illegible] of—the vast dispar[illegible]umstances, then, sur[illegible]y assumed that th[illegible]idly behind the th[illegible]ade the historic a[illegible]*est moi*"—I and t[illegible]me. George V f[illegible]

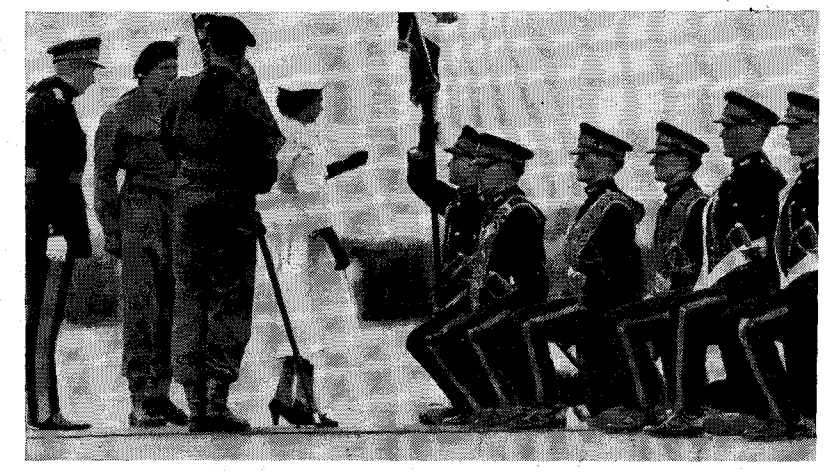
(Continued on Page 112)

THIS IS WHAT THE AUTHOR CALLS "A RO[illegible]A."

Coronation, June, 1953: the young Queen, in royal array upon her throne, prepares to receive oaths of homage.

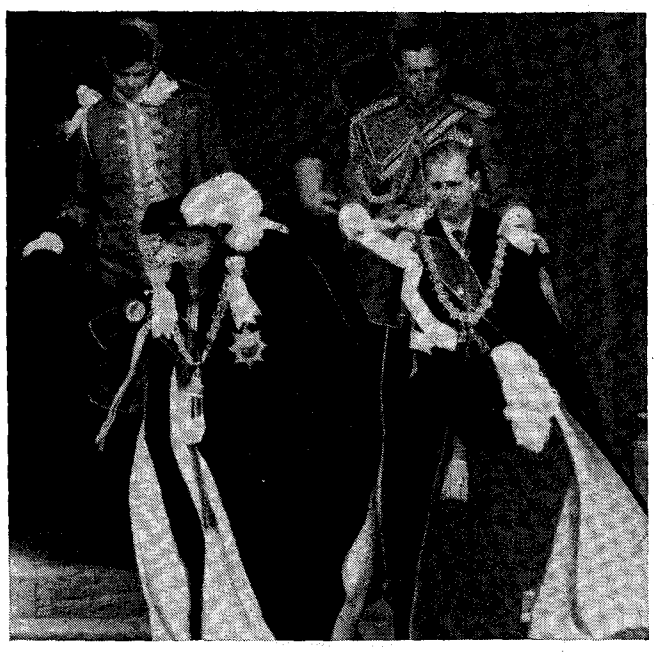


The Queen takes the salute at the Trooping of the Color.



The Royal Welsh Fusiliers kneel to receive new colors from Her Majesty.

The kilted Duke of Edinburgh steps from the royal car as his wife accepts a greeting from the Marquis of Aberdeen.



The royal couple leave St. George's Chapel, Windsor, after installation of three new Knights of the Order of the Garter.

During her tour of New Zealand, Elizabeth knighted Harold Barrowclough, New Zealand's Chief Justice.

Right: The Queen at Epsom last June. Her horse, a 100–8 shot, won her 16,000 pounds.

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By the swimming pool at her Beverly Hills home, songstress Dinah entertains a caller: author Pete Martin.

I CALL ON DINAH SHORE

BY PETE MARTIN

TV's First Lady of the Blues reveals that she picked her husband from a movie screen. She also tells how she fizzled as a film star.

Boris Karloff (left) sends Betty Hutton into panic on Dinah's TV show. Right, Art Carney and hostess Dinah register stupefaction. Her policy: "I never upstage a guest."

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From left: husband George, son Jody, daughter Melissa Ann, Dinah and Betty Hutton's daughter Lindsay.

The Montgomerys, Hollywood's happy couple. "Before I met George," Dinah said, "I saw a picture of him with his fiancée. I felt sorry for her. I had a funny feeling that she was going to be replaced."

Photographs by Sid Avery

I said to Dinah Shore, "This year you won an Emmy for being TV's leading female personality. Just exactly what is a female personality?"

"As a man, you ought to know more about that than I do," she said. "I know one thing: nobody, man or woman, likes a domineering female. I select male guest stars for my show who are so strongly masculine that I can't possibly overshadow them. I think it very important for me not to sacrifice any femininity I may have on TV. To me, there's nothing more unattractive than a woman who's lost sight of the fact that first of all she's a woman. There doesn't seem to be any happy medium between all-woman women and pushy types who frighten you."

"It has nothing to do with the way they're stacked, either," I said. "I've known top-sergeant female types who were well-rounded in all the usual places."

Dinah agreed. "Femininity is an attitude. It's a feeling you give out. It's not merely your bust measurement."

It was, I felt, a thought-provoking statement. I thought about it for a while. Then I said, "One reason I wanted to call on you is that you've lived through three entertainment lives. You're riding the crest of the third one right now. Not many women have done that."

I didn't think the word "crest" was putting it too strongly. This year, during a two-week period, she had won her third Emmy (she'd won Academy of Television Arts and Sciences awards as the best female singer in 1954 and again in 1955); had been hailed as TV's best-dressed woman by Harper's Bazaar; had been selected Mother of the Year by the City of Hope, a nonprofit hospital in Duarte, California, specializing in cardiac, tubercular and cancer illnesses.

In addition, during that period she had been honored in a more practical fashion. Chevrolet had (Continued on Page 52)

Dinah—"the best dressed woman in television"—chooses a gown for her show.

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HORNBLOWER AND THE STAR OF THE SOUTH

A swift Spanish slaver with a suffering human cargo taunted Admiral Horatio Hornblower and His Majesty's frigate Clorinda.

First of two parts by C. S. FORESTER

Here where the trade winds blew at their freshest, just within the tropics, in the wide unbroken Atlantic, was, as Hornblower decided at that moment, the finest stretch of water for a yachting excursion to be found anywhere on the globe. This was nothing more than a yachting excursion, to his mind. Only recently he had emerged from a profound spiritual experience during which the peace of the whole world had depended on his judgment; by comparison, it seemed now as if the responsibilities of being commander in chief on the West Indian Station were mere nothings. He stood on the quarter-deck of His Britannic Majesty's frigate Clorinda, balancing easily as she reached to windward under moderate sail, and allowed the morning sunshine to stream down on him and the trade wind to blow round his ears.

To be a commander in chief, with nothing more to worry about than the suppression of the slave trade, the hunting down of piracy and the policing of the Caribbean, was an experience more pleasant than any emperor, or even any poet, could ever know. The bare-legged seamen washing down the decks were laughing and joking; the level sun was calling up dazzling rainbows in the spray flung up by the weather bow; and he could have breakfast at any moment that he wanted it—standing here on the quarter-deck, he was finding additional pleasure in anticipation and wantonly postponing that moment.

The appearance of Capt. Sir Thomas Fell on the quarter-deck took something away from the feeling of well-being. Sir Thomas was a gloomy, lantern-jawed individual who would feel it his bounden duty to come and be polite to his admiral, and who would never have the sensitivity to be aware when his presence was undesired.

"Good morning, my lord," said the captain, touching his hat.

"Good morning, Sir Thomas," replied Hornblower, returning the salute.

"A fine fresh morning, my lord."

"Yes, indeed."

Sir Thomas was looking over his ship with a captain's eye, along the decks, up aloft, and then turning aft to observe where, right astern, a smudgy line on the horizon marked the position of the hills of Puerto Rico. Hornblower suddenly realized that he wanted his breakfast more than anything else on earth; and simultaneously he realized that he now could not gratify that desire as instantaneously as a commander in chief should be able to. There were limitations of politeness that constrained even a commander in chief—or that constrained him at least. He could not turn away and go below without exchanging a few more sentences with Fell.

"Maybe we'll catch something today, my lord," said Fell; instinctively with the words the eyes of both men turned aloft to where a lookout sat perched up at the dizzy height of the main-topgallant masthead.

"Let's hope we do," said Hornblower, and, because he had never succeeded in liking Fell, and because the last thing he wanted to do was to enter into a technical discussion before breakfast, he blundered on so as to conceal these feelings. "It's likely enough."

"The Spaniards will want to run every cargo they can before the convention's signed," said Fell.

"So we decided," agreed Hornblower. Rehashing old decisions before breakfast was definitely not to his taste, but it was typical of Fell to do that.

"And this is the landfall they'd make," went on Fell remorselessly, glancing astern again at Puerto Rico on the horizon.

"Yes," said Hornblower. Another minute or two of this pointless conversation and he would be free to escape below.

Fell took the speaking trumpet and directed it upward, "Masthead, there! Keep a good lookout or I'll know the reason why!"

"Aye aye, sir!" came the reply.

"Head money, my lord," said Fell, in apologetic explanation.

"We all find it useful," answered Hornblower politely.

Head money was paid by the British Government, for slaves freed on the high seas, to the royal naval ships concerned in the capture of the slaves, and divided among the ships' companies like any other prize money. It was a small fund compared with the gigantic sums acquired during the great wars, but at five pounds a head a big capture could bring in a substantial sum to the ship making the capture. And of that substantial sum one quarter went to the captain. On the other hand, one eighth went to the admiral commanding, wherever he happened to be. Hornblower, with twenty ships at sea under his command, was entitled to one eighth of all their head money.

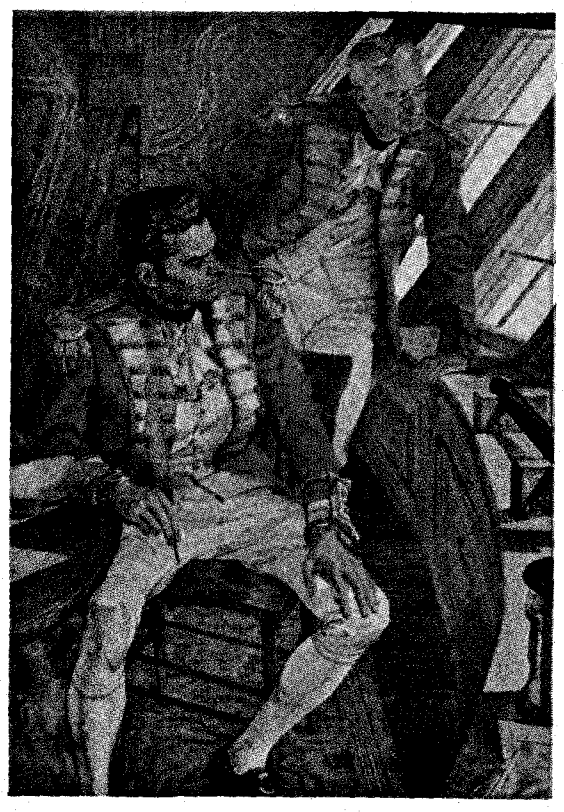
It was a system of division which explained how, during the great wars, the admirals commanding the Channel Fleet or in the Mediterranean could become millionaires, like Lord Keith.

"No one could find it more useful than I, my lord," said Fell.

"Maybe," said Hornblower.

Hornblower knew vaguely that Fell was in difficulties about money. He had had many years of half pay since Waterloo, and even now, as captain of a fifth rate, his pay and

Illustrated by Ken Riley



"Sir Thomas," said Hornblower, "I think it would be very desirable if you would put a boat overside to row guard around the ship tonight."

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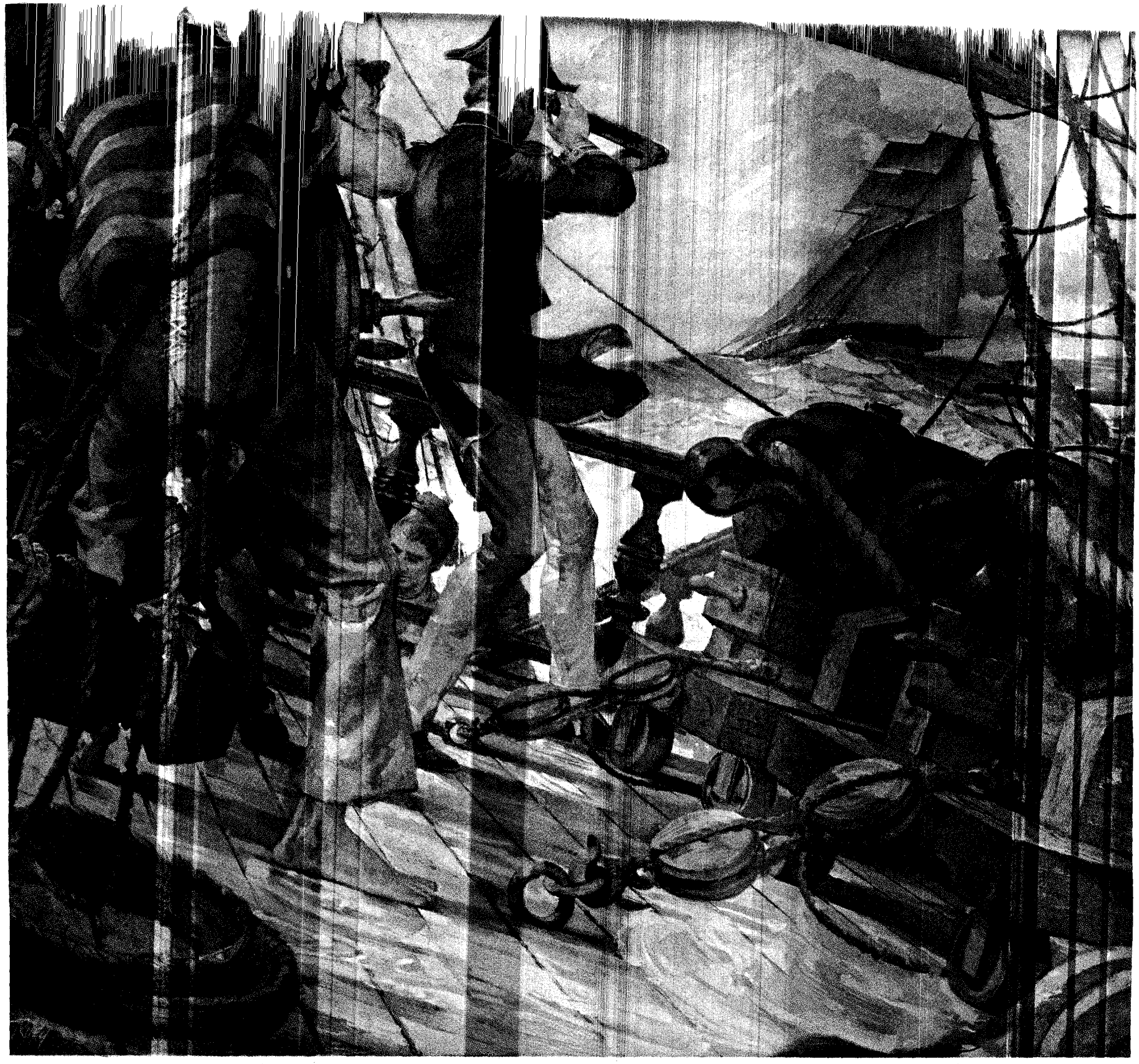

Hornblower studied the schooner, lying right over with the wind abeam.

allowances were less than twenty pounds a month—lucky though he was, in peacetime, to have command even of a fifth rate. He had had experience himself of being a poor captain, of wearing cotton stockings instead of silk, and brass epaulets instead of gold. But he had no desire whatever to discuss the Tables of Personal Pay before breakfast.

"Lady Fell, my lord," went on Fell persistently, "has a position to maintain in the world."

She was an extravagant woman, so Hornblower had heard.

"Let's hope we have some luck today, then," said Hornblower, still thinking of breakfast.

It was a melodramatic coincidence that at that very moment a hail came down from the masthead, "Sail ho! Sail right to wind'ard!"

"Perhaps that's what we're waiting for, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower.

"As likely as not, my lord. Masthead, there! How's the sail heading? . . . Mr. Sefton, bring the ship to the wind!"

Hornblower backed away to the weather rail. He felt he could never grow used to his situation as admiral, and having to stand by and be no more than an interested spectator while the ship he was in was being handled at decisive moments. It was quite painful to be a spectator, but it would be more painful still to go below and remain in ignorance of what was going on—and much more painful than to postpone breakfast again.

"Deck, there! She's a two-master! Heading straight down for us! All sail to the royals! Captain, sir, she's a schooner! A big schooner, sir. Still running down for us."

Young Gerard, the flag lieutenant, had come running on deck at the first hail from the masthead, to his place beside his admiral. "A tops'l schooner," he said. "A big one. She could be what we're looking for, my lord."

"Plenty of other things she could be," said Hornblower, doing his best to conceal his absurd excitement. (Continued on Page 103)

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The Chivalrous Challenger

He took on the local champion as a special favor for a certain lady.

By MALCOLM STUART BOYLAN

To the best of his knowledge, which was considerable, Doctor Wagon-Lit had never heard of another doctor of literature who had been named for, or because of, a French sleeping car.

Nor did he know of anyone, lettered or unlettered, who had more often awakened in jail—where he was now. He was up early, but decided not to bang on the bars with his tin cup in consideration of waking the other prisoners.

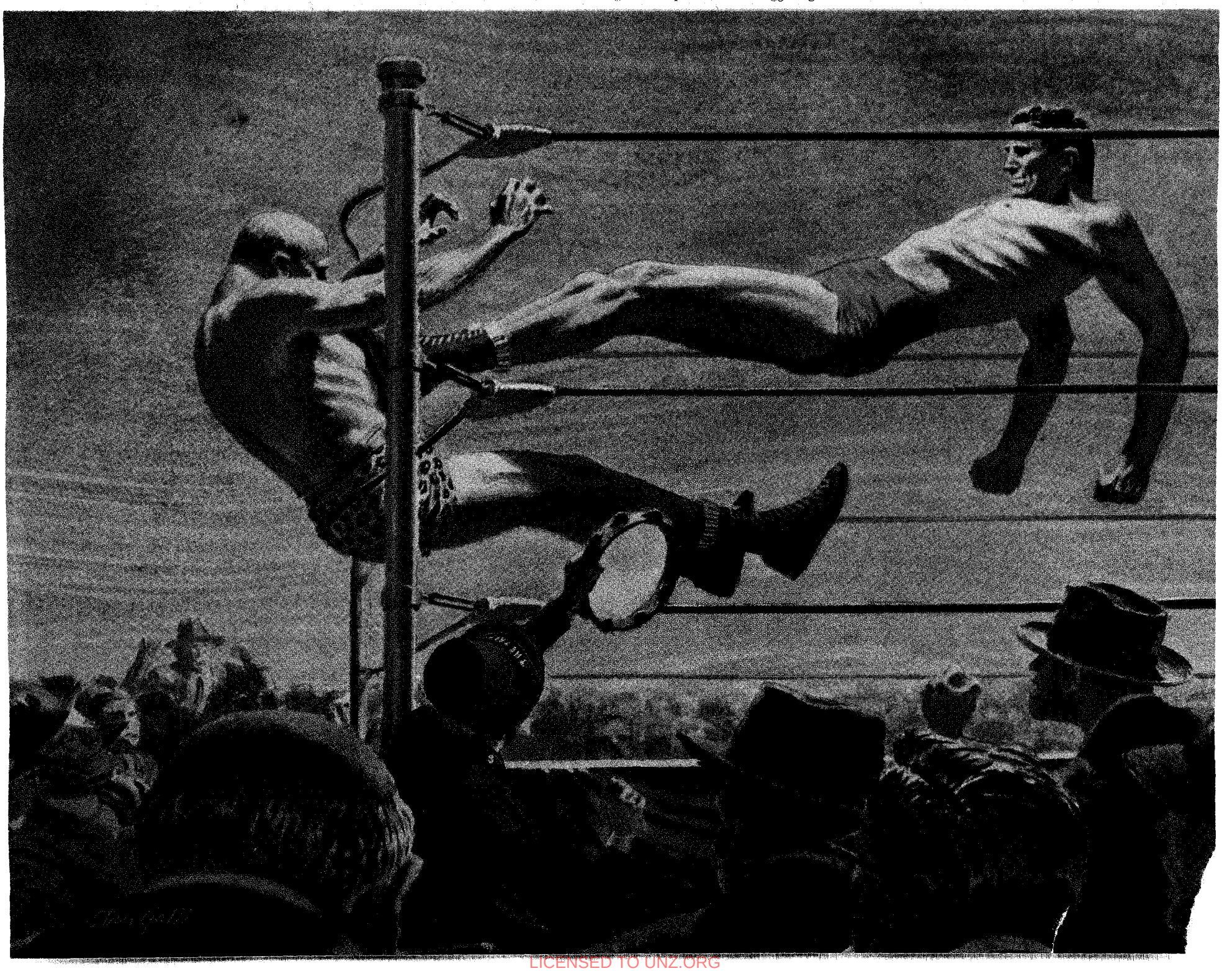
Doctor Lit was an extremely kind and considerate man and it hurt his feelings that people were always throwing him in jail. It had become a point of irritation with him. Particularly because there was never any charge except general principles and his extraordinary appearance.

Wandering around a strange town or thumbing books in the twenty-five-cent bin in front of a bookstore, he was almost sure to be tapped on the shoulder and led off to the pokey, where, to the further suspicion of the desk sergeant, his pockets would yield $750 in cash molded into a damp ball like a small head of lettuce, a Phi Beta Kappa key and a birth certificate stating that he had been born in France in World War I, actually in a *wagon-lit*.

But the most arresting thing about him was his six feet five inches, his two hundred and thirty pounds and his bashed-in face, garnished with outstanding cauliflower ears. In the squared circle of the wrestling ring he appeared as "The Boxcar" whenever the promoters could get anyone to grapple with him. Even while working for his lowly master's degree he was earning more than he needed in spare-time bouts—for which he could thank his father, who had been a remarkable man in spite of being a professional wrestler.

As a boy, the son had been an indifferent scholar, taxing (Continued on Page 71)

Lit threw himself across the ring and drop-kicked the staggering man.



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Dawn at the scene of battle: On a typical day, divots fly like grenades, and balls come whizzing from all directions, rebounding from trees, rocks and sometimes heads.

Golf With No Holds Barred

When 10,000 golfers converge on New York's tortured public courses of a weekend, tempers blaze, balls are stolen, players get beaned—and everyone has a wonderful time.

By James A. Skardon

Waiting to get onto the fairway is a well-developed art. Here, at 6 A.M. on the Dyker Beach course in Brooklyn, guitarist Jack Baumander, who already has been in line for three hours, entertains some patient fellow players.

One of those stories that golfers are addicted to telling deals with a veteran of the crowded municipal courses of New York City. Three sheets to the wind one New Year's Eve, he decided that a quick eighteen holes would be just the thing to close out the old year. So he wrapped a muffler around his neck, shouldered his golf bag, staggered aboard a subway train and proceeded to get off by mistake at Times Square. Emerging from the station, he was immediately swept up by the swirling, roaring multitude of merrymakers. Our hero just smiled contentedly, worked his way over to a police booth and showed the officer his season golfing permit. Then he pulled out his driver, placed a shiny new ball on a rubber tee and blasted a booming 230-yard drive right up the middle of Broadway.

Like all golf stories, this one has to be taken with a handful of the stuff you find in sand traps. Even so, it is (Continued on Page 100)

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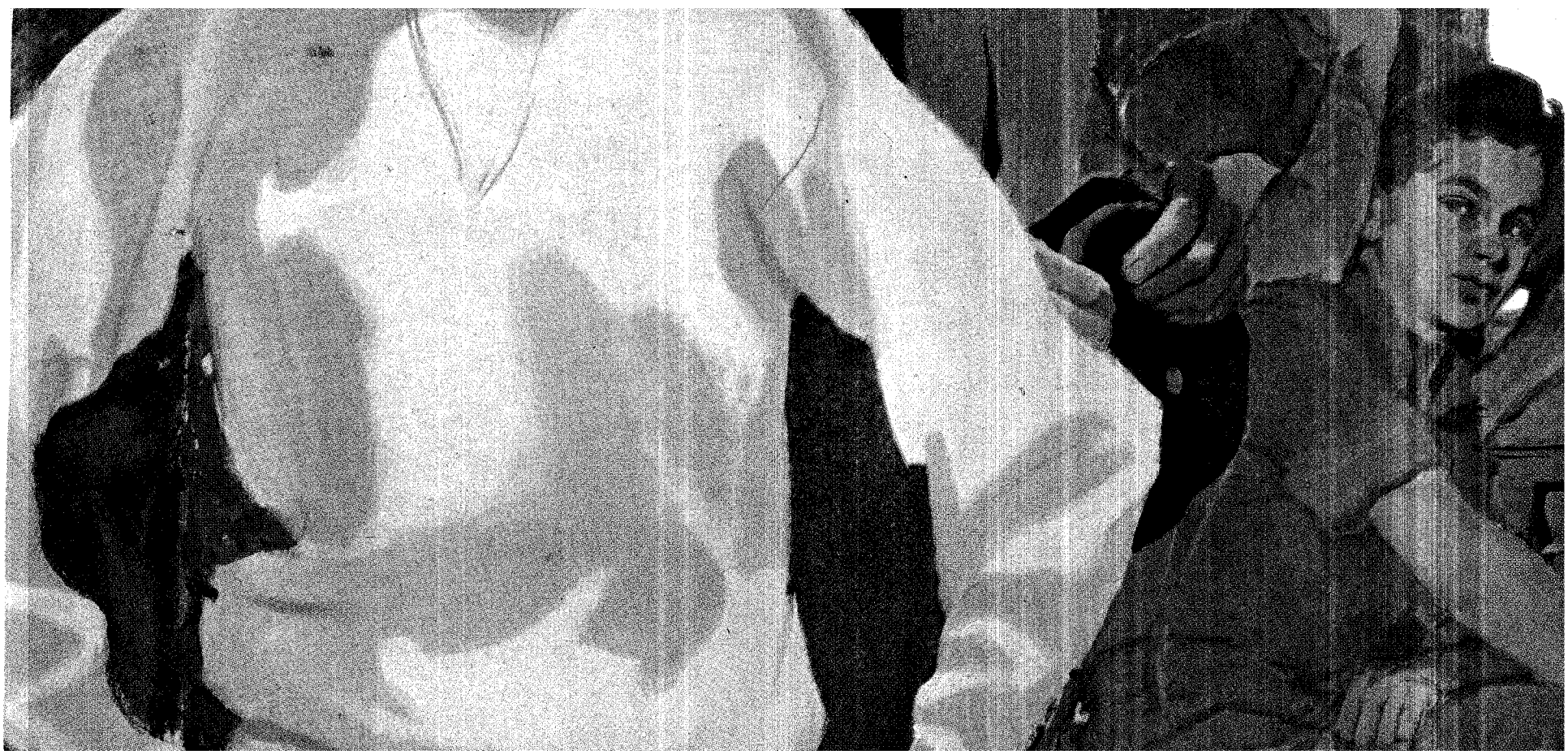

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The Bachelor's Kids

David was glad to provide a home for wayward boys.

Then the judge sent him a beautiful girl . . .

By STEVE McNEIL

On the evidence, a casual visitor might think that the house and adjacent grounds of David Hardy's residence would be the basis for abatement proceedings as a public nuisance.

Certainly, Miss Julie Reynolds was disenchanted with the status quo. She intended to become Mrs. David Hardy one of these fine days, but she did not intend to inherit every kid in town between the ages of six and eighteen. She would have a family of her own, but she did not intend to be Mrs. Pied Piper.

David Hardy's house was an imposing structure, built 'way back by David's grandfather when lumber, stone, land and labor were cheap. The old carriage house with quarters upstairs for servants was now a sprawling garage which could hold four cars. The grounds, four acres of them, had once been beautifully landscaped and carefully tended by the Hardys' three gardeners. Now, although the lawn was carefully mowed and as green as a stock pile of chlorophyll, formal gardens were without white tie and tails, and the shrubbery was left to grow with all the wild abandon of vine maple.

There was a tennis court, but the net was gone. Instead were two basketball backboards and goals. There were no servants in the quarters over the garage. A partition had been torn out to enlarge the space and there was now a sixteen-foot boxing-and-wrestling ring, and space for a clubroom.

At the moment, in this seraphic spring afternoon, there was a basketball game going on in the tennis court. The game was a few decibels noisier than the tennis had been. One young lad was mowing the lawn with a power mower. The muffler had been removed, for increased efficiency. In the garage, seven young men wearing coveralls, each with a Cam Twister's emblem sewed on the back, were working on two cars.

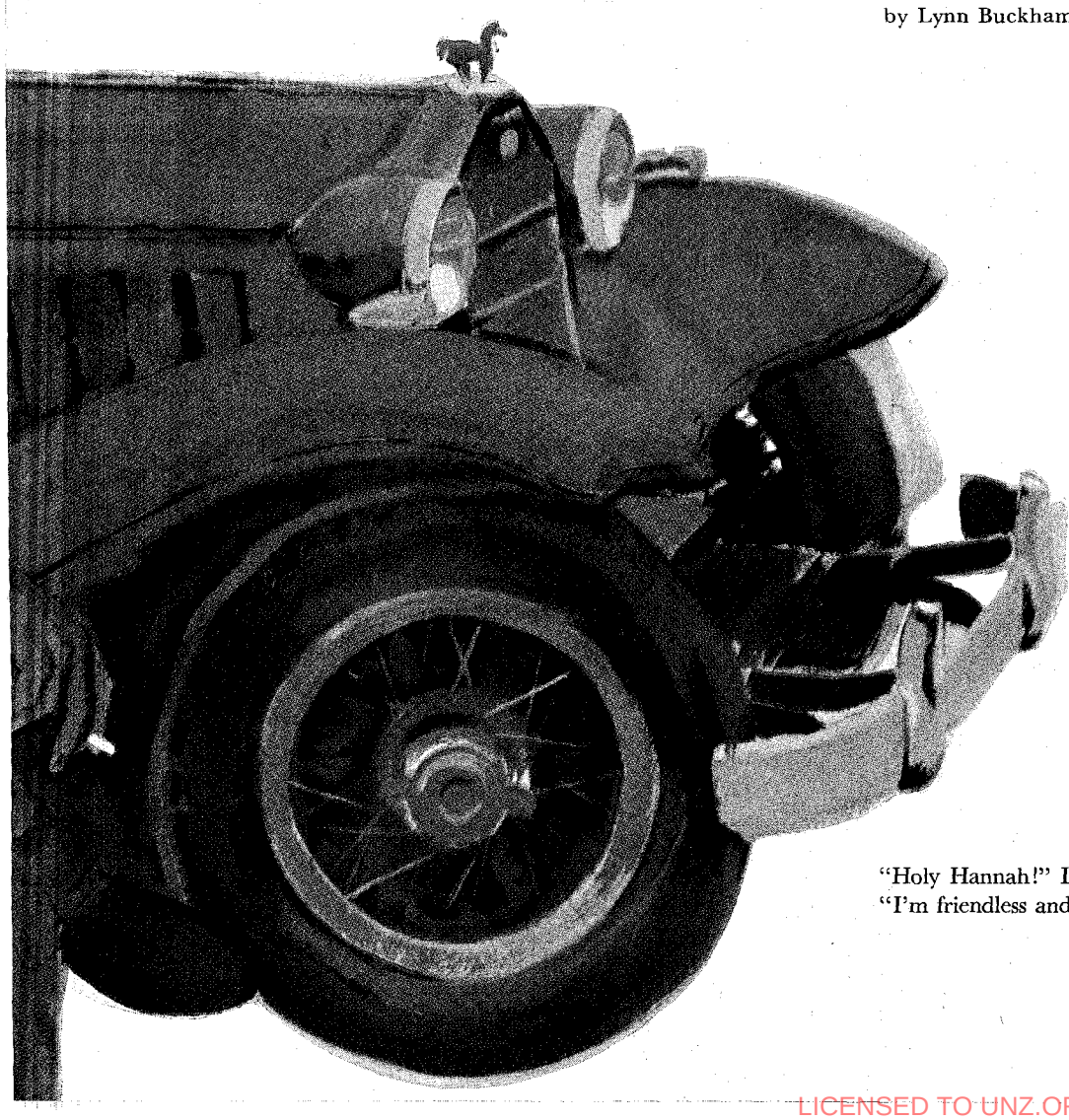
One car was a 1933 Lancia, owned by David Hardy by virtue of inheritance from his father. The Cam Twisters kept it running as smoothly as a railroad engineer's watch. The other car was in the process of development. The Lancia's pedigree was as well defined as a Kentucky Derby winner, but its garage companion had as many antecedents as an alley cat. That the car, when it was put together, would run the wheels off anything in town was as certain, David Hardy knew, as a high tide every twelve hours. Kids of all ages were around the place like a coat of paint. Cars, with twin pipes and steel-packed mufflers, arrived intermittently. The noise sometimes reached alarming proportions.

Mrs. O'Brien, a dumpy Irishwoman who cooked for David, was slightly deaf and refused to supplement her hearing with an electronic aid. Whether she was merely suspicious of them or whether she preferred her built-in insulation was not known, but the latter was universally suspected.

David Hardy, an attorney, indubitably preferred bedlam, since there was nothing wrong with his hearing. He simply and sincerely liked kids, as other men liked dogs, hunting, golfing or cutting off their fingers with woodworking tools installed in their basements. Youngsters were attracted to David as unerringly as steel shavings to a magnet. David Hardy was six feet, four inches tall, with thick, wavy hair which, crew cut, stood up like wire-brush bristles. He had a large mouth, plenty of chin and nose, and his eyes were gray. He seldom raised his voice, in the manner of a man who doesn't need to raise it.

Now and then a young man came to live with David Hardy. (Continued on Page 119)

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham



"Holy Hannah!" David said. "What are you doing here?"
"I'm friendless and alone," she replied.

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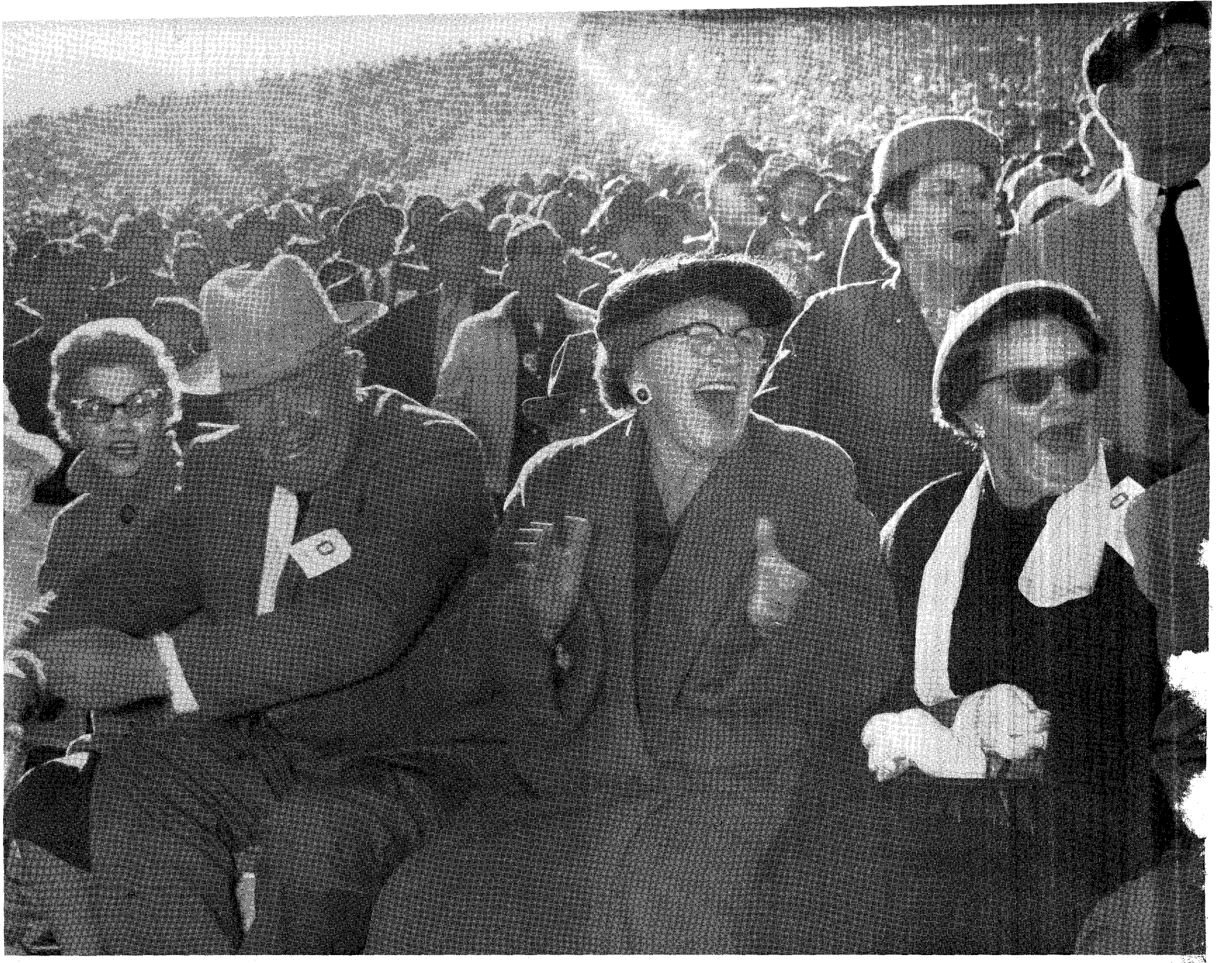

Pa and Ma Burris (center) rejoiced as Oklahoma whipped Missouri, 67–14, last November. "Football," Ma says, "taught my sons things they couldn't learn in classrooms."

I'm a Football Mother

Five of Ma Burris' sons have attended Oklahoma U. on football scholarships, and two made All-American. Here's how she feels about the big-time, high-pressure game.

By MRS. PAUL BURRIS, as told to Geraldine McClung

I'm a farmer's wife. I've borne and raised eleven children, including approximately half a football team for the University of Oklahoma. I know there are women who wouldn't envy me this close relationship with football. Some mothers try to keep their boys from taking part in the sport. To others it is an ordeal that has to be endured. As for me, although I've had anxious moments, I'm thankful to football. I consider that my six sons have been lucky to have Paul Burris for a father, and football for a third parent. The game has helped us to give our boys college educations and a type of training they couldn't get in classrooms.

From the time the boys grew old enough to wrestle with each other, the way brothers do, their father was teaching them football. When the children began going to school, they brought friends home. Boys love farms. I'd be waiting in the car at the practice field, and just about the whole football team would come back with my sons. The girls' basketball team used to come home with my daughters.

I never knew how many I'd have to feed for supper, but if you have farm food and have to cook for thirteen anyway, you might as well cook for thirty. When I called supper, there might be a dozen or more boys scrimmaging in the front yard, and ten girls playing basketball under the basket in the back yard.

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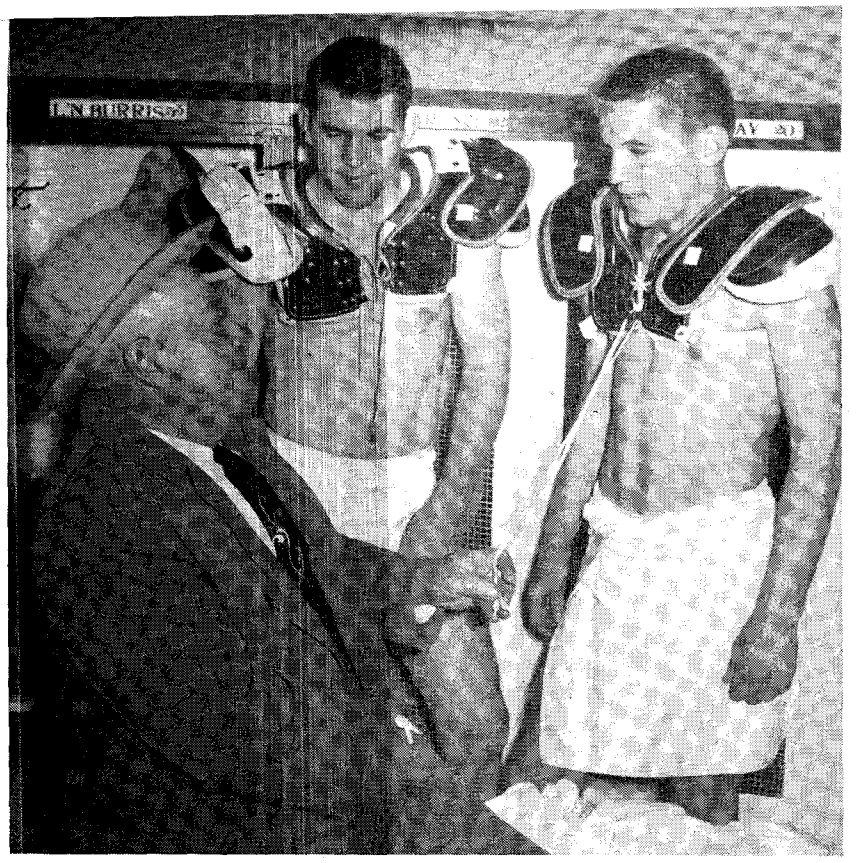
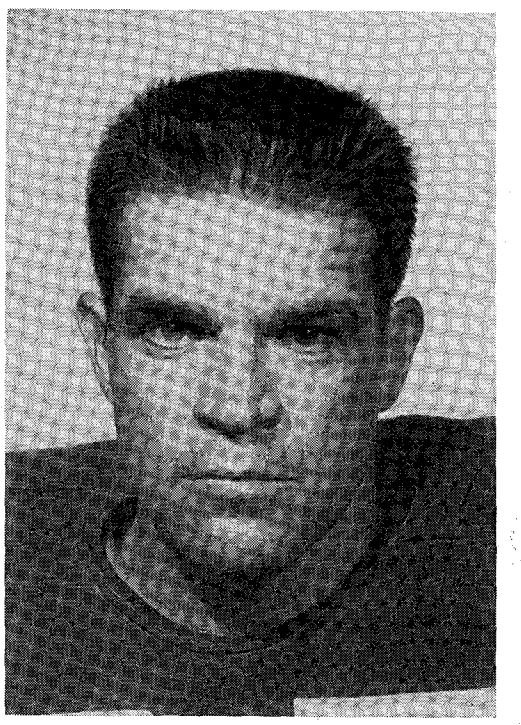
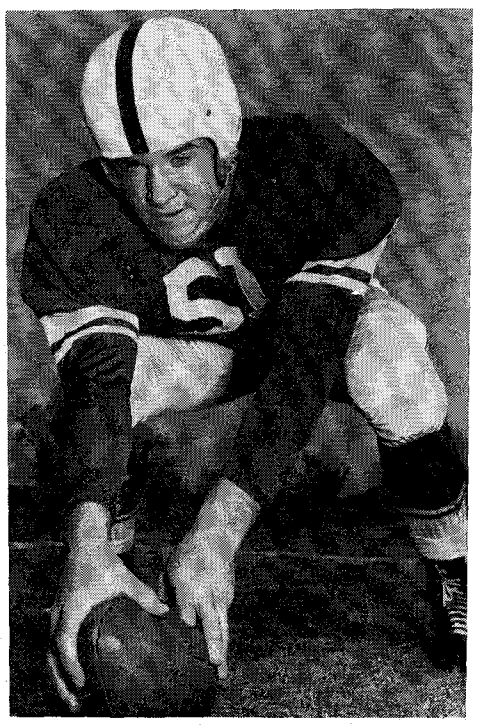


The Burris twins, Lynn (center) and Lyle—shown here with their father after the Missouri game—have dropped out of football for a year to concentrate on studies.



Paul "Buddy" Burris became the family's first All-American as a guard for Oklahoma in 1948.



Kurt, All-American center, now plays pro football.

And I loved it. Now that the children are all married or in college, I'm alone in the house sometimes. But I'll never forget the thundering feet outside the kitchen window when an adolescent would break loose for a long run. In my memory I can still hear the childish voices and the shrieks of delight, and Paul shouting encouragement in his bellowing bass.

My husband is an even six feet tall. He weighs 250 pounds. He was lighter when he used to play football in his own high-school days, on an Idaho state-championship team. College football scholarships were almost unknown then, but Paul was offered one to the College of Idaho, in Caldwell. He turned it down, and I guess he'll regret that the rest of his life. It's been a great satisfaction to him to see one son after another take advantage of the opportunity he passed up.

It started with Paul (Buddy) Burris, Jr., my eldest son—and my first All-American. Our friends still laugh about Buddy's first day of football practice, back in junior-high school. He'd never put on a football jersey before, and when the other youngsters began running out of the dressing room, he gave up trying to figure out which end was front. He squirmed into the jersey hind-part-before, and charged out onto the practice field like a panting puppy. They say that on the first scrimmage play he tried to tackle the entire opposition.

His junior-high coach was Paul Marston, now at East Central State College, at Ada, Oklahoma. Along with showing Buddy how to channel his power on the football field, Marston also stressed that he must play by the rules and be a good winner as well as a good loser. Those are some of the important lessons that football can teach a boy.

When Buddy was ready for college, he went originally to Tulsa University. We were never wealthy and Tulsa was near our farm and less expensive than more-distant schools. Buddy lettered there in football as a freshman, and played in the 1943 New Year's Day Sugar Bowl game during World War II. At the end of his freshman year Buddy entered the Army and served overseas.

When he got back home after the war, Buddy enrolled at Oklahoma. A football scholarship and the G.I. Bill of Rights made this financially possible. He earned his B.S. degree in business after only two and a half years, plus one summer term, and played three seasons of football as a guard. Buddy was five feet, eleven inches tall and weighed 220 pounds, but he could move awfully fast for his size. He got some attention from the All-American selectors in 1946 and 1947, and in 1948 he made almost everybody's first team.

Buddy is married now and has a good job with the Dowell Oil Well Supply Company. His five-year-old son, Paul Burris, III, is already learning the fundamentals of football.

My second boy, Don, was light and slender as a youngster, but he grew to be my tallest son—six feet two. He broke his arm playing football in high school, and decided not to participate in sports during his college years. Lacking a football scholarship, he had to work at both full- and part-time jobs to pay for his college education. Now married, he still hopes to finish his last year at Oklahoma's engineering school.

Kurt is my third boy. In addition to being an All-American (Continued on Page 97)

Bobby Burris was only eighteen when he ran this touchdown against Nebraska in 1953. Oklahoma won, 30–7.

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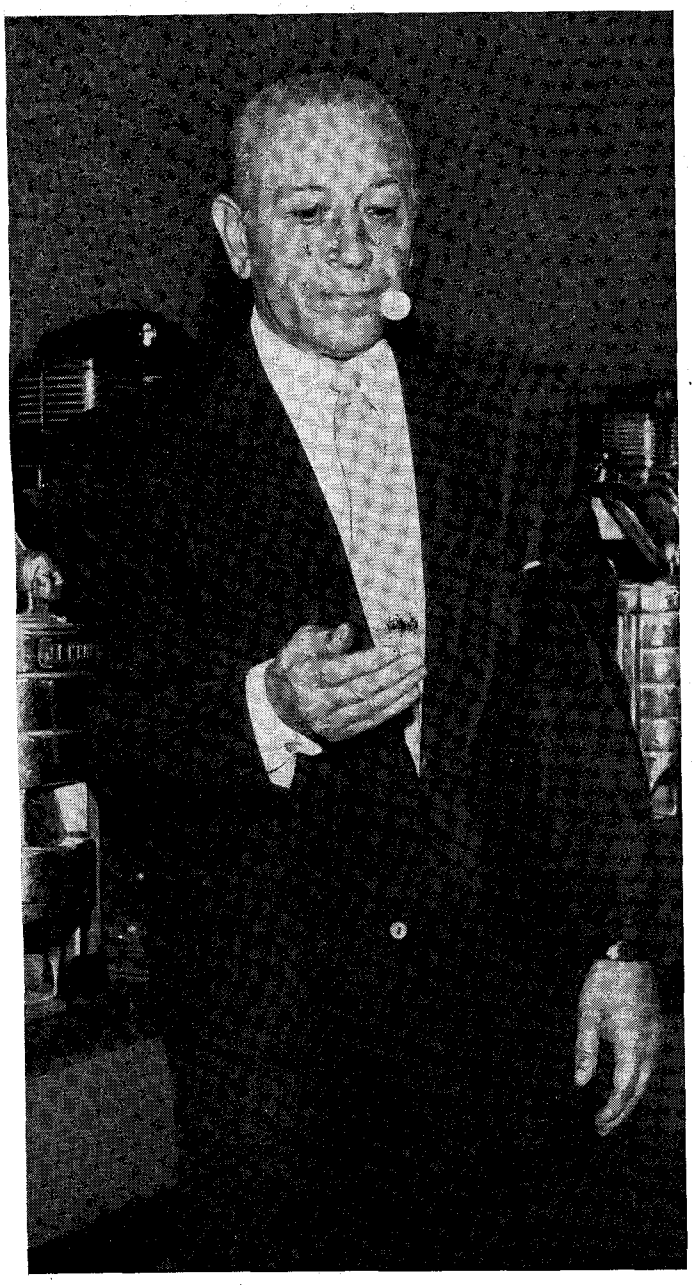
From left: Actor Tony Perkins, actress Sophia Loren, gossip columnist Hedda Hopper and Raft at a recent Hollywood party for the Italian star. When she was an unknown 15-year-old, Raft tried without success to get her a part in one of his pictures.

Below: Coin tossing became a Raft trade-mark after the movie Scarface, in which he played an Al Capone bodyguard who constantly flipped a nickel. Later Capone told him, "You tell 'em that if any of my boys are tossin' coins they'll be $20 gold pieces."



OUT OF MY PAST

Raft tells how the company he has kept—Lucky Luciano, Buggsy Siegel and other mobsters—has caused many friends to abandon him and leave him a desperately lonely man.

Part Five

By GEORGE RAFT

as told to Dean Jennings

There is darkness in Beverly Hills, and I wake up suddenly, coughing and gasping for air. I flick on the bedside light and blink at the clock. Midnight. I have slept one hour, and my nerves are like bugs, crawling up and down my legs. I know I am going to die. It is like this many nights when the asthma creeps into my lungs and fills up my throat. Sometimes it attacks at two o'clock. Or four. Or at dawn.

A block away on Wilshire Boulevard the cars hiss through the night like jet streams, and the sound never stops. People rushing here and there to nowhere. Like me. Past and present slipping cold handcuffs on me, like the cops in my films. I hate the night hours and I wonder if I'll ever see the day again. I am frightened and I want to hear a human voice. Perhaps I'll call Danny Winkler, a Hollywood literary agent, who is my friend. He's known me for years and he understands. Or Tommy Guinan, who remembers me from the dangerous days of the gang wars. Or Swifty Morgan or Danny Goodman, all intimate friends, all lonely, perhaps.

I wonder if they are like me tonight—reaching for another sedative, or chain smoking, or talking to themselves and saying, "Maybe I'll call somebody." I push the phone away as though it were (Continued on Page 128)

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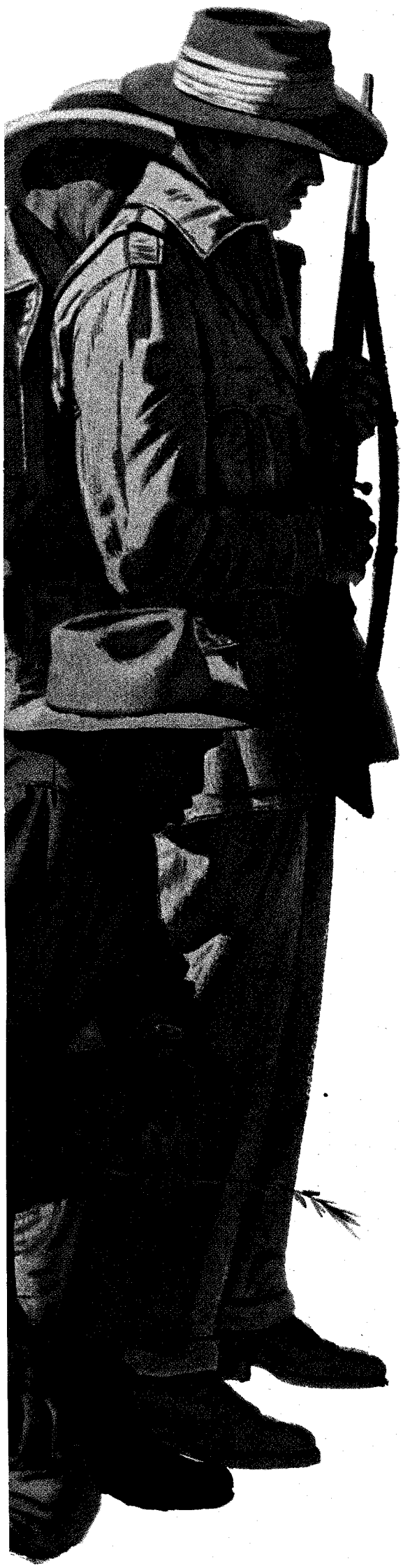

Sorcerer's Curse

Those who defied the witch doctor died. Who could ignore his threat?

By JOHN BENJAMIN GEORGE

Nyoka stood, his feet defensively astride the huge elephant footprint, facing the three hunters, Jan, Barton and Mando. His charred, sun-glazed skin drew sinuously over muscles that were lithe and well-formed for a tribesman of sixty. Except for the scarred left hand with three fingers missing, all was dignity and strength. He gestured downward with the point of his spear and spoke, not with the shrill insistence of the witch doctor, but in the measured, oratorical tones of the tribal elder.

"If you hunt this big elephant, whose body holds the spirit of my grandfather, you will have sorrow. One of you will suffer a terrible affliction. His face will blacken and bleed, his eyes will fail, and the fingers of one hand will fall off, leaving the stubs of leprosy. The spirit of my grandfather said this last night in the hut of my senior wife. His warning, his curse, I pass on."

Jan, whose hunter's life made him intimate with witchcraft and tribal superstition, remained silent for a dozen heartbeats, his eyes returning the witch doctor's hostility. He sized up the proud, spare figure, the Nilotic face with deep-set satanic eyes, the necklace with death totems suspended; and he looked at the six village elders standing behind, all witness to the threat.

Then he replied, slowly, "We will kill the big elephant, the Crown Prince. We will cut out the ivory and feed the tusk nerves to the hyenas, so the spirit of your grandfather will have a new home in the body of a hyena."

Jan spat, then walked on past the sorcerer, leading Barton and Mando along the fresh elephant spoor. He was not so contemptuous as he had seemed. As the tracking continued fruitlessly until sunset, he kept thinking back, seeking a basis for the strange threat and a clue to its deadliness. The tribes here were law-abiding, looking to the district commissioner for counsel and protection. No one could incite them to

(Continued on Page 91)

"One of you will suffer a terrible affliction," warned the sorcerer.

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By Steven M. Spencer

YELLOW JACK IS BACK

In a new and deadly guise, yellow fever is sweeping up from the Central American jungles toward our own shores. Here is the dramatic story of a new battle between the doctors and an all-time killer.

Dr. Jorge Boshell, once a horse-and-buggy doctor in the torrid plains of Colombia, South America, and now a top epidemiologist with the Pan American Sanitary Bureau, has a faculty for getting himself and his companions into exciting scrapes. These sometimes occur as he is rounding a crucial turn in the twisting pathway of medical history.

He recounted the details of such an incident as we sipped a cool drink in the patio of the International House in Antigua, Guatemala, last fall. We had just come from a meeting of the P.A.S.B.'s council in the old Spanish colonial buildings of San Carlos University up the street.

Late in the summer of 1954, Boshell said, he was on an expedition in Northern Honduras, in a stretch of swampy forest at the edge of the Ulua Valley, when he heard the crash of rifle fire and the sound of men running.

In a few seconds four policemen broke through the underbrush, leveled their rifles at him and demanded to see his identification papers. These he produced, calmly but promptly. Then, hearing a rustling noise overhead, the police quickly shifted their aim until they had two nervous tree sitters in their gun sights.

"No, no!" Doctor Boshell shouted. "Don't shoot! Those are my men!"

"What are they doing hiding up there in the tree?" the officer demanded.

"They are trapping mosquitoes," replied Boshell.

"Don't lie to us," the policeman snapped. "Why would anyone want to climb a tree to catch mosquitoes? There are plenty right down here on the ground." And he slapped at one with his free hand to emphasize the point.

Doctor Boshell, a compact, wiry man of medium height, affable and quick of wit, tried to explain, but his explanation failed to satisfy. So his two trembling assistants were forced to descend from their perches—with the police rifles still pointed at them—and prove, by displaying test tubes full of the winged insects, that they really were law-abiding mosquito collectors and not members of the bandit gang the police had been firing at a few minutes before.

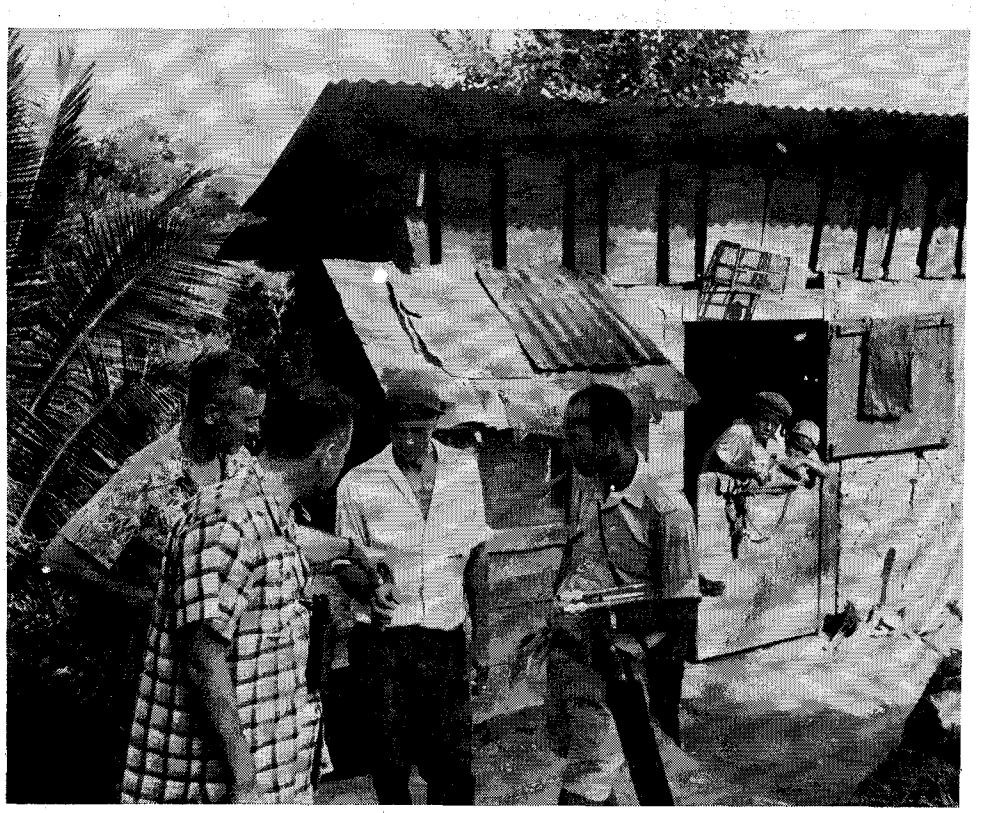
"The bandits were wanted for raiding United Fruit Company commissaries in that area," said Doctor Boshell. "And we learned later that several of the gang had been shot by the rifles we heard that day."

But Doctor Boshell believes that one of the men who eluded the posse is the same individual who, a few days after the episode, was brought down by an invisible "bullet" historically as deadly as gunfire. This fellow died in the hospital at nearby San Pedro Sula, in Honduras, of an illness diagnosed as yellow fever, the very disease that Doctor Boshell and his tree-climbing assistants were tracking through the forest.

Now, yellow fever, as every schoolboy knows, was "conquered" more than fifty years ago through the heroic experiments of Dr. Walter Reed and his brave volunteers. Their proof that it was mosquito-borne enabled Maj. Gen.

Photographs By Larry Keighley

Guatemala: Dr. Boshell and assistant inspect remains of a monkey killed by yellow jack. Boshell was the first to recognize the "treetop mosquito" as villain.



Trinidad: This island had known no yellow fever since 1914 until Theodore Houllier (hat) was proved to be a recovered victim. With him are Drs. Aitken and Downs, and their guide.

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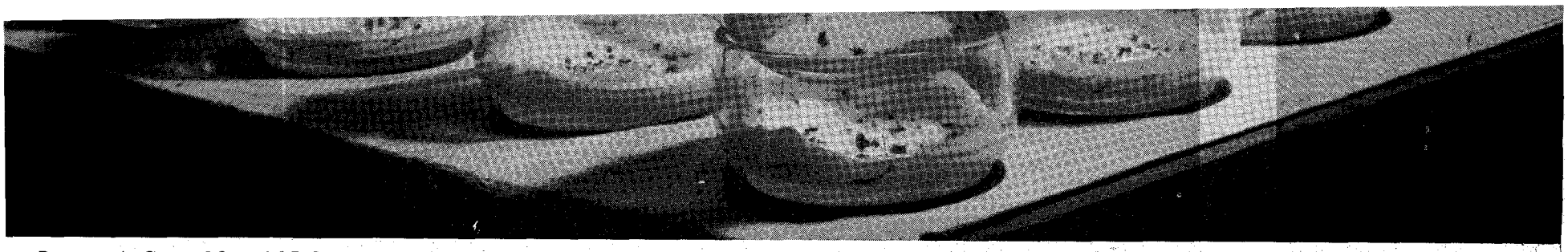
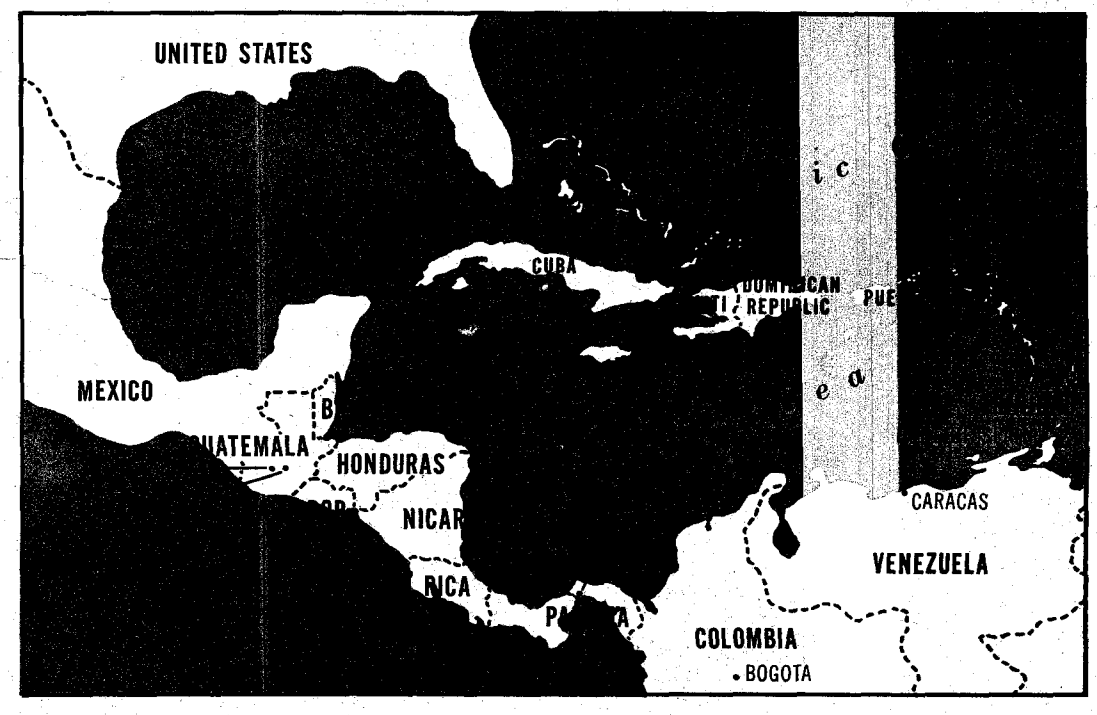


Panama: At Gorgas Memorial Laboratory the virulent disease carriers are bred and contained in escapeproof rooms where scientists can observe and experiment with them.

William Crawford Gorgas to check the devastating epidemic in Cuba and then to clean up the Isthmus of Panama so the canal could be completed.

No one can ever diminish the importance of those pioneer contributions. They definitely toppled yellow fever from the status of a panic-spreading killer, a scourge that periodically decimated the populations of cities as far north as Philadelphia, New York and Boston. Today, most Americans, if they think of yellow fever at all, think of it in terms of history rather than present danger.

But the disquieting truth is that yellow fever is by no means finished business. Within the last few years it has shown itself to be a lively virus that refuses to stay "conquered." Latin-American countries free of it for decades have suddenly been hit by epidemics, and international health authorities are fearful that it may reach (Continued on Page 123)



From Colombia the recent outbreak has now spread north to Trinidad and Guatemala. It has not stopped yet.

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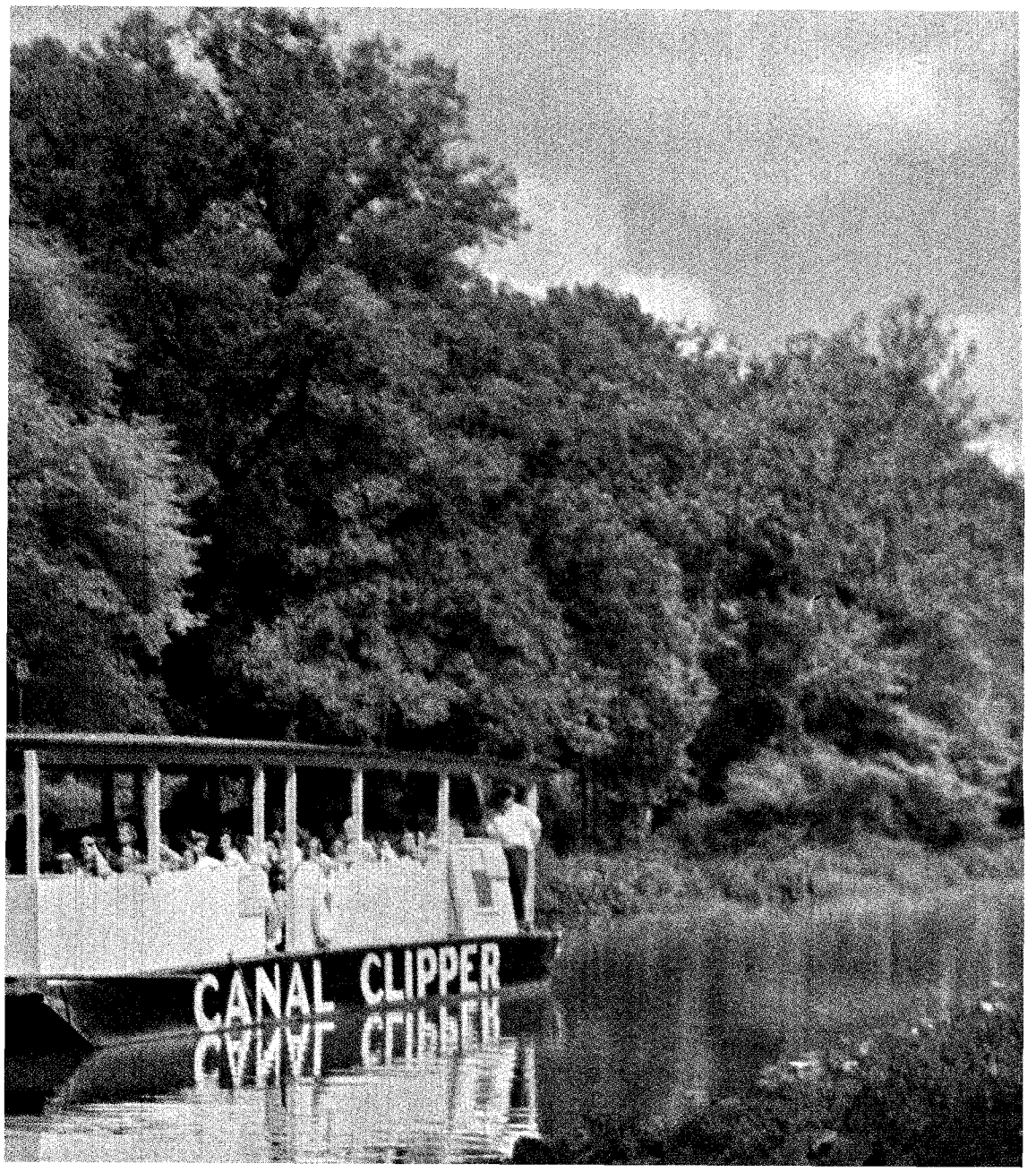

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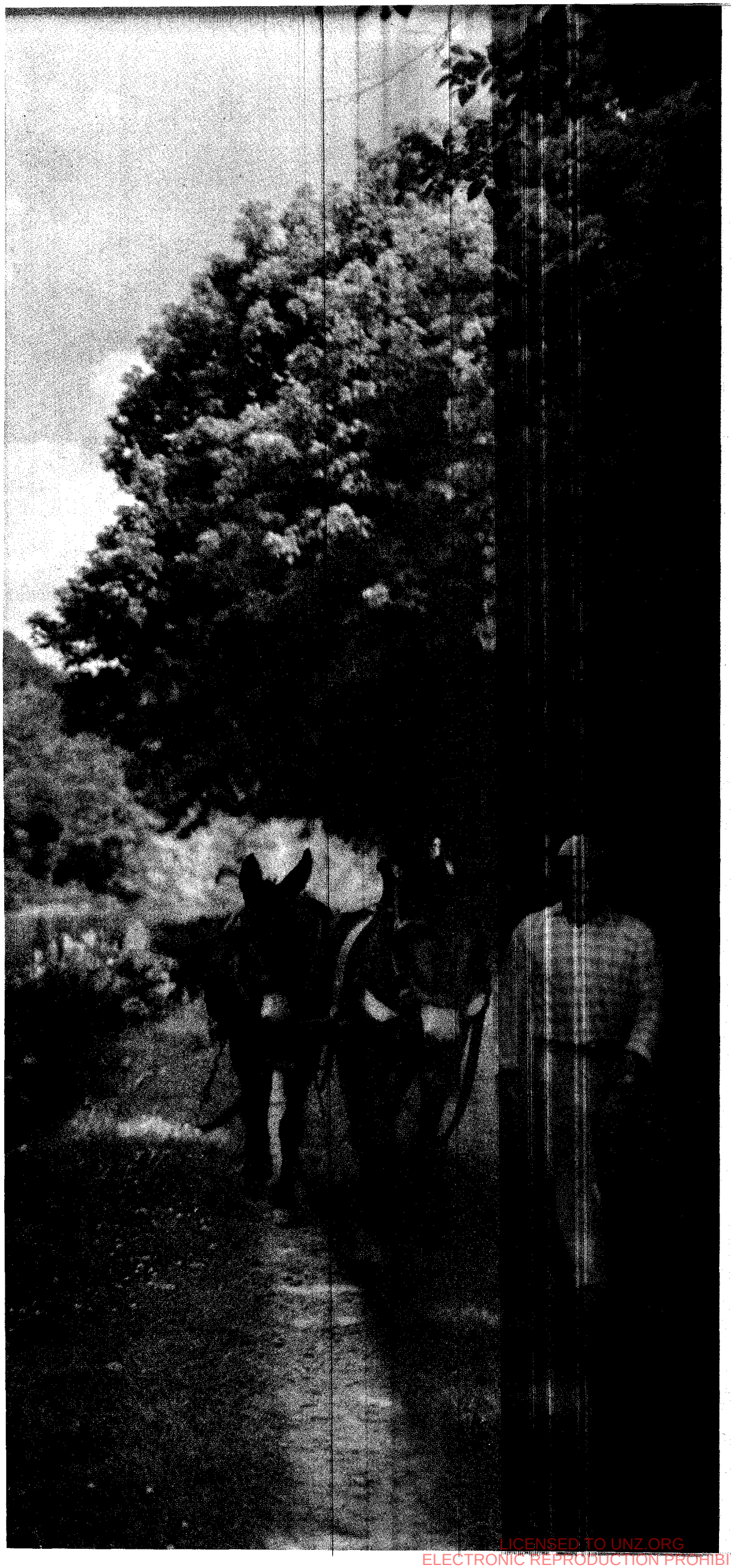

The Face of AMERICA

G. Washington's Waterway

More than a century ago, this historic waterway rang to the cries of boatmen bringing coal- and timber-laden barges from Cumberland, Maryland, to Washington, D.C. Today the once-bustling Chesapeake and Ohio Canal is a quiet preserve for hikers, canoeists and sight-seers. Here, on the restored Georgetown Division of the old canal, is a mule-drawn reminder of romantic yesterdays. A pet project of George Washington, the original canal was begun nearly 175 years ago to link the frontier beyond the Alleghenies with the tidewater markets. Then, just as the canal had succeeded the colonial wagon road, so the railroad succeeded the canal; the last loaded barge navigated the 185-mile route in 1924. Now the old waterway forms a national park, where, on weekends from May until mid-fall, visitors can book passage for a 10-mile cruise at the unhurried pace of a bygone era. ● Photograph by John Burns

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The Prisoner

He had to know the truth, no matter how frightening it might be . . .

By MAX GUNTHER

Pete Kenney blinked his eyes at the blurred white expanse of his morning newspaper as the train rattled out of the tunnel. It had happened again. It happened every morning. As the train emerged from darkness into the morning light, there was a sudden sense of inner upheaval. It was like walking out of a play or movie in which you have become deeply involved emotionally, walking out into the sunlit street and suddenly realizing that you are living this life, not that. Only the sensation that Pete Kenney had on the train was considerably briefer. It was like one of those mild attacks of indigestion in which your stomach flip-flops, your heart palpitates, and you are left wondering whether anything really happened at all.

Pete looked at his seat neighbor. This morning it was a large, red-faced man in a dark gray suit and a dark blue tie. A corporation executive, perhaps, or a banker. He was frowning at his newspaper, pinching the bridge of his nose, as a man will sometimes do when he is tired and trying to think. As Pete watched, he squeezed his eyes tightly shut and rubbed them with thumb and forefinger. This seemed to solve his problem, whatever it was. He opened his eyes, blinked, shook his paper, then settled down with apparent comfort to read.

Then he looked at Pete. Pete realized that he was staring at the man. Pete had been a newspaperman too long to be unduly embarrassed in situations such as this. He decided that, with eyes thus met, he might as well take advantage of the contact.

He said, "Sorry I was staring. I—well, I was wondering about something."

He grinned what his wife called his boyish-innocence grin. It failed, however, to impress the executive. The executive grunted, nodded and made moves to return to his paper.

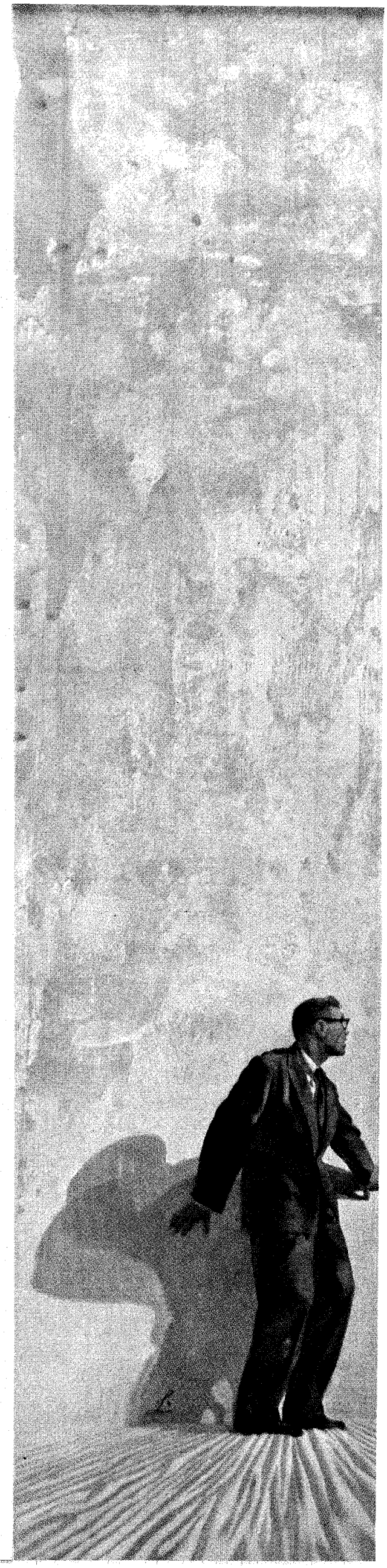
"I was wondering," said Pete, "whether you noticed anything funny as we came out of the tunnel."

"Funny?" said the executive. "What do you mean?"

"I mean a sort of—inner sensation," said Pete.

The executive frowned. "Didn't notice a thing," he said curtly.

Pete was not yet ready to give up. He said, "I've been getting this sensation every morning as we come out of the tunnel. It's not much—something like an attack of indigestion. I've been wondering whether other people feel it too." (Continued on Page 78)



Suddenly Peter was standing on a vast desert of stark white, under a violet sky. The white desert stretched, lonely and level, to the horizon. He was scared.

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

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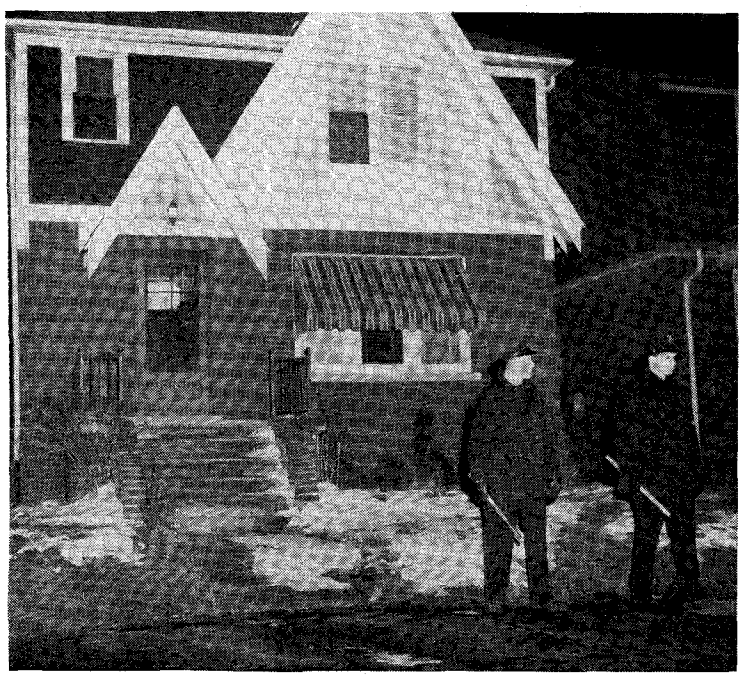
Neighborhood gathering place on Chicago's teeming South Side. Here, says the author, Negroes live under perhaps the most rigid residential segregation in the nation.

The Negro in the North

When the Negro moves in, the white man panics, fearing for his property. The tragic results: "black ghettos," bitterness and clashes between the races.



This is the scene of Detroit's "Cherrylawn incident." Last February, indignant whites tried to force Mrs. Ethel Watkins (right) to vacate her house here, because it is outside the so-called Negro neighborhood. She stayed.

Conclusion

By CARL T. ROWAN

In his struggle for first-class citizenship in the North, the Negro labors under the assumption that his basic enemy is segregation.

From teen-age skating rink in Michigan to public school in Illinois to summer resort in Minnesota to housing development in California, racial separation is a bitter fact of life for virtually every Negro, no matter what his station in life. In most cases it is an insidious form of segregation, carried out surreptitiously in states which forbid such practices; but legal or not, it has the effect of isolating the Negro from the society to which he must adjust.

As a Negro Northerner who has lived eighteen years in the South, I know that there is a world of difference between Memphis and Minneapolis. In the North, where laws have set a standard for society and have made the

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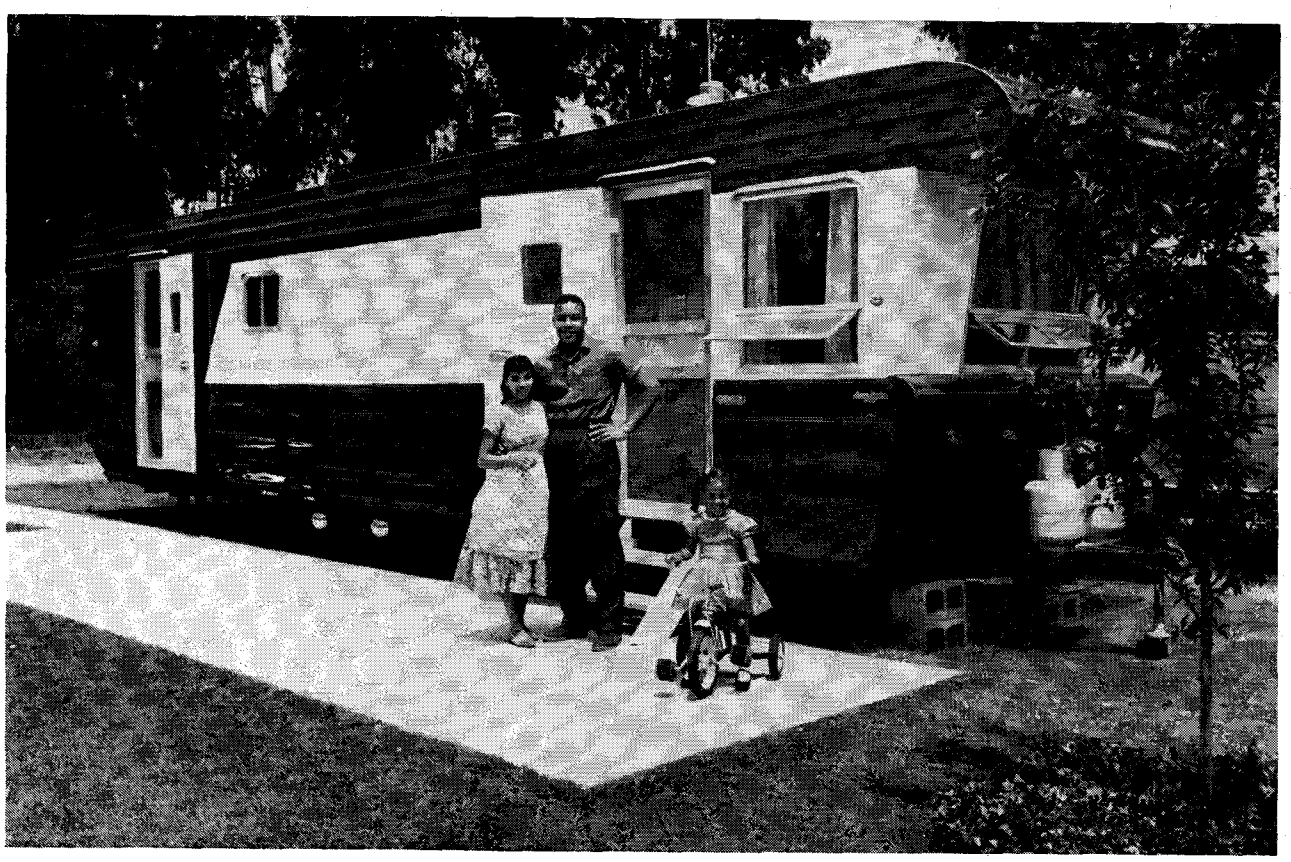
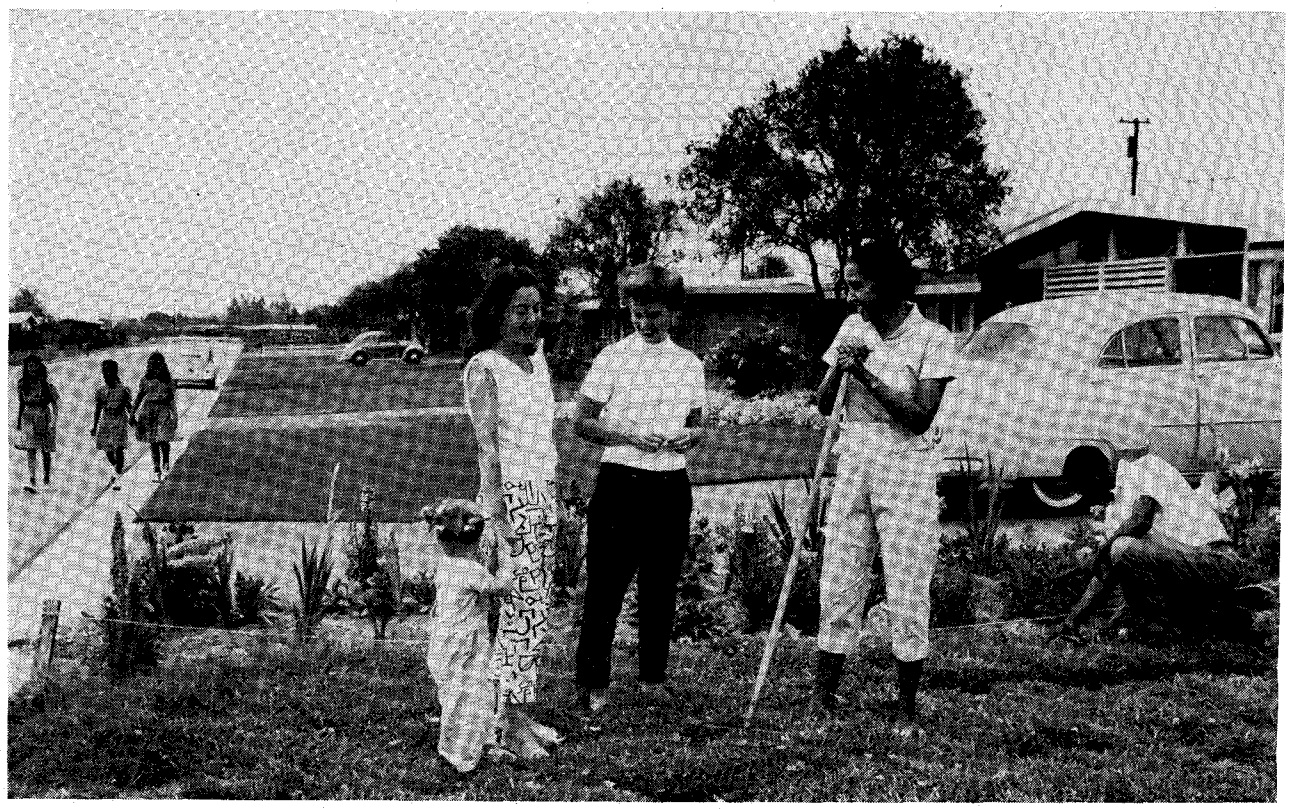


Santa Ana, Calif.: James P. Allen, Jr., a sergeant at the nearby El Toro Marine Corps Air Base, was turned down by seventy trailer parks before a minister issued an appeal which got him into the Orange Grove Trailer Park, where he is shown with his family.

Below: Racial harmony in Garden Grove, Calif.: White residents of this community invited Horace Edwards (right) and his wife to move into their neighborhood when he came West to be engineering manager of a local electronics plant.



avowed racial bigot the "outsider," the Negro is free to plead, to protest, to vote; thus he is far closer to being a dignified citizen than in the South. Yet geographical comparisons are not nearly so important to Negroes as the fact that segregation does exist in the North. Legal or not, it haunts the black man from birth (where a color bar of some sort rules over most hospitals) to death (where Jim Crow's ghostly shadow blocks the gate at most cemeteries).

This segregation is the source of sharp humiliation and deep frustration among Negroes, who contend that crime, vice and other antisocial behavior are but a reflection of these feelings.

Dr. Mozell Hill, chairman of the sociology department at Atlanta University, put it this way:

> Deviant behavior patterns among Negro families are fundamentally rooted in social isolation, supported by segregation practices in housing, education, industry, recreation and cultural living. . . . As long as segregation is practiced in the northern urban community, there will continue to be problems of behavior . . . among those who are segregated.

In great Northern cities, where these problems of behavior on the part of rapidly growing Negro populations could become a tragic brake on civic progress, I found most city officials either denying or ignoring the existence of racial segregation.

For example, when Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, speaking on a national television show, deplored segregation in cities like Chicago and Detroit, Chicago officials rose up in righteous protest, especially against what they viewed as an effort to compare the status of Chicago Negroes with that of Negroes in the South.

"There is a voluntary segregation in Chicago in which members of a minority group live together because of cultural, social and other ties," said James C. Downs, Jr., Chicago housing and redevelopment co-ordinator. "It is a natural selectivity. This does not compare with the South's enforced segregation."

"We feel we don't have segregation in Chicago," said Mayor Richard Daley. "Here we recognize every man, regardless of race, nationalistic origin or creed, and they are all entitled to their rights as provided in the United States Constitution and the Constitution of Illinois."

A Negro businessman cracked, "Of course there's no segregation in Chicago. I can go anywhere on the South Side that I desire."

Of all the Northern cities where a mass influx of Negroes is producing a showdown in race relations, perhaps New York City alone has officially admitted that segregation exists and that it is contrary to the public interest. As a result, New York today is struggling with a tense problem in the schools both in terms of race relations and of curriculum.

New York City schools became a great public issue in February, 1954, after Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, associate professor of psychology at City College, charged in a public speech, with Mayor Robert F. Wagner, Jr., on the platform, that minority-group pupils were receiving inferior educations and suffering psychological handicaps because of segregation. Clark argued that if segregation harms children in Mississippi, it also harms them in New York.

School officials were aghast at these charges, and some even labeled them "irresponsible." Faced with a challenge, the board ordered an impartial study,

(Continued on Page 85)

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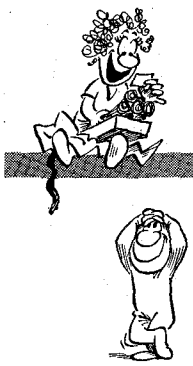
Post Scripts



Advice to a New Husband

Notice her clothes with a keenness that thrills,
But try to be blind to the size of the bills.

Deck her with diamonds and drape her with pelts
So she won't take a fancy to somebody elts.

If there's an argument, quickly give in;
You're wasting your breath if you think you can win.

In short, you must cosset her, cuddle and coddle,
And if your behavior's sufficiently model

She'll warm to your kindness, but secretly sigh
For someone to give her a punch in the eye.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

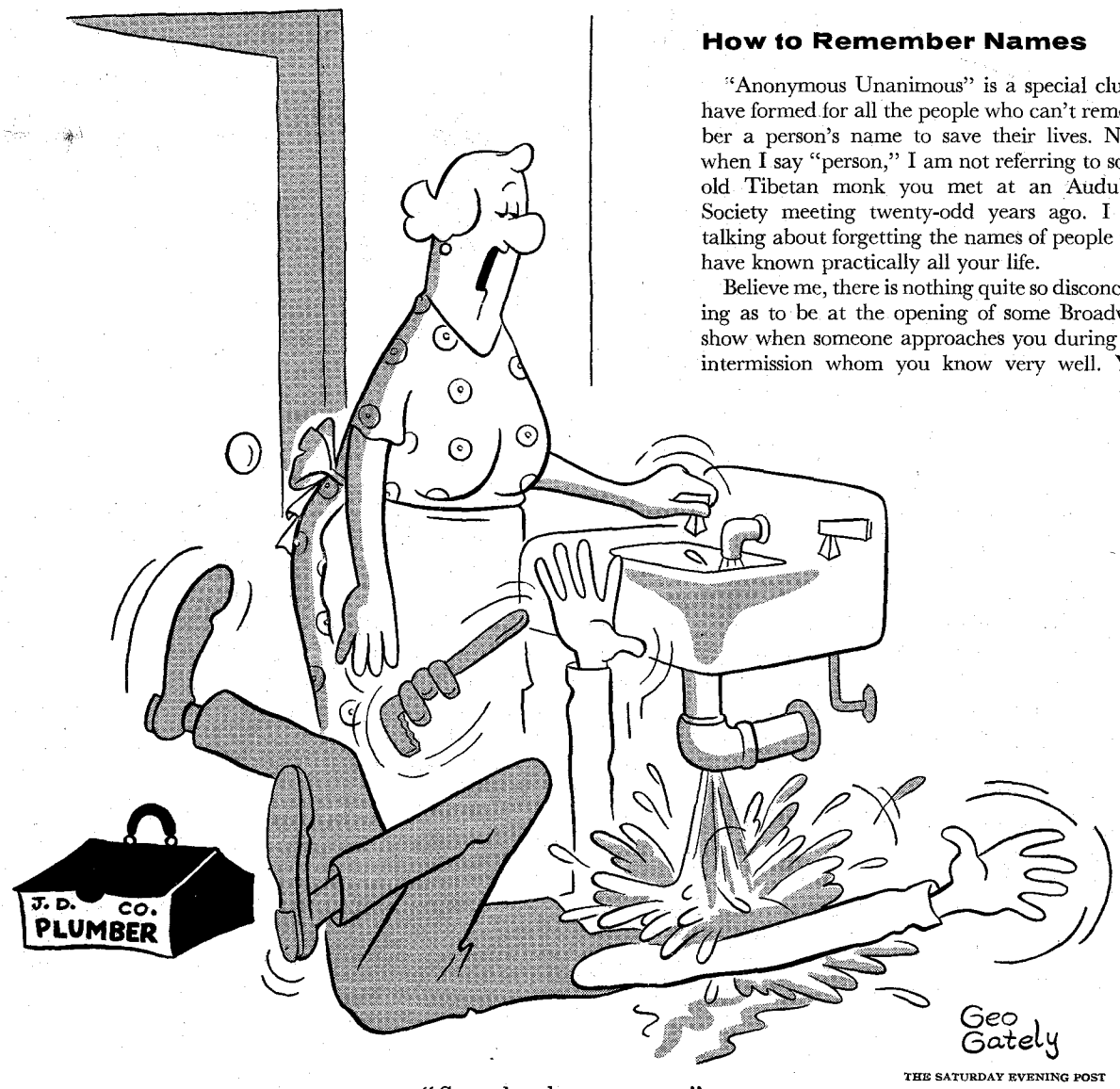
"This should be interesting."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Multipurpose Model

It's a wonderful combination—
A bed warmer de luxe;
A furniture antiquer
(The same for shoes and books);
A garbage-disposal unit;
A floor lamp knocker-over
And flower-bed digger—that answers
(When it wants) to the name of Rover.

ETHEL JACOBSON



"See what happens. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

How to Remember Names

"Anonymous Unanimous" is a special club I have formed for all the people who can't remember a person's name to save their lives. Now, when I say "person," I am not referring to some old Tibetan monk you met at an Audubon Society meeting twenty-odd years ago. I am talking about forgetting the names of people you have known practically all your life.

Believe me, there is nothing quite so disconcerting as to be at the opening of some Broadway show when someone approaches you during the intermission whom you know very well. You may have lunched with him only last week, but tonight you realize you cannot recall his name.

If you are alone, you can bluff your way out with such sterling remarks as "Glad to see you," "How are things?" "What's new?" and other brilliant quotes. However, when blank night arrives, you are never alone. There is always some wide-eyed girl with you, who gawks until you have to introduce her.

Sometimes you can get around the impasse by saying to Mr. Unknown, "Of course, you've met Barbara Klinemine" and keep going fast. If he says, "No," you're cooked. Another way to do it is to say, "Barbara, of course you know Mr. Grsmsgrtz," and hope for the best. If she says, "What was that name again?" you have a choice of slitting her throat or joining the liberal branch of the Mau Maus.

Through necessity I have come up with one foolproof method of neutralizing all Barbaras. At the slightest approach of Mr. No Name, I quickly take two giant steps in front of her and ignore her as though she were Mrs. Roosevelt at a Westbrook Pegler rally.

One time, though, even this method didn't work. The girl with me refused to get lost. I did my best to elbow her out of the way, describing a complete circle while making desperate conversation with my problem friend, when he carelessly pulled out his cigarette case. On it, after considerable craning, I finally made out the blessed legend: "To Charles Crandel."

Suddenly I knew how Balboa must have felt when he first gazed upon the Pacific Ocean.

Now that I had him, I didn't want to mention his name immediately, like some upstart social climber. So I toyed with him awhile and, at last, after a bit of playful banter, said, "Oh, incidentally, CHUCK; I want you to meet the young lady I'm with."

Yep. I forgot *her* name!

HAL BLOCK

My Wife Has it Down to a Science

My darling, at times,
Is so lavish with praise
And so sweet is her kiss
And so tender her gaze
That I find it a pleasure
To be a bit rash
And supply (as expected)
Additional cash.

HAL CHADWICK

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Best thing ever happened to filter smoki

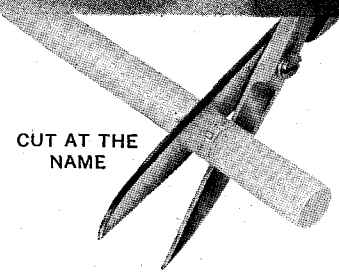
The fresh taste of fine tobacco in a filter cigarette!

New crush-proof box or familiar pack!

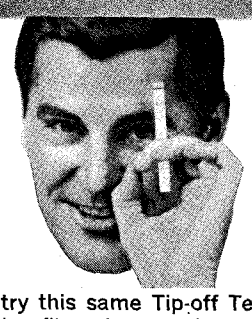
TRY THE TIP-OFF TEST

and taste which filter cigarette is best!

(In a cigarette, it's still the tobacco that counts. So make this tobacco test.)



First, cut off the filter tip from a Hit Parade (at the name). Put cut end in mouth—light other end. See how mild it tastes—even without the filter! That's really fine tobacco!



Then try this same Tip-off Test on any other filter cigarette. You'll taste the difference. You'll want to change to Hit Parade—for the fresh taste of fine tobacco!

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The 1957 picking of Campbell Tomatoes is ready

Three years of patient care pay off in very special flavor for your table

Although these tomatoes look nice enough to win a prize at a county fair, they never got a chance. They were grown just for use in Campbell's Kitchens.

What made these big red ones so special? Well, first off, it took three whole years just to select and develop the seed for our '57 crop.

The seedlings were started down South where they basked in the sun like Yankee tourists. Then at planting time they were placed in refrigerated cars and rushed North.

There, plants grew and flourished under the critical eye of a Campbell Field Man. Finally, when the fruit was ripe and full of flavor, it was picked by specially instructed pickers.

After all this, wouldn't you think all the tomatoes would be set? But, oh, no. Every tomato in the picture still had to pass a rigid inspection. Only those that came up to Campbell's standards got their "C."

If you want to know why we go to all this fuss and bother, just get together with one of our tomato products at your grocer's now. We think you'll agree with our cooks when they say: "To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

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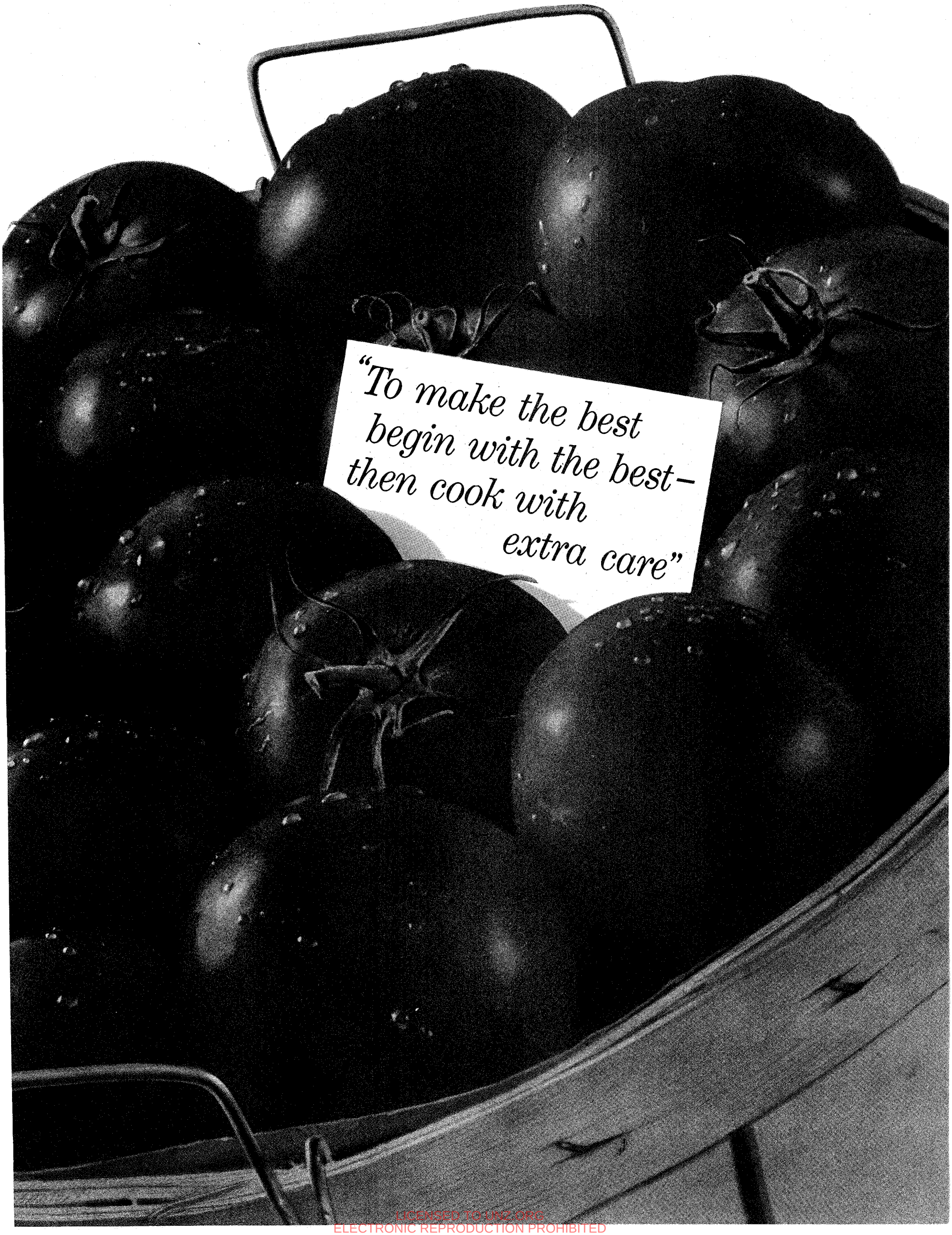

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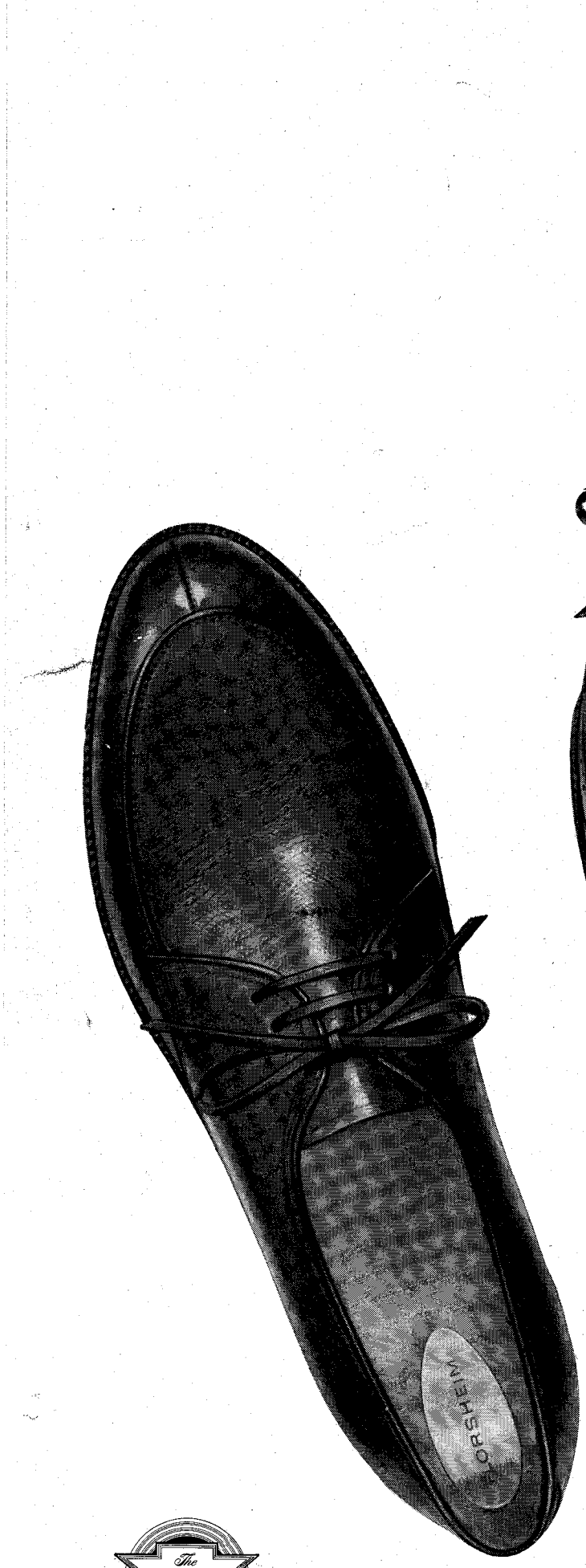

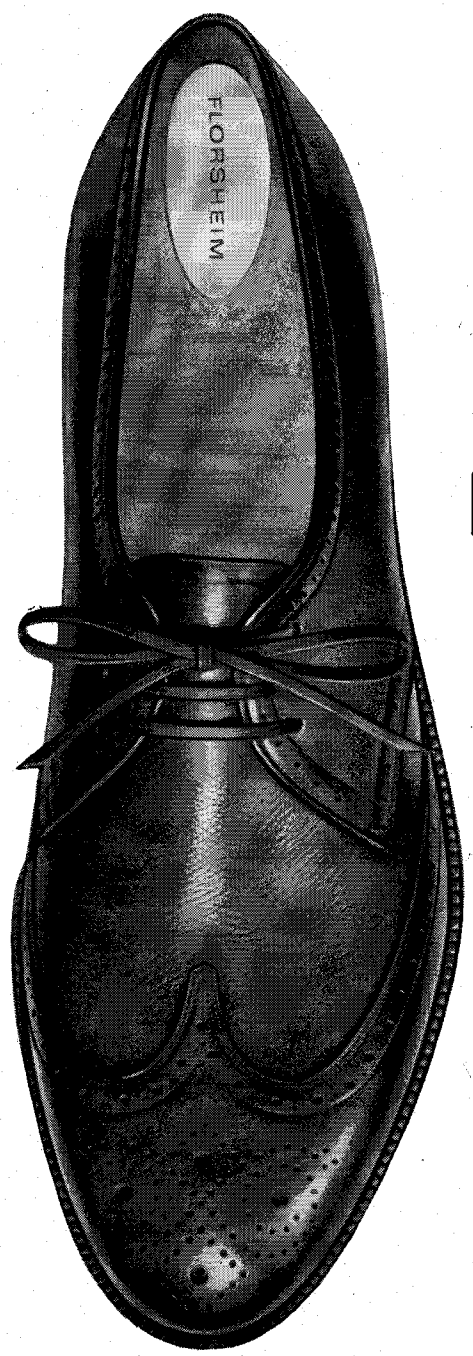

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THE FLORSHEIM

MEDIUM BROGUE

Today's new custom look is the slim look—the simple pattern, the closer edge—the new softness and flexibility that make these shoes such a pleasure to wear. And, of course, Florsheim pioneers the trend—adding those quality touches that set all Florsheim Shoes apart—luxury "hand-boarded" leathers, custom hand-stained finishes, skilled workmanship—true marks of Florsheim finer quality and value!

Left: The SORRENTO, *31624; moccasin front three-eyelet blucher in tan hand-stained, hand-boarded calf.*

Center: The SORRENTO, *31623; wing tip three-eyelet blucher in tan hand-stained, hand-boarded calf.*

Right: The SORRENTO, *31622; plain toe three-eyelet blucher in tan hand-stained hand-boarded calf.*

Florsheim Shoes 18^{95} *and higher*

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

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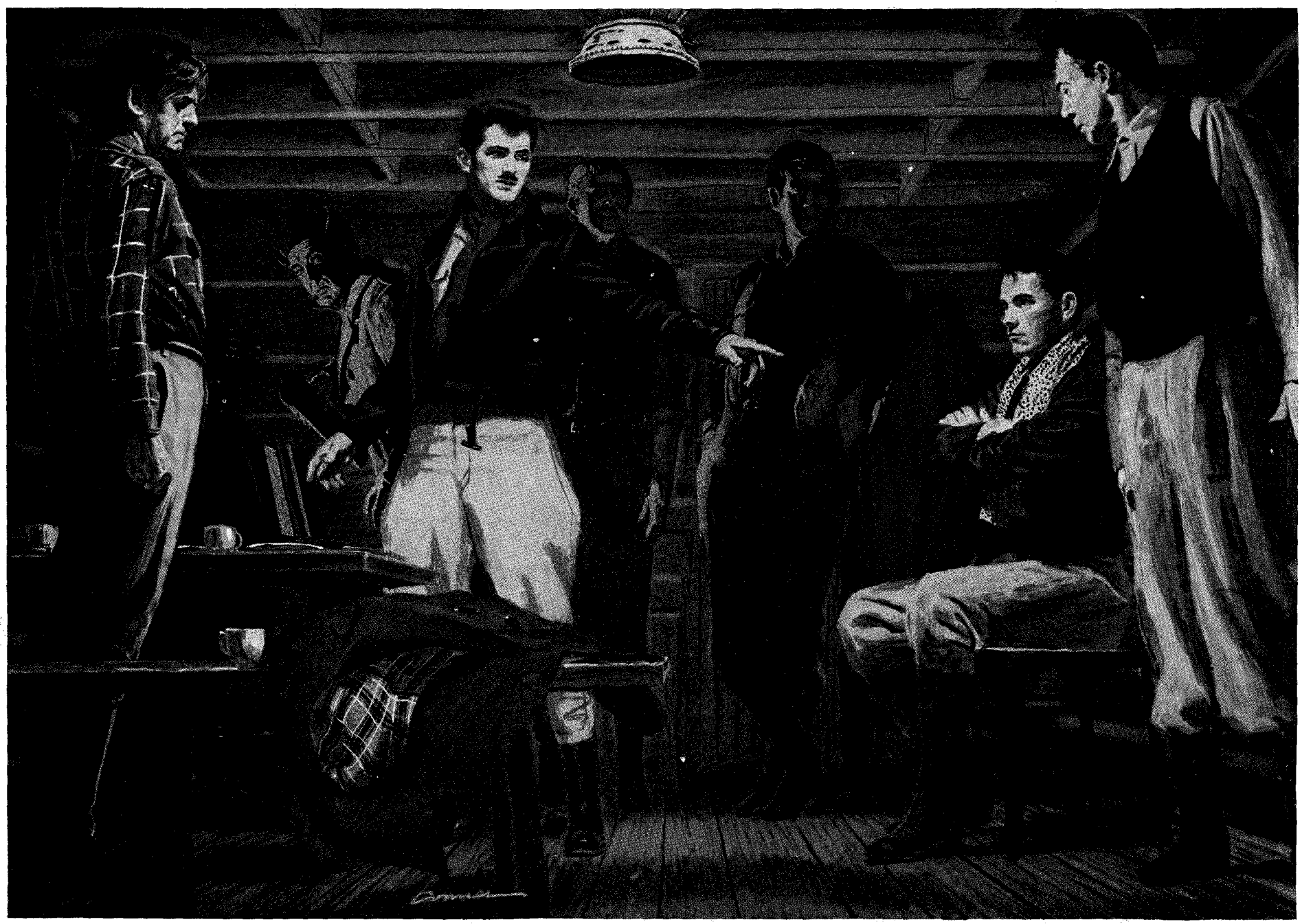

"Back up, Blackie," Ravenhill ordered. "The man's armed."

Trouble at Midas Creek

Why should the prospectors agree to a deal? There were easier ways to get what they wanted . . .

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

"I admit there are risks," Ravenhill said coolly, "but if my plan doesn't work, is Homer the worse for it?"

Both Homer Wilson and his daughter Pat knew that Ravenhill—an adventurous rascal, but an honest one—was right. The Mounted Police wanted Homer for murder, and a letter falsely incriminating him was in the hands of the unscrupulous Devereaux, who sought to blackmail his way into a share of Homer's gold strike. Ravenhill's plan was Homer's only chance. As soon as the blizzard abated, Ravenhill would start an avalanche which would appear to engulf Homer. But at the last moment Homer would duck into a secret tunnel leading to his cabin and later hide in Ravenhill's plane. With Homer apparently dead, his murder charge would die with him. Just as arrangements were completed, however, Homer's friend Shorty discovered an intruder listening outside the cabin.

III

Devereaux was standing close to the door. If he was surprised or alarmed by the sudden opening of the door, he gave no sign of it. He merely stepped in at once, a towering, snow-whitened, completely confident figure. He halted a step inside, removing his mittens and methodically beating the snow from his parka, while Ravenhill closed the door behind him.

During a momentary silence, Ravenhill examined his old enemy with a revival of an almost-forgotten annoyance and distaste. The bounder was taller, more muscular and more loathsomely handsome than he had recalled. Devereaux's parka was of the richest Alaskan seal, splashed with ermine and trimmed with wolverine. He was (Continued on Page 61)

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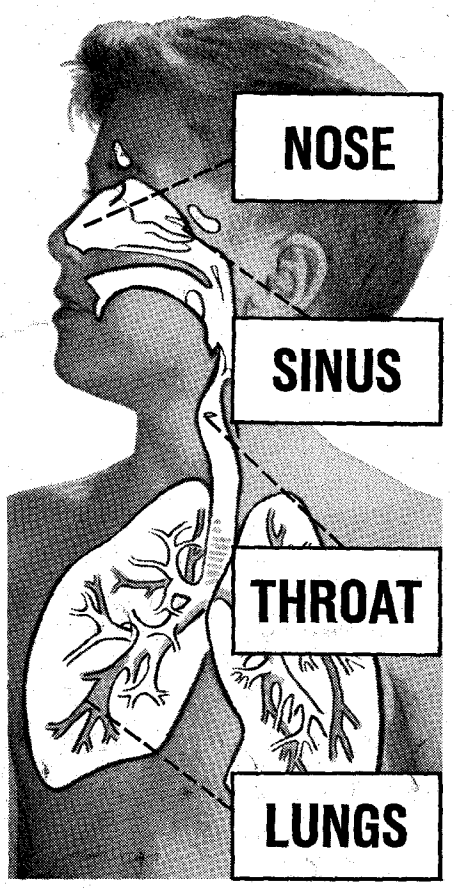

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Instant Acting
CHEST RUB

A Remarkable Medical Development from Anahist Research Laboratories

I Call on Dinah Shore

(Continued from Page 27)

signed her to present as many as twenty-four one-hour TV shows during the 1957–58 season. Last season she had a fifteen-minute weekly program, sponsored by Chevrolet, every Thursday night. It was called The Dinah Shore Show. She also did nine one-hour shows for Chevy. They were called The Chevy Show, Starring Dinah Shore. For this fall season she has given up her fifteen-minute shows, and each edition of the twenty-four or more one-hour shows will be called Dinah Shore's Chevy Show. TV-show nomenclature is an odd and wondrous thing. After much huddling and breath-holding, the show Tonight! was changed to Tonight, *without* the exclamation point. For some reason it made a large difference to somebody.

For Dinah, the fortnight in which all those things happened (including her new contract with Chevy) was a fairly torpid one, for fifteen years ago, during her first entertainment life, she experienced an even more crowded two weeks. She had gone before the camera for her first film, Thank Your Lucky Stars; had broadcast her own radio show (Dinah Shore in Person); had sung on Eddie Cantor's Time to Smile radio show; had appeared at the opening of the Hollywood Stage Door Canteen; and had done seven shows for soldiers in one day.

I said, "You were the undisputed queen of the jukeboxes in that first entertainment life of yours. I know because I've looked it up."

"Yes, wasn't it wonderful?" she said, happily. "Well, it's not that way any more. The record business has changed. Look at Billboard's listing of the top few vocalists any week and you won't find many names you'll recognize. You may find Perry Como, Frank Sinatra, Harry Belafonte, Nat King Cole and Guy Mitchell, but the others will be names like Sunny James, Dell-Vikings, Steve Lawrence, Ferlin Husky, Chuck Barry, Don Rondo, Fats Domino."

"And Pat Boone?" I asked.

"And Elvis Presley," she said. "While you might expect to find Bing Crosby or Patti Page or me, we don't often make it."

"What do people with names like Ferlin Husky and Fats Domino sing?"

"Ballads, some rhythm and blues, mostly rock and roll," she said.

"What's the secret of their success?" I asked.

"The kids. They're what make a record sell," she said, "and they're always looking for something different. As a result, every singer's career has its ups and downs, and thank goodness it does. If we went along in a high key all the time, we couldn't sustain it."

"Sinatra's career has certainly been on a seesaw," I said.

"He's fallen lower and risen higher than anybody," Dinah told me. "His is one of the most unusual talents and most exciting personalities in show business. He's one of a kind, but personally, I could never survive in that kind of an atmosphere."

"What kind of atmosphere?" I asked.

"Constant tension," she said. "Frank is brilliant. If he were a painter he'd be a great artist, but while he does some of the greatest things in the world, when he explodes he explodes louder than anybody."

"He's certainly not great as a married man," I said.

"And that's unfortunate," Dinah told me, "for I think he'd like to be."

I mentioned her third entertainment life, the one in which she'd come to grips with the movies. She was frank about it. "I bombed as a movie star," she said. "I failed for a lot of reasons. The most important was I'm not particularly photogenic. I'm not indulging in false modesty. I'm not hoping you'll contradict me. In addition to that fairly serious drawback, in each film I was given parts in which my father ran an unsavory joint while I was an ingénue daughter, so innocent I scarcely knew there was a difference between men and women.

"The story line of every script sent me was like the one in my picture, Belle of the Yukon. In it I played a pure-as-untracked-snow girl whose father ran a gambling house. I fell in love with a fellow who was suspected of being something other than he was; it doesn't matter now what. That was merely part of what was known as 'the complications.' I can sum the plot up in five sentences: Girl sings to boy. Girl suspects boy is not what he's supposed to be. Boy leaves. Girl sings about boy. Boy comes back, and they live happily ever after because girl was wrong about boy; he was what he was supposed to be all the time."

Indian Summer

By May Williams Ward

There is an instant of rest for
the heavy driving heart
Between the thrust and
clutch of one beat ending
And another's start;
And if we listen there is a
click of silence
Between the tick and tock
of the clock.
Even so in poised, breath-
holding Indian summer
Time flutters free
For a season's moment from
weight of what is finished
And of what must be.

"You mean that you didn't regenerate him?" I asked.

"That would have required acting somewhat beyond my capabilities," she said modestly. "As it was, there was talk that I had murdered quite a few films with my two snowy little hands, all of which didn't help me land a part in the one picture I wanted most. Metro talked to me about the part of Julie in Show Boat, and I was thrilled. I tested for it and they told me my test was good, but in the end they cast somebody in it who was much better."

"You mean Ava Gardner?" I asked. "Aren't you pretty big about it? Remember, you said that there were other sides to you than the Girl Scout one."

She had made that Girl Scout remark when I had told her why I was worried about my interview with her. "Watching you on television," I said, "I get a feeling that you're jolly, pleasant, genuine, outgoing, well-adjusted, well-scrubbed, friendly and without a witchy bone in your body. This is going to be tough."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because it's tough to write a story about a lady who's undeniably and unashamedly a lady. It's far easier to assemble provocative material about a girl who's a trifle trampish, a bit of a tomato."

"Don't be so gloomy about it," she told me. "I have my other sides. There are those who have found me practically human."

Nevertheless, she stuck to her guns about Ava Gardner. "There couldn't have been a more perfect or exquisite Julie," she said.

"But you and Ava aren't the same type," I said.

"I know," she told me. "Unfortunately we don't look alike."

"I didn't mean that," I said. "I mean you can sing."

"There's one school of thought that still clings to that idea," she said, "but there's another school which doesn't think that it's terribly important when it's opposed to eyes that slant upward and the statistics: thirty-eight, twenty-five, thirty-eight."

"Another thing," I said; "you seem completely well-adjusted. Are you complex?"

"Terribly," she told me.

"You may be, at that," I said. "Some of the most outwardly calm people I know have great vats of boiling emotional lava bubbling away inside them."

"Seriously, I don't know whether I'm complex or not," she told me. "But I know this: I don't think I'll ever spend much time on an analyst's couch. For one thing, I'm too busy. For another, my husband, George, says I'm only complex until I've had breakfast, which is usually a large one."

She and actor-producer George Montgomery had been married on December 5, 1943. "I'd seen him on the screen before I met him," she told me, "and I decided then that he was for me. Later I saw a photograph of him in a fan magazine with a girl hanging on his arm, and I felt sorry for her. The caption said she was his fiancée, but I had a feeling she was going to be replaced. I finally met him at the Hollywood Canteen.

"He's amazingly versatile," she told me. "George built our whole house himself, with only two carpenters to help him; and he runs a successful furniture factory out in the San Fernando Valley, where he turns out antique reproductions that are comfortable and are made of wood hand-rubbed until it glows."

I looked around a living room so blended with the out-of-doors it was difficult to determine where the room left off and the garden and swimming pool began. "The huge coffee table, the chairs, the cabinets and the wood paneling—George made all of those," she said, "and he's a top-flight tennis player."

I tried another tack. "You seem so even-tempered on television," I said. "Don't you ever lose your temper while a show's going on?"

"If I did, I wouldn't show it," she told me. "My mother taught me that no lady loses her temper in public."

"If a lady always waits until she gets home to blow her stack, it must be rough on the home folks," I said.

"Not so rough as you think," she said. "By that time she's probably got over what upset her. Anyhow, if something goes wrong and you can make those who view your mishap comfortable instead of ill at ease, it's good manners to do it."

"I know some TV personalities who're apoplectic with rage if some poor goof in the audience coughs," I said. "I've seen them stop in the middle of a line and glare at him."

She looked me in the eye and said, "I've found very few heavies in television. For example, I have very competent and conscientious people working on our show. They're so enthusiastic you'd think they were putting on their senior-class play."

I made a mental list of television stars I know who

(*Continued on Page 54*)

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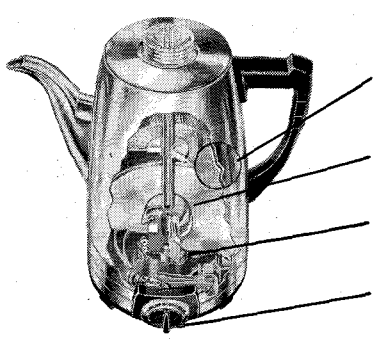

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Stainless steel pump makes cleaning easier. Will not stick or corrode.

Enclosed quick-heating tubular element.

Easy-to-see, easy-to-set strength selector dial. Signal light goes out when coffee is done.

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(*Continued from Page 52*) are Hitlers, junior grade, but I decided nothing would be gained by reciting the names on it to her.

"Speaking of coughing," she said, "I'm one of those who believe that live television and a live audience are a lot more exciting than filmed television and a canned audience can ever be. A TV program is clocked with stop watches; every number in it is carefully rehearsed. What happens between numbers is rehearsed too. Even audience reaction is controlled. If audible approval is desired, lights go on behind APPLAUSE signs. But, no matter how rigidly you channel it, there's a human equation in live TV that gives it spur-of-the-moment touches."

"Such as?" I asked.

"Somebody breaks up in an unrehearsed giggle," she said; "somebody forgets a line or skips a dance step. If that happens on live TV, you can make capital of it by laughing instead of treating it as if it were the end of the world. Handled right, a booboo adds spontaneity. It can give you a feeling of kinship with the viewers that's a big, fat plus. I've known entertainers who blow lines purposely for that very reason.

"But to get back to my disappointment about Show Boat; all that did was point up my formula for living. I forget everything that happened yesterday and I live in the present. Every morning when I get up, I know it's going to be the best day I've ever spent."

"How do you know?" I asked. "I'd like to learn."

"I can't blueprint it," she told me. "All I know is I've always been a 'today' person. It would be interesting to have a psychologist explain it to me, but I've been too busy to do it. Another thing I believe is that even the worst things that have happened to you happen for a reason. In my case they've resulted in my going in a direction that's better for me. My misadventures with the movies are a case in point. If I had made out in motion pictures my life would have been entirely different. I'm so glad I didn't I could bust. For television is the greatest boon to the mothers who work in it since the invention of the wheel. I made my last picture four or five years ago, and while doing it, I saw very little of my daughter, Missy, and my husband, George. But I'll say this for George: no matter how early I crawled out, he got up and had breakfast with me. He's that kind."

"How early was that?" I asked.

"Six-thirty or earlier," she told me. "I was so tired when I got home at eight or nine o'clock at night that I didn't want to talk. George waited to eat with me, we'd sit quietly for a while; then I'd go to bed, because if I'd missed any sleep it would show on my face when it was enlarged on a screen. Besides, I was so keyed up from working all day that, tired as I was, I had trouble falling asleep. There was my idyllic life as a motion-picture actress. You can have it."

"I don't want to quarrel with your belief you're happier not being in pictures," I said. "But you have a pretty crowded schedule as it is. When I was trying to set up a date with you, those who handle your publicity made it clear that you don't have many spare minutes to spend mooning around with writers."

"I do have a full schedule," she admitted, "but it doesn't interfere with my family life. Missy, George, our youngest, Jody, and I breakfast together. I don't leave home until Missy's gone to school. And I have time to play with my youngest, Jody, in the morning. Then I plan the menus and help sort out the day for our household, and it's only after that that I start for the TV studio. I get home about four-thirty. If I get home later, Missy will have had her bath; will have done some of her homework, so we can have our afternoon coffee together. That means cocoa or ginger ale for Missy and Jody. George and I have tea. Then, at six-thirty, we have dinner together."

"Speaking of children, we haven't talked about your own childhood," I said. She told me that she'd been born Frances Rose Shore in Winchester, Tennessee, on March 1, 1917. When she was still quite young, her family moved to Nashville, where her father became a partner in a department store. "I can't remember when I wasn't singing," she said. "I'd ask my sister Bessie if I could come into the parlor and play the ukulele and sing for her when she had dates. She had to shoo me away, because once I stayed indefinitely.

"I hated my name," she told me. "The kids at school never called me Frances, they called me Fanny, and they thought of punning rhymes to go with all three of my names, like 'Fanny sat on a tack. Did Fanny rose? Shore!'"

She went on, "When my parents decided that nothing could stop me from singing, they arranged for me to have voice lessons. My voice teacher put me into the First Presbyterian Church choir, but that didn't work too well for the rest of the choir, since everything had to be revoiced for me. I'd sung solo so intensively at home that I couldn't get the hang of harmony singing. Also, even at that age I was a contralto. I was like a boy who'd become a baritone before his voice changed."

Nowadays it is considered a good idea to marry young and have a congenial roommate at college.

E. J. KIEFER

In 1931, when she was fourteen, Dinah persuaded the manager of a Nashville night club to sponsor her show-business debut. He also agreed to pay her ten dollars for her appearance. She kept her parents in the dark about her plans, spent a secret hour applying make-up inexpertly, put on her sister Bessie's favorite party dress; then, to her horror, when she was being introduced to the night-club audience, the spotlight revealed her parents at a ringside table. Someone had tipped them off, but they let her finish her number and collect her ten-dollar fee before they scooped her up and took her home.

"Then, when I was fifteen," Dinah told me, "I reached a crossroads in my life. I could keep on trying to be a budding choir singer, or I could compete for the honor of being selected the best all-around girl in Hume-Fogg High School. The catch was that, to stay in the running for the all-around-girl contest, I had to keep my post as cheer leader, and one of my difficulties was that the football games and my voice lessons both came Friday afternoons. I led cheers so hard that it left me not only temporarily hoarse but permanently so. That didn't appeal to my voice teacher. He brought my singing-cheer-leader impasse to a head by issuing an ultimatum. He told my mother, 'Either cheering goes out of Frances' life or I go.' I've never reacted flabbily to ultimatums, so I made the decision for mother. 'He goes,' I said. And that's how I happened to be elected the best all-around girl in Hume-Fogg High School."

Frances Rose Shore made her real show-business debut while she was a

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sophomore at Vanderbilt University. Without telling her about it, her former voice teacher—he had apparently failed to resent her reaction to his ultimatum—arranged an audition for her at Nashville's Station WSM. Singing into what she thought was a dead microphone, she was heard by a WSM executive, who signed her for a series of quarter-hour singing broadcasts. On WSM she was known as Fannye Rose Shore. She had added that final *e* herself, thinking it would lift her hated name out of the punning category.

"My ambition was to sing with a band," she told me, "but daddy made me promise that if I ever got a job singing with a band, I wouldn't go on the road with them."

"What could happen on the road that couldn't happen elsewhere?" I asked.

"I guess daddy was more conventional than you are," she said. "He didn't think I was equipped to handle the experiences which might come my way traveling with a band. He thought I was overemotional and therefore vulnerable to designing males; and, looking back, I can see that he knew more about me than I knew about myself. Poor thing, he had a problem on his hands that most men don't have. When I was fifteen and a half, mother died, and it's a worrisome and mysterious responsibility for a man to bring up a girl in her middle teens."

Her older sister, Bessie, was living in St. Louis with her husband, leaving her father solely responsible for Frances, although he already had more than enough responsibility, what with a chain of dry-goods-and-notions stores to supervise in nearby small towns. Her brother-in-law held a much-sought-after internship in a St. Louis hospital, but he gave it up, came back to Nashville and interned at the general hospital there, so his wife, Bessie, could be near Frances.

"I'd call that a pretty large gesture," I said.

"I still get all emotional when I talk about it," she said. "Let's just put it this way: they made a home for me."

Between her junior and senior years at Vanderbilt she spent her vacation in New York, pounding on the doors of orchestra rehearsal halls, radio stations, recording companies and booking agencies. Her visit ended when she heeded her father's pleas to return home and complete her college education.

"Daddy wanted me to stay in Nashville and marry some nice local boy or do welfare work when I graduated from Vanderbilt with a B.A. in sociology, in 1938," she told me. But I had a valuable collection of cameras and photographic equipment and I sold it for three hundred dollars to stake me for a second try at New York. I didn't know the value of a dollar—there'd always been dollars in my pocketbook because daddy put them there—so I stayed at a fairly ritzy hotel. I was even having my meals sent up when suddenly I had less than a dollar left. I put in a long-distance call to daddy, charges reversed, to ask for fare home, but my sister persuaded daddy to send me a fresh supply of money. She convinced him that if he let me come home licked, it would leave an open psychological wound on my soul.

"When I left Nashville, daddy had warned me, 'There are a hundred singers for every job you're after.' He didn't want me to break my heart, because sometimes when you beat your head against a wall your heart takes the punishment. His favorite singer was Gracie Fields. He must have said a hundred times: 'You'll never hold a note the way Gracie Fields does.' He died in 1945. By that time he was almost convinced I'd make it even if I didn't sing like Gracie Fields."

In New York she auditioned for a local station, WNEW, and was accepted on a fill-in basis. She sang a song called Dinah. Her radio fans in Nashville had been enthusiastic about her swinging delivery of that song—she sang it with a slow beat—so when Martin Block and Jimmy Rich, of WNEW, auditioned her, she sang it for them. When she was done, Martin and Jimmy couldn't remember her name. They kept calling her "that Dinah girl." Then, after a while, they dropped "that" and "girl" and she had a new name.

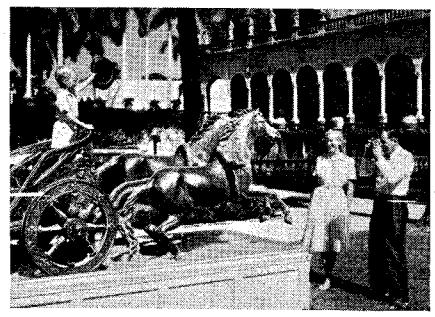
"A friend who heard me rehearsing in a music publisher's office thought it might be a good idea if a well-known radio-talent agent handled my career," Dinah went on, "but when I went to that agent's office to audition, he said, 'I'll only consent to handle you if you get rid of that corny name, Dinah.'"

She smiled at me. It was a smile with muscles in it. "It was one more ultimatum," she said. "I kept my new name. Various people kept asking Tommy Dorsey to audition me, but Tommy had a theory I agree with. It was Tommy's idea that if a band had a man singer, he ought to sing the ballads; a girl singer with a band ought to sing the jump tunes. If she's pretty enough, it won't matter whether she sings well. Well, I wasn't that pretty."

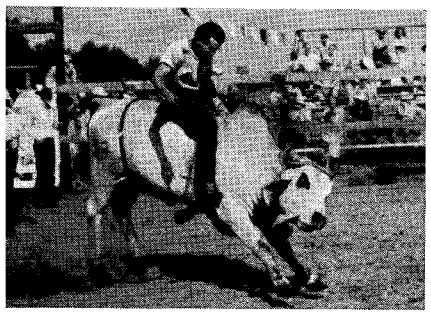
"Did you ever audition for Benny Goodman?" I asked.

"George Simon, of Metronome Magazine, paved the way for that audition by writing a story about my singing," she said. "Every girl singer remembers the

GULF STREAM COAST—Florida beaches are a sight to see. Here colorful cabanas contrast with blue Atlantic on southeast coast.



WEST COAST—Many beautiful parks, public and private, are found in this area. Above you see a garden at Ringling Art Museum.



CENTRAL FLORIDA—Brahman bull ride in a cattle town. It's famous citrus country, too—as is east coast Indian River Region.

NORTH FLORIDA—Several cities here are famous for winter azaleas. Red cliffs, white beaches color landscapes in Northwest Florida.

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first writer who gave her her first break and who first made people aware she was alive. In my case it was George Simon. Thanks to him and to the editor of Down Beat, I became known as 'the darling of Le Jazz Hot.' It was nice, but it paid no bills."

"Why do you think the musicians' magazines went for you?" I asked.

"I must have had a new style," she said. "I did all of my singing into a microphone because I couldn't be heard without one. That in itself was different. The popular women singers of that day belted their songs out until they bounced against the walls in the back of a theater."

"Such as whom?" I asked.

"Such as Kate Smith and Frances Langford and Ethel Merman," she said. "My style of delivery was strictly geared to radio and records. But about my Goodman audition; at that point Benny was doing the Camel Cigarette radio show; he was too busy to listen to me, except during his lunch break, and while I sang for him he had his mouth full of hot pastrami sandwich. I understand now how frantic things are when you work in radio and TV, but I didn't know then, and seeing his jaws working on a sandwich with my whole future at stake froze my voice in my throat. In fairness to Benny, he may have been thrown by my idea of an attractive costume, for I wore a droopy sweater, a droopier plaid skirt and scuffed saddle shoes."

She kept making the rounds of producers' offices until she landed a two-week engagement at the Strand Theater in New York, singing with Leo Reisman's orchestra. That led to her making a recording with Xavier Cugat. She told me, "I was so nervous when I did that recording with Cugie that when the sound engineer asked me if my name was 'Dinah Shaw,' I said, 'That's right,' so that's the way those labels went out. There are still some Dinah Shaw labels around."

"They must be collectors' items," I said.

That could be, she said, but she pointed out that, if a book had been published mislabeled "By George Bernard Shore," copies would be collectors' items too.

Her next break was a fast two weeks with Ben Bernie's orchestra on a network show for the American Tobacco Company. "We got our pay checks from a fabulous 'off-with-her-head' character named George Washington Hill," she said. "He was president of the American Tobacco Company and he sat at home with Mrs. Hill and tuned in on us and made violent and copious notes of what was wrong with everybody who worked for him. According to him, I didn't sing loud enough or fast enough, so, when he commanded, 'Get her off of there!' people fell over themselves firing me."

Her next two breaks had happier endings. RCA Victor signed her as a recording artist and NBC hired her for network radio programs, on a sustaining basis. Variety said that her voice had warmth and that she had an appealingly distinctive style. One critic observed, "The Metropolitan would call her 'vibrato'; Tin Pan Alley would call her 'schmaltzy.'"

I thought of a more recent appraisal of her style in the lushly purple verbiage which appears on the back of one of her recent albums. "Dinah is a shining example of the appeal of a direct, simple and sincere singing style, uncluttered by tricks, gimmicks or wild searching for false individuality."

I confessed to her, "One of my prized possessions is the RCA Victor album P-56. It's titled NBC's Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street. Its guest artists are Mademoiselle Dinah Shore and Professor Sidney Bechet."

Among those who contributed musical licks to P-56 were Dr. Henry (Hot-lips) Levine and his Barefooted Dixieland Philharmonic and Maestro Paul Laval and his Wood-windy Ten. A brochure which accompanied the album described the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street as a weekly broadcast over the NBC Blue Network, with program notes by Welbourn Kelly. Dinah was referred to as "Mademoiselle Dinah Diva Shore, the girl who starts fires by rubbing two notes together." The album is made up of six sides, any one of which, in my opinion, makes All Shook Up seem as horrible as it is. The six are: Mood Indigo, Muskrat Ramble, Runnin' Wild, Dinah's Blues, Shoemaker's Holiday and Basin Street Blues.

A reminiscent smile began as a tiny spark in the back of her eyes. It grew bigger and glowed warmly. She said, "I hope your album includes Kelly's program notes. They were the best part of the show. His take-off on the Deems Taylor-type of running musical commentary was sheer genius. When I did the show, that commentary was delivered by a boy named Gene Hamilton. When I left, Milton Cross took it over."

"How long were you with the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street?" I asked.

"Not long enough," she told me. "Only two months. Then Eddie Cantor signed me, and under his tutelage I recorded my first real hit platter, Yes, My Darling Daughter. It sold half a million copies. That was regarded as phenomenal then. When Eddie hired me, it was another turning point in my life."

"In what way?" I asked.

"He taught me to stop trying so hard that I defeated myself," she said. "There's a secret about show business: if people think you're enjoying what you're doing in order to entertain them, they relax and enjoy it too. Also, until I made that record I had sung almost exclusively for musicians. Maybe it was crazy, certainly it was noncommercial, but they were all I cared about. I'd sing for them any time; any time any one of them dropped a hat, and it didn't have to be a very heavy hat either. Just toss in a skimmer and there I was."

"If anybody asks me, 'Just what kind of a singer is Dinah Shore?' what'll I tell them?"

"It's a little hard to explain," she said. "I'm a pop singer, but there are different kinds of pop singers. There are beat pop singers and there are lyric pop singers. A lyric pop singer is one who tells a story with feeling when he sings. He thinks about and cares about the words. I interpret both ways: lyric pop and beat."

"You mean simultaneously?" I asked.

"Maybe it will be easier for you if I say that basically I'm a blues singer," she said.

"It helps," I said. I thought of something else. "I remember reading that there came a time when you changed physically."

"That must have been when I came out to California to do my first movie, Thank Your Lucky Stars, in 1942," she told me. "I had a pompadour hairdo then. They were popular during the war, although cruder souls called them cow-flop hairdos. Ginger Rogers started them, as I recall it. To wear one, you needed so much hair they had to build mine up with rats and extra falls. Warner Brothers also dyed my dark hair honey blond and closed a small gap in my front teeth. But the big difference in my appearance came when I decided that I liked my own hair. I pulled it back, got rid of the bangs, and what you see now is all mine."

No less an authority than Bob Hope had told me that she had displayed fabulous stamina during World War II. She'd sung on all the service shows—Show Time, Male Call, Command Performance—and at every camp it was possible for her to reach. When I relayed Hope's comment, she said, "Don't believe it. There were times when I was so bushed I could have gone home and stayed there for the duration. But no matter how tired I was, if I dragged myself out in front of a crowd of servicemen who really wanted to hear me and I started to sing, I wasn't tired any more."

I remembered another question I'd planned to ask her. "Why are there so few women television stars? There are usually only three or four in the first twenty."

"I can't explain it," she said, "unless it's as simple as this: it's a man's world, and if it is, I'm not complaining. I like it that way. Not that there aren't some very good women in television. Lucy Ball, Gracie Allen, Gisele MacKenzie, Patti Page and Rosemary Clooney are great; still, in proportion to male stars, there aren't many."

"I've noticed you give the other people on your TV show all the breaks in material, lines and effective showcasing," I told her. "Looking at it that way, you're sort of a straight woman, aren't you?"

"That's about it," she said. "I can sing and I can hoof a little, and although I'm not a comedienne, I'm pretty good at feeding lines to other people, and that, in turn, is very good for my show. Our motto is: you only look as good as the people you work with."

"Bing Crosby built his whole movie career on that motto," I told her.

"In my case it's a matter of knowing my own limitations," Dinah said. "I shiver at the thought of having to carry a show alone. I don't think I could."

"What are some of your limitations?" I asked.

"I'm no Martha Raye, for one thing," she said. "And in my book she's a great comedienne. I can listen to a joke much better than I tell one."

"You can't say that one of your limitations is looking dowdy," I told her.

She was wearing soft wool, calypso-striped slacks, a red wool shirt pulled taut at her midriff by a leather belt.

"I do know how to pick out pretty dresses," she admitted. "I see no point in being modest about that. I love clothes. Most women do, but since some of mine are on view on television, I'm extra aware of how much they mean. However, I'm careful to see to it that my dresses aren't bigger than I am. I don't mean size. I mean in impact and dramatic value."

I said, "I'm a cynic who believes the ten best-dressed women every year are the ten women who put the most money on their backs, and being on the 'best dressed' list is a reward the clothing industry gives ten of the biggest spenders."

"That's not true," she said. "I don't mean that I don't have a closetful of clothes. I do, but judged by Paris-opening standards, most of my clothes are not expensive. I don't mean my elaborate gowns made to wear on my TV show—they are expensive—but my personal clothes aren't. There's much more to being well dressed than spending money. It involves a certain kind of pride in yourself. I am psychologically incapable of coming to breakfast on Sunday mornings when everybody is relaxing without seeing to it that I'm freshly showered, my teeth are brushed and my hair is gleaming. If I wear a robe to Sunday breakfast, it's clean and attractive. When I go to a grocery store I never wear a rumpled coat or slacks. I don't attend rehearsals with my hair in curlers.

"If I can achieve it," she told me thoughtfully, "I'd like to be able to be philosophical about it when people will no longer accept me as a singer. A television camera is ruthless. I can tell myself I look twenty-one until I really believe I am twenty-one, but I can't fool that camera. The big thing is not to worry about it. Once you become self-conscious about angles and lights and cameras, you might as well call it a day. I hope when that day comes I'll have so many things filling my life I won't feel used up and discarded. The thing I want to be most is a good wife. That sounds icky, doesn't it?"

"I don't think it's icky," I told her. "It's certainly not easy."

"I don't think any woman finds it easy," she said. "But if I am a good wife, it will be there when the spotlights, the microphones and the TV cameras are gone."

I'll make a confession. I would like to have called this article To Dinah With Love, because she's so genuinely likable, but this is part of a series which carries the running title, I Call On . . . so I couldn't.

I just want her to know. THE END

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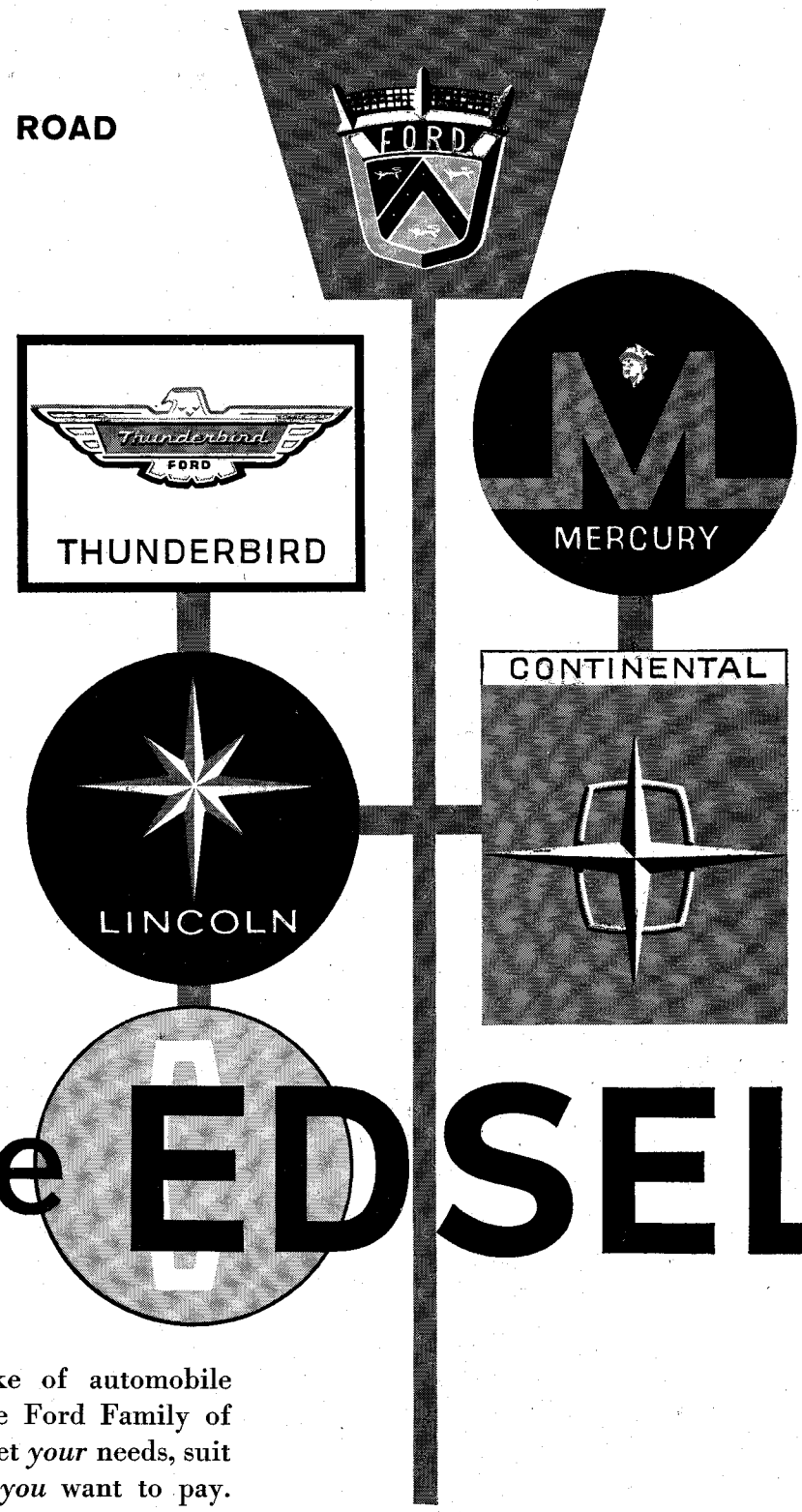
SETTING THE PACE ON THE AMERICAN ROAD



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TURN PAGE

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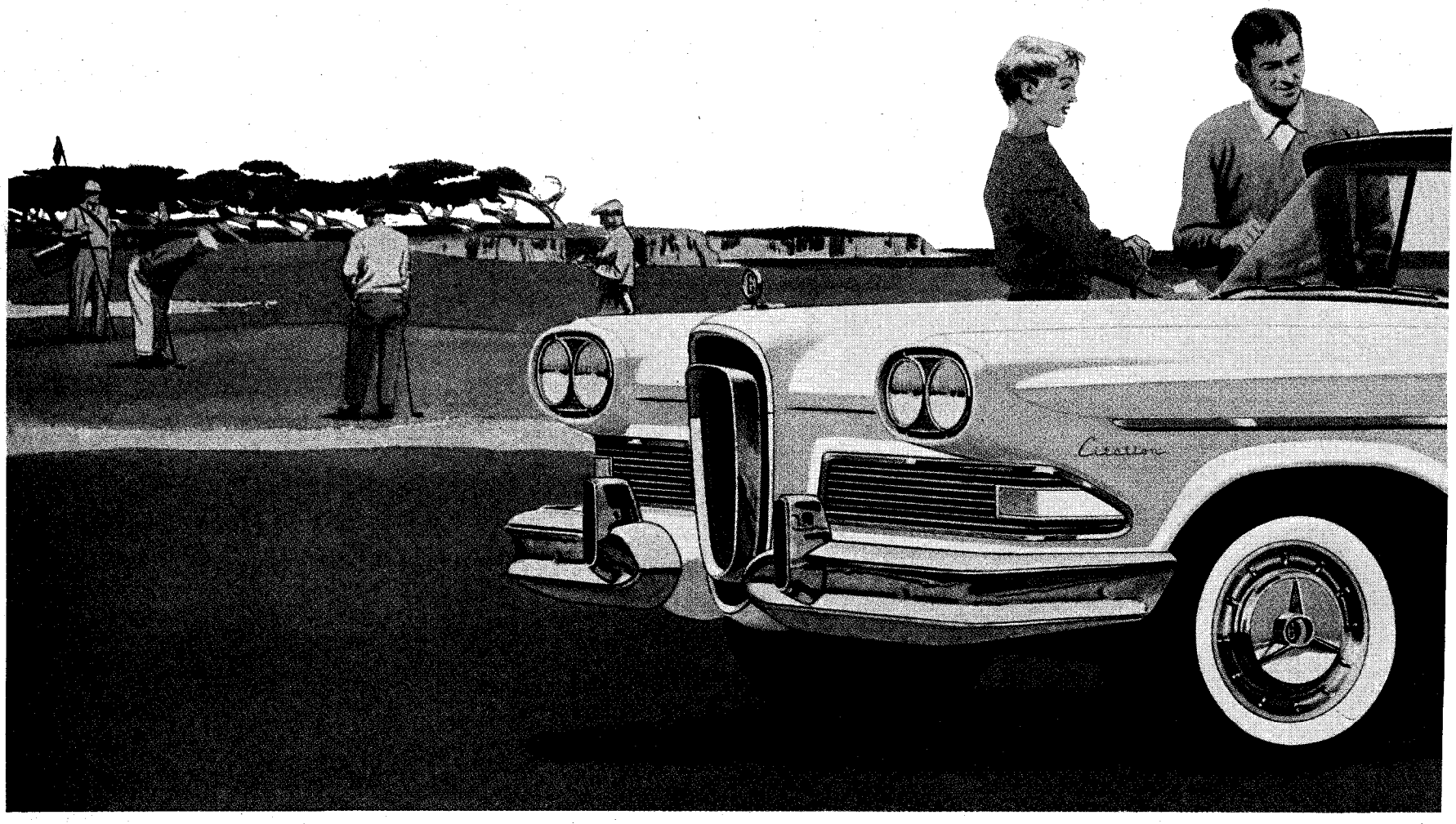

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Trouble at Midas Creek (Continued from Page 51)

a sterling gambler, moreover. From his manner, this was merely a neighborly call. He pushed back the hood of his parka, revealing heavy-jawed features, prominent blue eyes and burnished blue-black hair.

Under the circumstances, in Ravenhill's dour view, his poise verged on sheer insolence. He inclined his head to Pat, then turned to Homer, taking in Homer's menacing pose with a touch of amusement.

"I know, Homer," he soothed affably, his bluff voice revealing only a trace of his French-Canadian origins. "This cabin's off limits for me. But I had to dash over and see if my old pal, Ravenhill, had made it down safely."

"He has," Homer said. "He stopped here to pass the time of day; then he's heading for Midas Creek. You go right along with him, son."

"Tut, tut!" Devereaux reproved. "We're all here together—the brass, that is. Those old goats over at Midas Creek don't count. We might as well figure out right now where we stand."

"Figure it with Riv," Homer returned. "He's the dealer."

"Naturally," Devereaux said. "He usually is—if the pot's big enough." He cocked an eyebrow at Shorty. "You tipped him off, eh? And sneaked over here as a welcoming committee?"

"You heard Homer," Shorty returned truculently. "Talk to Riv."

Devereaux shrugged and spoke to Pat gently. "You too? You've accepted this—this Ravenhill as your knight in shining armor? The gentleman who has all the answers?"

Pat did not hesitate. "He's a gentleman, Mr. Devereaux. Not a confidence man, nor a blackmailer. Merely a friend of dad's and Shorty's. We stand with him."

"You, specifically?" he asked.

"I," she said, nodding, "specifically."

Devereaux turned to Ravenhill smilingly, showing marvelous teeth. Only Ravenhill saw the cold menace in his eyes. "Congratulations, old pal," he said. "You've made hay fast. Like you did in Nome, eh? But this isn't Nome," he continued, his smile fading. "You stacked the cards there. Here, I'm in control."

"Let's hear about that Nome business," Shorty interposed eagerly. "The boys tell a dozen different stories ——"

"Not now, Shorty," Ravenhill cut in. One thing must be determined here, and quickly: how long had Devereaux been standing at the threshold, his ear pressed against the door? If he had heard them discuss tomorrow's coup, a whole new strategy must be devised.

"Let's determine who's in control, Devereaux," he said. "You have an incriminating letter which you believe will hang Homer. That's your trump card. The pot you're aiming at is Homer's strike. But all of us here, except Shorty, know the exact location of the strike. You don't. That's our trump card."

Devereaux beamed at Shorty. "What did I tell you, half pint? Sure little Shorty can lead with his chin. He can do the fetching and carrying. But when there's pie to be cut, where's Shorty's slice?" He grinned openly. "Tut, tut, Shorty!"

"I didn't ask 'em where the strike was, doggone it!" Shorty said furiously. "It's Homer's strike. That's something you ain't equipped ——"

"Shut up, Shorty," Homer advised. "Riv's dealing. And I'm waiting to be told why I shouldn't drop this critter right where he's standing. If there's a better way to get that letter, I'd like to hear it."

"Easy, Homer," Ravenhill said.

"Let's dispose of that penny-ante bluff right now," Devereaux returned cheerfully. "D'you think I'd be dumb enough to bring the letter here, where you could all gang up on me? It's down at the Falls, in Henderson's safe. If anything happens to me, he's to turn it over to the Mounties." He spread his hands. "Let's proceed from there."

The others were a little staggered at this. Ravenhill was unimpressed, being sure Devereaux was lying.

Ravenhill pretended to go along, nevertheless. "Very well," he said. "Let's concede that strengthens your position. We were discussing how to proceed when you arrived. You heard some of our plans, no doubt?"

"Of course," Devereaux said. "And since we're down to trading talk," he said to Pat, smilingly, "d'you mind if I take off my parka?"

Ravenhill answered for her. "No. . . . If you'll pardon me, my dear. . . . We'll conduct our trading talk over at Midas Creek," he told Devereaux. "Shorty and I were about to shove off. You heard us debating how many demijohns to take."

Devereaux nodded, again looking hard at Pat. "This is unbelievable," he asserted. "You'll agree to whatever Riv decides to do, sight unseen?"

"Yes," she said, white-faced and tense. "And I do wish you'd go—and get everything settled one way or another."

"We'll be gone in a moment," Ravenhill assured her. "Just a brief meeting of minds, first. So I'll know how to proceed." He turned casually to Homer. "Let's face it, old chap; Devereaux's shrewdness has put us in an awkward spot. Not only leaving LeVeq's letter down at the Falls but his eavesdropping just now. Since he heard us discussing the demijohns he must certainly have heard our debate just before that—about how much we were willing to pay him, what his cut should be. So we can't bluff him on that score; he knows now that we're

Certified

By Jane Merchant

No matter what the
poplars do
In fervent gold on ardent
blue,
No matter how the
dogwoods blaze
In frantic crimson to
amaze
Our eyes, no matter how
the wild
Cherry holds us still,
beguiled
By sight of leaves like tawny
leather
Whirling down the sunlit
weather—
We know it's never really
fall
Till the giant maple, last
of all,
With red beyond all hope
or reason
Consents to certify the
season.

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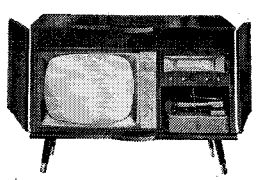

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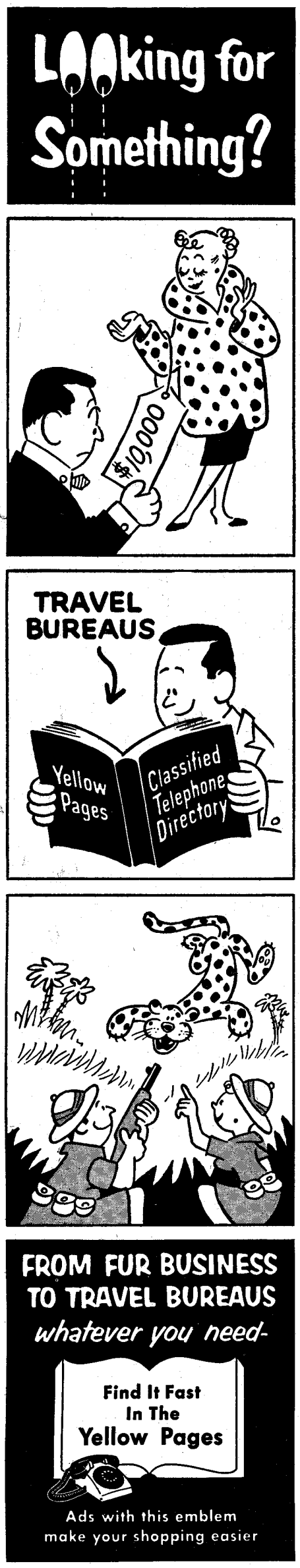

willing to compromise. I've your permission to raise the ante a bit, then? To the point where Devereaux finds it worth while to co-operate?"

It was a test of Homer's gambling caliber. But he did not hesitate or show surprise—and even added a touch of grim hopelessness to his reply. "Sure," he said somberly. "Shoot at the moon, Riv. Just so he guarantees to take care of Pat."

"Naturally I'll guarantee that," Devereaux said at once, smiling at Pat. "Didn't I promise it in the beginning? You should have relied on me, my dear. It isn't too late yet—except that my asking price is a little higher now. . . . It'll include your share," he told Ravenhill, with a touch of mockery. "I'll insist on that—as an amusement tax, one might say."

Ravenhill shrugged. "We'll all be satisfied, I'm quite sure." He was inwardly delighted. Devereaux had swallowed the bait. By pretending to overhear a discussion involving a "compromise," when none had been discussed, Devereaux had made it plain that he had actually heard nothing beyond the trivial matter of the demijohns.

"Let's have the snowshoes, Shorty," Ravenhill directed, shaking out his gloves. It was vital that they should get under way at once, before Devereaux's wolfish instincts warned him that he had gained too great an advantage too easily.

Shorty dashed at once to the corner, an understanding leer kindled in his bulging eyes. It was gone when he returned with the snowshoes, handed one pair to Ravenhill and stalked on to the door. Pat, too, had now grasped the true meaning of the late exchange. She remained poker-faced, but her warm, measuring glance at Ravenhill said plainly: "Well played, sir."

Devereaux had caught the glance. He looked at her, and at Homer, his lips thinning. "Just a second," he began. "On second thought ——"

But again Homer stepped into the breach. "Take your second thoughts with you," he said flatly. "I've got a few second thoughts myself. I still think my short cut's best. On your way, bub."

Devereaux shrugged and turned away. Shorty opened the door and went out first. Devereaux followed, but stepped back at once, suspicious and intent, when he heard Ravenhill say, "May I borrow your flashlight, Homer?"

"Help yourself," Homer returned. "It's on the mantel."

Ravenhill went past him, his snowshoes under his arm, took up the flashlight and returned. He thrust the flashlight inside his parka and stopped to pick up the demijohn. No further word was spoken. Ravenhill waved Devereaux out, crowding close behind him.

Before he closed the door, however, Ravenhill thrust his head inside, grimaced cheerfully at Homer and inclined his head to Pat. The smile she gave him in return was brief and tremulous, but it momentarily transformed her. Ravenhill thought, with a touch of astonishment, *The woman's beautiful, by Jove.*

Snow like chill and brittle wool slithered soundlessly upon them through the utter darkness. It was not so cold as before, though the bite of it was chill enough. Ten below, Ravenhill guessed. He set the demijohn down and there was a moment of stamping and scraping while all three adjusted their snowshoes. Then Ravenhill took up the demijohn, got out the flashlight and tentatively turned it on.

It was no good; it merely illumined the spot upon which they stood. Nevertheless the drifted snow immediately underfoot was plain. Devereaux's late trail was there, breaking through the dim contours of the drifted steps.

"The fact that your tracks are still plain," Ravenhill said, "suggests that you couldn't have arrived here more than three minutes ago. . . . Eh, Shorty?"

"I was thinking about that," Shorty said at once. Ravenhill knew he was grinning delightedly, with the gratitude of a small boy, lately ignored, but again included in the game. "My guess is two minutes—about the time we were getting ready to leave."

Devereaux stood motionless for a moment, studying them. Then he shrugged. The man had caliber.

"O.K., Riv," he said. "You outheld me in there. It was a good act."

"We wasn't even talking about any split!" Shorty chuckled. "You didn't hear nothin'!"

Devereaux ignored him. "You've named your own deal, pal," he said. "I came over to attempt a friendly compromise—all of us taking part, including Homer and Pat. Now it's you and me. You insisted on it—so that's it." His teeth gleamed in the shadow of his parka hood. "No limit? No hold barred?"

"Fair enough," Ravenhill agreed. He was delighted with the exchange. The hermits and Homer had been completely helpless before he arrived. He himself was no better off—yet. But, to phrase it in the idiom, the show was now on the road. "Lead off," he invited, waving Devereaux forward.

Devereaux took off without comment, stamping down the steps. Shorty followed close behind and Ravenhill brought up the rear, a gloved finger hooked through the ear of the cumbersome demijohn.

Though it was little more than a mile to the old camp via their circuitous route—a half mile to the toe of the great slide, a half mile back up the North Fork, then across the open ice to Midas Creek—it was a long, wearying haul for Ravenhill. He was already fagged from his long hours in the air that day, plus the enormous expenditures of nervous energy involved in his battle to a safe landing.

Nevertheless, with seasoned trail breakers before him, he had only to follow Shorty's vague form ahead, and try to keep his snowshoes comfortably within the trough left in Shorty's wake.

Ravenhill noted that the snow here on the Middle Fork was unbroken by drifts on the open ice. The screaming wind had kept it scoured during the blizzard, and now a thickening but level carpet was building up. When Sergeant Graham winged in on the heels of the storm tomorrow—or whenever the weather cleared—he would probably make one inspection pass, then set down his ski-equipped ship with ease. It would be natural for him to pull up abreast of Ravenhill's Norseman.

And at that moment, if all attempts to secure the LeVeq letter from Devereaux had failed, and what Ravenhill had mentally tagged the "grand coup"—the deliberate starting of the avalanche—had come off as scheduled, Homer would be lying doggo in the Norseman—within feet of Graham. Within feet of other highly observant men. If Graham took a notion to inspect Ravenhill's ship or if Homer as much as shifted his position, causing loose snow to fall from the wings or sloping tail surface ——

This was cutting it frightfully thin. Until Graham took off again the whole pot would hang by a hair: Homer's life, the hermits' freedom, the immensely rich strike. All factors were now in delicate balance. The stresses were building. The time interval was inexorably short.

And incidentally, where was Ravenhill's percentage in this colossal gamble? His invariable "edge for the house"? Ravenhill's car would also be in the wringer if this long chance failed. It followed that, if it won, there should be a reasonable distribution of the winnings.

He could demand nothing, naturally. As he had already stated to Pat—and rather neatly, it might be conceded—no price "on the hoof" should be attached to Homer. But if Homer's neck could be saved, and all concerned, including Pat, were atwitter to force a share of the loot upon him, who was Ravenhill, noble though his immediate role was—but foully broke, remember—to refuse a logical share of Homer's filthy, lovely gold?

Crass though it might be, gold was a singularly useful commodity. What was it that famous actor had said, in a presumably confidential address to fellow Thespians? It had gone something like this:

"Money? What is sordid money? It can't buy friends. It can't buy the esteem of the populace. It can't buy high position or dignity. It can't buy any of the truly worth-while things of life. . . . I'm referring, of course, to stage money."

The blighter had a point. Plaudits alone never paid for binges and beefsteaks.

Ravenhill mentally shrugged at this point in his speculations. The game was under way, win, lose or draw. There was an outside chance of success, regardless of how (*Continued on Page 64*)

"You ordered the 'Chef's Surprise'?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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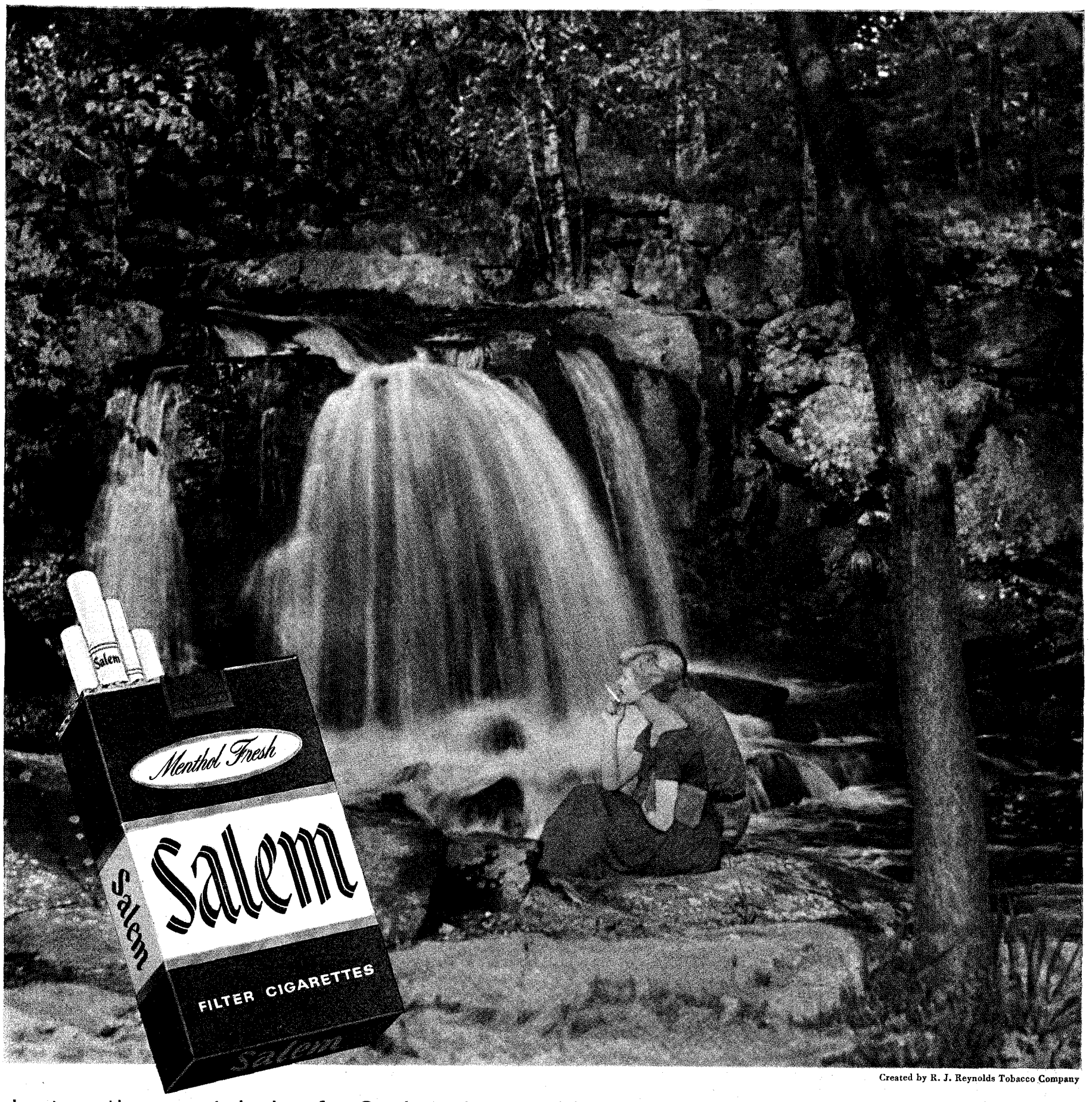

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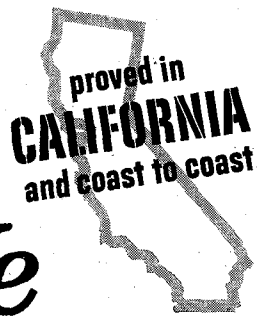

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(*Continued from Page 62*) stubborn Devereaux might prove to be. Homer was gambling the greatest of all individual stakes—his life. By comparison, Ravenhill's risks were puny. They were calculated risks, balanced against his long-overdue account with Homer.

Very well, the answer was plain. Pay the debt first and leave the splitting of the loot to the final rub of the green. Meantime, the game was the thing. Play the cards as they fell. Shoot at the moon.

Having rounded the toe of the slide, Shorty took the lead. Knowing the lay of the land thoroughly, he laid a course which angled across the open ice to Midas Creek. This placed Devereaux immediately ahead of Ravenhill; and presently, while Shorty stamped and puffed at his trail-breaking labors, Devereaux stepped out of Shorty's tracks, surreptitiously grasped Ravenhill's arm and urged him to a position abreast.

It appeared that Devereaux, too, had been doing some thinking on tactics. He shuffled closer and spoke abruptly, in low, brittle tones, "Listen, Riv. We had a gallery back at Homer's cabin. There'll be another—and even more dim-witted—in camp over there. Right now we're alone. Let's lay it on the line."

"Proceed," Ravenhill invited.

"O.K.," Devereaux said. "What's all this about? Just why are you here at the Forks?"

"You already have the background," Ravenhill returned. "Shorty sent for me. Homer had his back to the wall. I owed Homer a debt. So I flew over to lend a hand."

"Don't give me that!" Devereaux said roughly. "This is brass tacks, fella! Put your cards on the table!"

"Asinine as it may sound," Ravenhill insisted, "it's the truth."

"You mean to say Shorty didn't mention Homer's strike when he sent for you? That you didn't learn about the strike until after you got here?"

"That's it," Ravenhill said. "Shorty knew it, but hadn't told me. I feel quite virtuous about it."

Devereaux plowed on in silence for a moment. Then he swore softly. "Can you imagine that? I figure to shake down Homer and these other half-wits for what dust they've got—a measly pot, but a fast deal. Now, with millions in sight, a joker like you ——" He put the question abruptly, "How rich is the strike? Millions—or peanuts?"

"It's big, Homer says," Ravenhill returned.

"And you know where it's located?"

"That's right," Ravenhill said.

"How far away is it?"

"Come, come!" Ravenhill reproved. "Really, Devereaux ——"

"Skip that one," Devereaux said. "The point is, you can go right to it. Homer's staked it, of course. Pat hasn't. If Homer's in the clink, anybody can relocate it. That's Ravenhill, of course. You'd cut Pat in for appearances' sake or not?"

"You pain me, old chap," Ravenhill asserted. "You've stated it wrong. It'll be Pat's claim. The question is: Would she cut me in?"

"Bah!" Devereaux said contemptuously. "Save that malarkey for those old fossils at Midas Creek! You're aiming at the pot. So am I. I'm in control, but you and your infernal luck could upset the applecart. To save wear and tear, I'm willing to split it. The question is: What split?"

Ravenhill was secretly entranced. Devereaux's total disbelief—his inability even to entertain the notion that Ravenhill's interest was other than wholly selfish—was an unexpected bonus. Yet it was a natural error on Devereaux's part; prior to this harebrained enterprise, how many people in the world, including Ravenhill, would have believed his true motive for being here at the Forks?

"Speak softly, old chap," Ravenhill warned, assuming the role of a conspirator at once. "Shorty mustn't hear this, you know. . . . You're willing to split the pot with me? That's remarkably generous. In fact, in your position—if you don't mind just a touch of natural suspicion ——"

"Listen," Devereaux said bitterly. "I'm not proud. I'd like to slit your throat, Riv—yes, and slowly—but it can wait. This is business. I'm willing to split only because I'm rushed for time. I've a big deal cooking up at Nome—a gin mill, floor show and loaded dice for the Air Force fly-boys ——"

"The defenders of the arctic," Ravenhill said. "Not a 'thin red line of 'eroes,' as Kipling had it, but watching the Iron Curtain, nevertheless."

"And living fat and warm," Devereaux returned. "Their extra pay screaming for action—which I'll provide, with trimmings. But I need capital—big capital—fast. If I showed up in Nome broke, they'd run me out again. But if I'm well-heeled enough to grease a few palms here and there ——"

"Quickly," Ravenhill urged. "We must be almost there. I have the picture. What split do you have in mind?"

"You name it," Devereaux countered. "My hole card's LeVeq's letter. Your hole card's knowing where the claim is—and controlling Pat! I had her under my thumb, but I rushed the play too fast. And I misjudged how tough Homer was. Who'd have thought that broken-down, old pick-and-shovel artist ——"

This was the moment Shorty chose to air his grievances. "You two towering intellects doing O.K.?" he wanted to know. "Has the trail been wide enough so you could yak comfortably? We strive to please, of course. Who does all the heavy work for the convenience of his betters? Dim-witted ol' Shorty Trost, naturally."

"It's appreciated, old chap," Ravenhill assured him. "Are we almost there?"

"We've done arrived," Shorty said, with a touch of complacence. "That's the diggings at the right. We're coming into the Creek. Follow close now, both of you," he warned. "We don't want to fall into the blasted water hole."

Before closing in, Ravenhill whispered to Devereaux, "Later, eh? After the hermits have retired for the night?"

"Figure it close," Devereaux warned. "No bluffing. No cold-decking. You and I've been around too much for that."

Devereaux moved in close behind Shorty with Ravenhill at his heels. Shorty advanced slow step by step, his flashlight exploring the unbroken snow immediately before him.

Each knew the need for caution. The camp water hole, hacked down through at least two feet of sullen ice, was a perfect man trap in such blinding snow. To step into it was to risk the chill, dark current carrying the floundering one under the ice before he could be seized and hauled out.

Being oriented now, Ravenhill could visualize the lay of the land here. The towering ramparts ahead were broken at but one point: where robust Midas Creek—a raging torrent in summer and still murmuring in a muted undertone beneath its winter sheath of ice—plunged through a narrow cleft from the higher snowfields.

Down through the ages this stream had created the network of sand bars which thrust out into the wide glacial groove that was the North Fork, and the flat where the ancient camp buildings nestled. In the post-Klondike era more than fifty cabins had huddled here, shoulder to shoulder. Two hundred men in the peak season had labored feverishly on the rich but shallow bars.

Only ghosts of that roaring epoch remained now; four cabins in a rough semicircle, on the left bank of the creek bed, their shake roofs sagging and the arctic moss thick and well-rooted between the logs of their once-sturdy walls. In the center were the ruins of the old trading post, three fourths of it roofless and uninhabitable, but with one small wing intact. This room comprised the primitive hotel for rare visitors at the Forks, and the camp meeting place for the five exiles of Midas Creek.

The sloping side of the water hole crept into view, almost under Shorty's snowshoes. He skirted it to the left, shining his light into it in passing.

"Someone's been after water just a spell ago," Shorty commented. "It ain't froze over yet. Maybe they're waiting for us—all set for some hot toddy. They know I asked you to fetch squareface."

Any late tracks which might have come to and from the water hole were already blotted out but the contours of the path were plain. They followed it, and presently Shorty stumbled on the sagging stoop of the old post. Lights shone vaguely near at hand. A murmur of voices ceased as they mounted the stoop and noisily kicked off the snowshoes.

Then an excitable voice sounded the alarm. Ravenhill recognized the voice; it was that of the breed, LaDue, crying joyously, "They have come! Open the door, Sanderson!"

The towering Sanderson opened the door. The three others—LaDue and the stolid partners, Boggs and Blackie—were close behind. All but LaDue were grizzled and scarred from bitter years in the north, their still-muscular physiques stiff-jointed from prodigies of toil and hardship. The breed was of indeterminate age, erect, his bronzed face unlined, his black hair not yet touched with silver.

Sanderson waved them in, his toothless features wrinkled in a grin of welcome, and closed the door quickly behind them. Ravenhill was at once the center of attention, Shorty and Devereaux momentarily disregarded.

"We're sure glad you made it, Riv," Sanderson said. "Man, were we pulling for you!"

"And see what he has brought!" LaDue exulted, pointing to the demijohn. A notorious tippler, the emotional breed was close to tears of affection and gratitude. "You are welcome without the squareface, m'sieu," he assured Ravenhill. "With it"—he spread his hands and rolled his eyes upward—"you are the manna from heaven."

Boggs and his partner, Blackie—if he had another name, Ravenhill had never heard it—were completely speechless. Neither spoke often, Blackie almost never; and now they merely eyed Ravenhill ecstatically, their heavy jowls and paunches quivering with emotion.

It was a heart-warming business for Ravenhill, too, though he hid the impact of it. Where else in the north—in the whole world, for that matter—could Ravenhill hope to receive such a warm and unaffected (*Continued on Page 66*)

Nobody appreciates autumn more than the fellow who has no leaves to rake.

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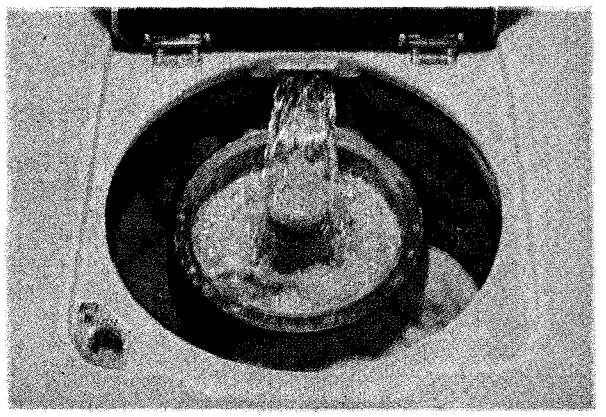

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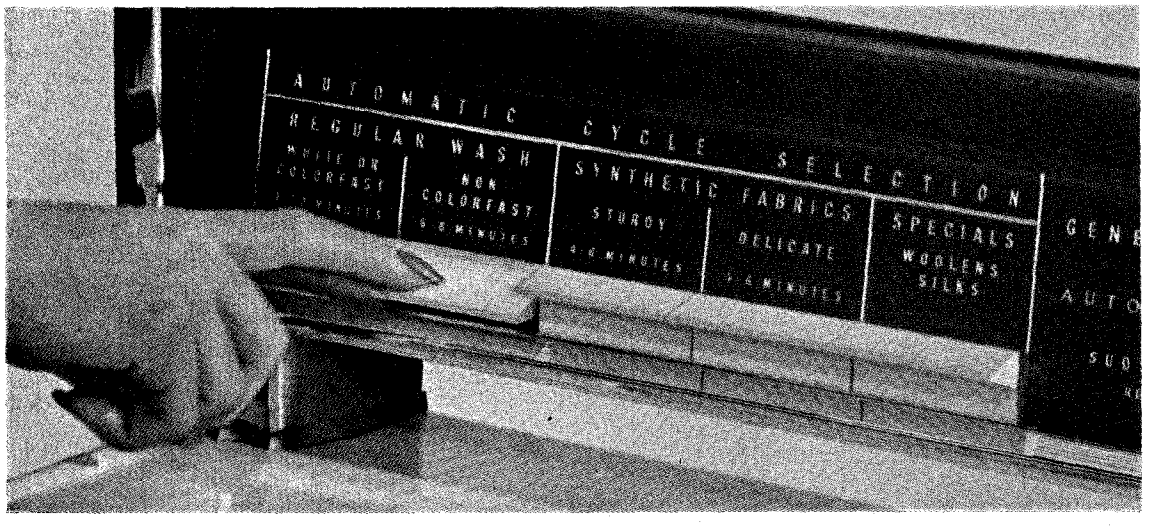

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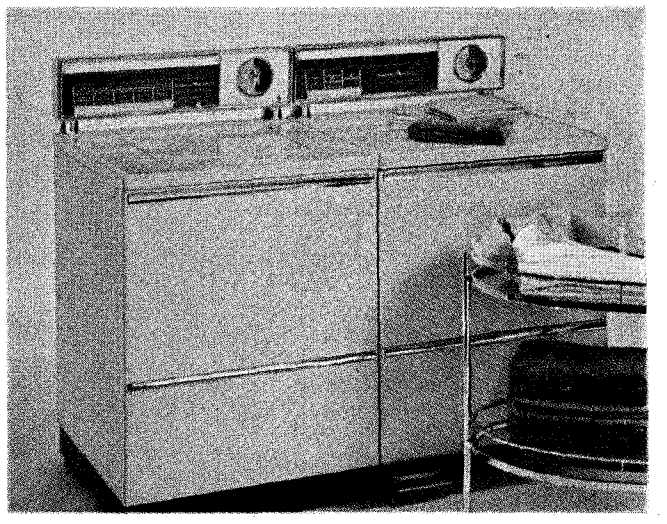

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(*Continued from Page 64*) welcome? Here, only, at forlorn and abandoned Midas Creek.

He looked about him, blinking the melting snow from his eyes, as all moved toward the stove that centered the primitive room. The remains of the old post had sagged and settled closer toward ruin with each successive winter. The storeroom at the left was gone, and the entrance boarded up and chinked with moss. A long hip-roof shed had once extended westward, but only a segment protecting the rear door appeared to have survived. The weathered lumber from these outer works had long since been fed into the voracious stove, no doubt, by Shorty, the camp wood gatherer.

The furnishings of this ancient camp meeting place were meager. A huge table—once piled high with trade goods, with space reserved for the gold scales—was drawn up at the left of the stove, flanked by benches. Opposite were the two company chairs, hand-hewn and rawhide-bottomed. A single bunk was built into the wall on that side. A second bunk, less comfortable, was beyond the table.

Devereaux had appropriated the No. 1 bunk, Ravenhill noted. On the nearby wall hung Devereaux's colorful gear, including his canvas knapsack, or turkey.

Hanging his parka there, Devereaux at once settled himself comfortably in one of the company chairs, uptilted against the wall at the head of his bunk. With his parka off, the self-confident youth was still a gorgeous figure in his gleaming pacs, whipcord breeches and an expensive blazer which he opened at once in the comfortable heat.

Shorty waved Ravenhill to the other honored chair, and at once took over, as unofficial mayor of Midas Creek.

"Let's have some action here," he told the other hermits. "We get the grub first. While it's cooking, we sample some squareface—but not before. . . . I'll stoke up the fire while I'm thawing out. . . . Sanderson, you got the best caribou steaks; rustle up a mess of 'em. Boggs, you and Blackie fetch over some of that evaporated stuff you been hoarding. . . . You got plenty of starter, LaDue. How about mixing up a big batch—a real big batch—and fetching it over? I'll bet Riv hasn't et any sourdough biscuits since he wintered here."

"It's a fact," Ravenhill admitted. "I've actually dreamed of your biscuits, LaDue."

The slender but formidable breed bowed to this tribute, then fixed his black eyes on Shorty, indicating the demijohn. "It will take a little time, though I will hurry," he said, in his deceptively mild and polite manner. "While I am away, you will not ——"

"G'wan with you!" Shorty jeered, with rough affection. "Nobody'll chisel on you. When we drink, we drink together."

"This one, too?" LaDue asked, indicating Devereaux. "This one who will cut our throats, who will hang Homer—we let him drink our good squareface?"

The other hermits halted and turned back, their grins fading. Devereaux eyed them with a touch of sneering surprise. Shorty got the impact of it too. A delighted gleam kindled in his eye as he looked from one face to another in the grim, truculent circle.

"So?" he said. "What kind of meat you lobos been eating while I was gone?" Then he added hurriedly, "Sure, we'll give him a snort or two while we talk business. Maybe it'll soften him up. Get along, now!"

They turned away obediently, though scowling still, and trooped through the woodshed and so out into the night.

Shorty followed them into the cubicle and returned with a huge armful of wood. Devereaux warned him contemptuously. "Keep your rickety playmates in line, fella. They're just spectators now. There's a bigger pot on the table."

Shorty made no reply, busying himself with stoking the giant stove.

"Gotta rustle more blasted wood as soon as this snow's over," Shorty growled, stoking the grinning monster. "I'm wrecking the last shack now," he told Ravenhill. "The farthest one north. It'll last till spring—I hope."

"And what happens then?" Ravenhill asked. "Where's your next fuel supply?"

Shorty straightened up, kicked the door shut and shrugged. "We're above the timber line. The nearest scrub spruce is halfway down to the Falls. Every board in camp was whipsawed there and packed up. We'll have to spend a third of the summer cutting wood and horsing it up that blasted canyon."

"Which reduces your time on the claim," Ravenhill said, nodding. "Won't it be nip and tuck to earn a grubstake?"

"Yeah," Shorty said. "It always is, with the best of luck. And you know something, fella?" he told Devereaux. "Men have been hung in the past for stealing grub. Times ain't changed any here at the Forks. Our grubstake's grub."

Devereaux shrugged carelessly. "Tell it to the dealer, Shorty. That's Riv. He's aiming for the big pot too. I'm sure he'll see to it that you old goats keep your grubstake."

"Yeah," Shorty said. "But if Riv loses out—and the best of us can—I've got a hunch you're through bluffing, Devereaux. You're through, period." He turned to Ravenhill. "When the boys get back and the drinking starts, how you gonna hold 'em in line?"

"We'll manage, somehow," Ravenhill assured him. "They have enough confidence in me—I think—to assume I can control Devereaux. I'll need your backing, Shorty. To the limit. . . . And yours, Devereaux. You'll have to play along, of course."

"Bah!" Devereaux said, settling himself more comfortably in his chair. "I've slept with one eye open for two nights past. I can get through tomorrow, when the Mounties take over. What happens then depends on you, Riv. Remember that—and take a good look at your cards."

"Except it's a long night, Devereaux," Shorty reminded.

Nothing further was said at that point, since the hermits were stamping in the woodshed. Sanderson came in, shaking the loose snow from his Mackinaw, followed by Boggs and his partner. Each bore a blackened kettle holding their designated share of the food. LaDue did not appear, being still elbow-deep in dough, no doubt.

Under cover of the following uproar, Ravenhill studied Devereaux more closely. With a deliberate movement, meeting Ravenhill's appraising glance almost mockingly, but shielding the gesture from the busy hermits, Devereaux drew the left side of his open jacket a little back, then closed it again. Thus Ravenhill glimpsed something seldom seen even on the Alaskan side, almost never in Yukon Territory: a shoulder holster, well under the armpit, and the black butt of a heavy automatic. With two fingers of his right hand Devereaux tapped the left side of his jacket, a gambler's gesture which said plainly: "Draw your own cards, my friend. I'm playing these."

LaDue appeared, proudly bearing a small dishpan bulging with dough. The others already had the table set with tin plates, cups and eating implements transferred from the post's old display shelves on the south wall. The first batch of biscuits was now put in the oven, and a half dozen of Sanderson's prized steaks were soon sizzling in the pan. Then the drinking and boisterous talk began.

The theme was as old as the camps of lonely men: the hermits' adventures, and Ravenhill's, since they had last met. Shorty did not forget to hand Devereaux a brimming cup. Thereafter he was openly ignored, a status he appeared to find amusing rather than annoying.

Ravenhill disposed of his own experiences briefly, then yielded the floor to Shorty and the gaunt Sanderson. This mismated pair, with Shorty the straight man and the towering Sanderson the gloomy stooge, were comedians of caliber. With an occasional assist from LaDue, they gave an embellished and ludicrous account of workaday adventures at Midas Creek—the bickerings, the feuds, the outright brawls. Boggs and his equally inarticulate partner took no part in this; they merely listened, wide-eyed and quaking with mirth, as though hearing these anecdotes for the first time—as, in some instances, obviously, they were.

Just as Ravenhill was about to call a halt, knowing that the squareface was adding new fuel to whatever fires were already glowing under this outward hilarity, Shorty abruptly replaced the cork in the demijohn and waved the others back. Sanderson was aghast, LaDue stricken. Blackie and Boggs fairly quivered with bovine disappointment.

Shorty was adamant. "Business first," he told them. "We can kill the rest of it later. Let's hear what Riv's figured out, and we'll think it over while we eat."

Significantly, there was no protest, even from LaDue. The hermits at once placed their empty cups on the table or on the floor beside them. Sanderson got up, stretching, his upraised hands almost touching the low ceiling, then looked about him for a place to lean. He moved over and towered against Devereaux's bunk. Blackie rose up and lumbered across to a point at Devereaux's left.

"Well, gentlemen ——".

LaDue interrupted apologetically, "If you please, m'sieu. May I ask a question before we begin?" The breed's black eyes, a moment before liquid and laughing, were now fixed unwinkingly on Devereaux.

Now, belatedly, Ravenhill saw the true meaning of this tableau. Devereaux had likewise folded his arms with an apparently careless movement, but the look he gave Ravenhill was grim and challenging.

"Before anything begins, Riv," he said, his voice brittle, "these two jokers are too close for comfort." He indicated Sanderson and Blackie. "Tell 'em to get back to their places—and fast. Tell 'em why."

Ravenhill did not hesitate. Premature violence here would be ruinous. "Move back, Sanderson," he directed. "Back up, Blackie. The man's armed."

"So's LaDue," Shorty warned. He slid to his right, to get out of the line of fire.

The breed did not shift his gaze from Devereaux. "Do not move, my friend," he said softly. "I have a question to ask."

"What's this penny-ante bluff?" Devereaux broke in, with gathering force. "There isn't a gun in camp—except your rifles, over at the cabin. . . . You're armed with what, LaDue?"

"His knife," Shorty said. "And he can draw it faster than you, Devereaux."

Ravenhill interposed there. "Run no bluffs yourself, Devereaux," he advised. "You're not ready for a showdown. Everyone stand fast, please. . . . The question alone can't impair your chances, Devereaux. Make no move, please. . . . Well, LaDue?"

"It is a simple question," LaDue said. "Devereaux has this letter which will hang our good friend, Homer Wilson. For this letter he wants our grubstake money and the little dust Homer has spent his good years to find. This is not right."

"Obviously not," Ravenhill agreed. "And so?"

"So, while Devereaux and Shorty are gone just now, we have looked for this letter," LaDue said. "We do not find it. We believe he carries it with him in those beautiful clothes. Why do we not take the letter from him now, and burn it here, in this stove? Then when the Mountie comes tomorrow we can say, what letter?"

"Bah!" Devereaux said. "Has that dimwitted (*Continued on Page 70*)

The Perfect Squelch

The sign at the entrance of the prosperous farm said, "No salesmen," but the brusque young man drove past it and began a high-pressure sales talk to the farmwife.

Politely she asked, "Didn't you see that 'No salesmen' sign?"

"Yes, madame," came the glib reply, "but I'm not a salesman. I don't call on everyone—only the better farmers. That's why I'm known as a representative, not a salesman."

"That's fine," the wife said pleasantly. "And you can go now. For you see, we're not farmers—we are agriculturists."

Roger Headington

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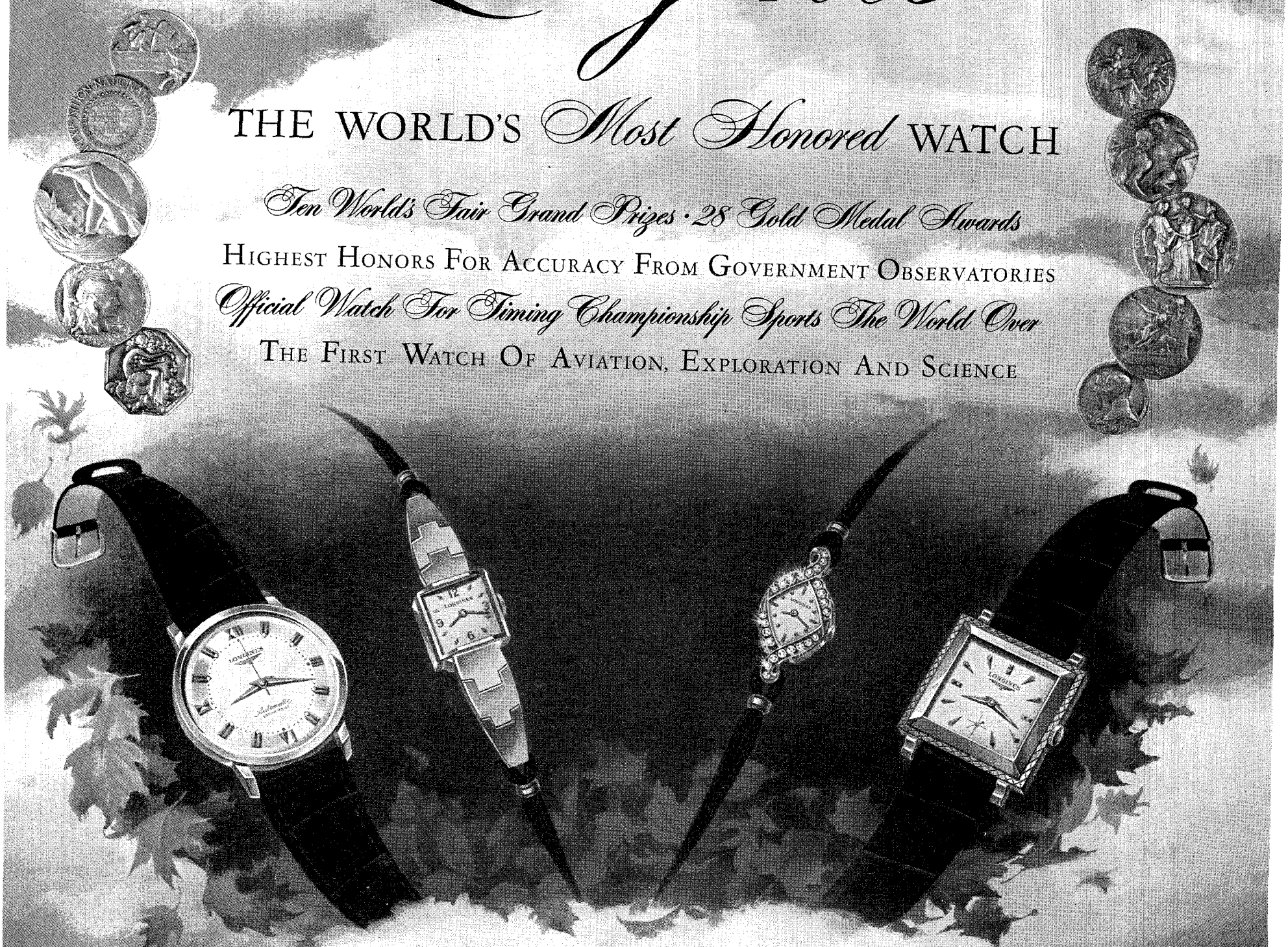

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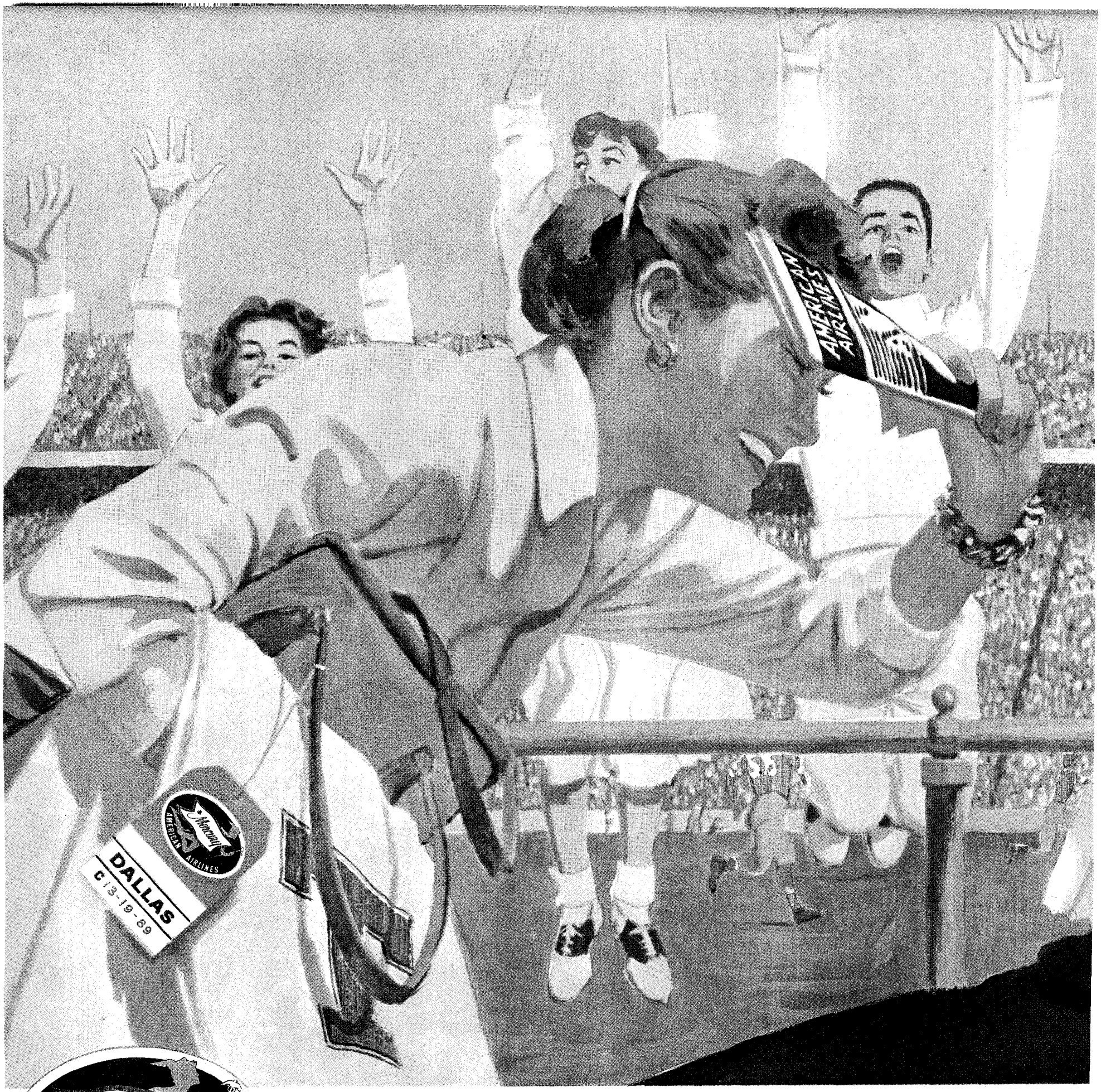

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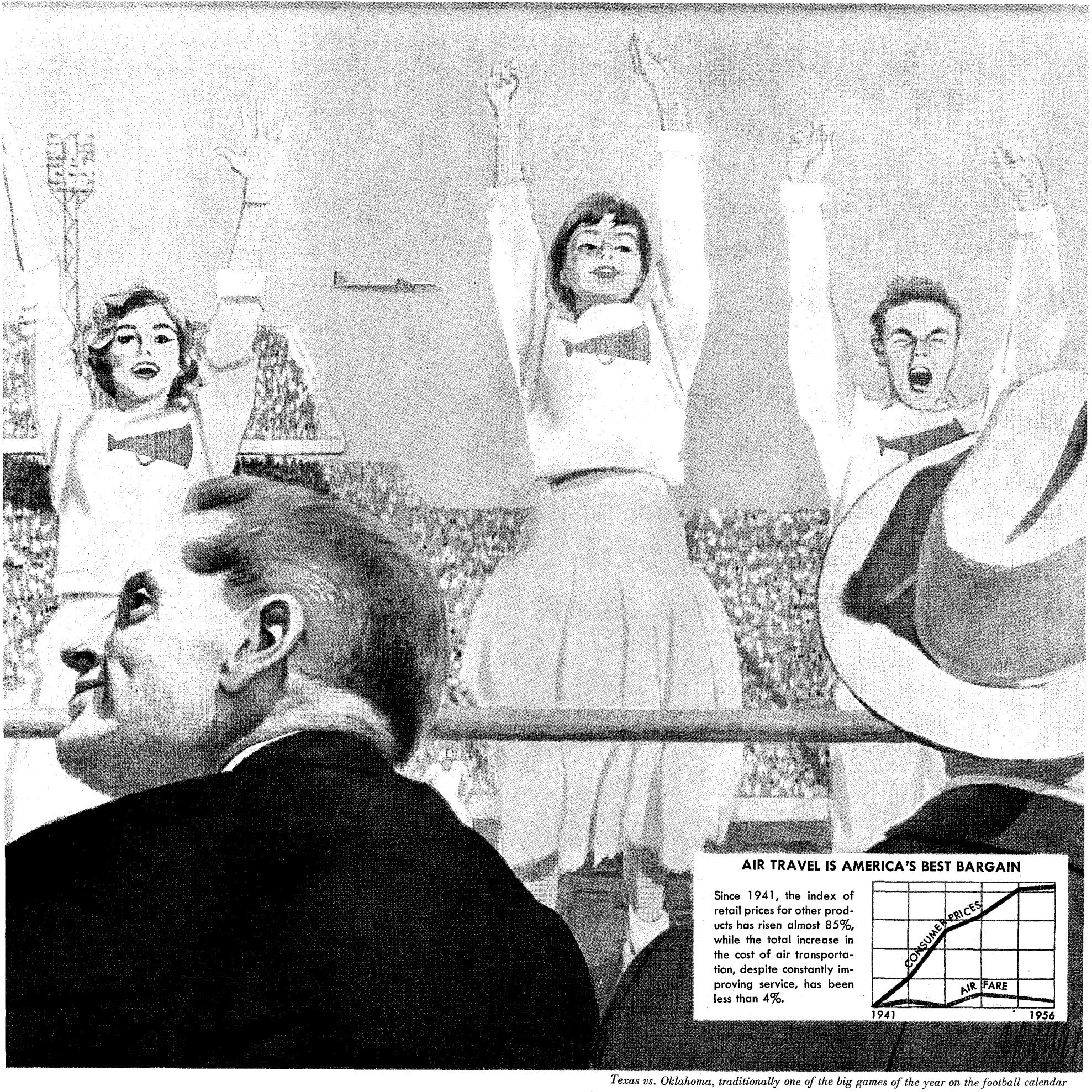
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(*Continued from Page 66*) notion popped up again? The letter's down at the Falls. In Henderson's safe."

"We do not believe that," LaDue returned. "But we soon find out—if M'sieu Ravenhill says yes. . . . What do you say, m'sieu?"

Ravenhill pondered this coolly, knowing he was skating on thin ice, indeed. The moment had explosive potentials. Two armed men were facing each other, each certain he could strike first, and prepared to attempt it at the slightest hostile move. Violence might be inevitable before the damning letter could be extracted from Devereaux, but it mustn't be premature. The coup on the ridge tomorrow must first be attempted.

Yet the aroused hermits must be satisfied here, and Devereaux must understand, in turn, that these durable oldsters represented a force to be reckoned with.

"No, LaDue," Ravenhill said firmly. "Let me trade with Devereaux first. We'll achieve a meeting of minds, I'm quite sure." He assumed a more commanding tone: "Let's give it a trial, LaDue. At the moment, let's eat. After supper we'll look at our hole cards. Then you lads retire for the night, and Devereaux and I will compare notes."

"But in the morning," LaDue said, "if Devereaux is still tough, what then?"

Shorty now backed Ravenhill's play. "If Devereaux is still holding tough by morning, you'll turn him over to my gentle little playmates, eh?"

"I will, indeed," Ravenhill assured him, meeting Devereaux's baleful, challenging stare calmly. "Before the Mountie comes, if he still holds tough, as you put it, you lads can have your innings."

"So?" Devereaux said. "Just like that, eh?"

"Precisely," Ravenhill returned. "That was the calculated risk you took when you popped up here, old chap. But you underestimated the risk a bit, eh? . . . Very well, LaDue. Let's all relax. Personally, I'm quite hungry. It happens that I haven't eaten since I left Fort Nelson this morning—around seven, I think."

"You hear that?" said Shorty, scandalized. "Lookit, Sanderson"—he pointed with horror at the smoking skillet—"you want us to eat steaks or some second-grade charcoal?"

Sanderson shifted his somber gaze to the skillet and looked questioningly at LaDue. The breed nodded, dropping his arms, and at once was affable and at ease. "Let us get the steaks on the table," he told Sanderson. "And you, Blackie, you will take charge of the coffeepot, please?"

The tension was over for the moment, like an invisible cord snapping. Sanderson's steaks were superb, LaDue's biscuits matchless, the black and potent coffee almost literally heart-warming. Under cover of the jovial banter of the hermits, while he ate with enormous relish, Ravenhill re-examined his strategy.

It was plain enough now that the LeVeq letter, wherever it might be—and only Devereaux knew that—could not be secured through threats or coercion alone. The hermits, and particularly LaDue, would not be averse to using third-degree methods to extract it from Devereaux, but how could Devereaux then be muzzled, short of murder?

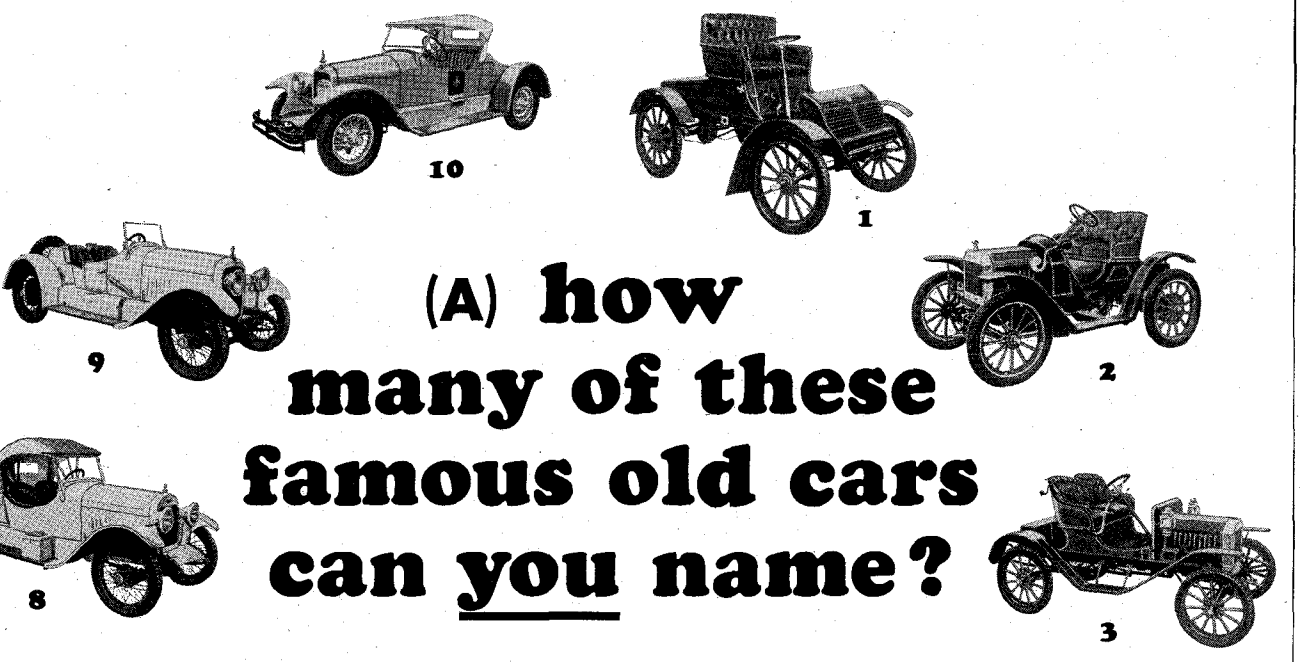
In the end, Ravenhill decided that they must proceed exactly as planned at Homer's cabin. The wheels were already in motion. Assuming that Homer was following the agreed tactics—and he would certainly not fail to make the attempt—he and Pat had already slogged their laborious way up to the claim. At this moment, perhaps, Pat was wearily affixing her previously written claim notices on the corner markers Homer had uncovered. This would insure the thing closest to Homer's heart: Pat's unquestioned title to the claim.

And tomorrow, or whenever this snowfall ceased—and it would be unlikely to continue at its present smothering rate more than twelve hours, certainly—the following avalanche on the ridge, sooner or later, would be inevitable. If it would only remain in suspension until Ravenhill could scale the towering ridge, the greatest hurdle would be passed. Homer, officially dead, could be spirited over to the Mackenzie. Devereaux's letter would have no force thereafter. Then, at the proper time, Homer could come alive and stand trial or remain officially dead, as Homer and Pat should thereafter decide. Thus the taking of the damning letter by force—or attempting to, over the resistance of a wily and ruthless blackguard of Devereaux's caliber—represented merely the final expedient, a last resort.

There was one intermediate and present possibility which must be explored, though it offered little hope: to attempt to trade with Devereaux. Certainly Pat would be willing to renounce all the probable millions in the ground up there in return for Homer's freedom.

Ravenhill closed his mental blueprint at that point. The order of procedure was before him. First, establish precisely what the hermits had at stake, for later trading purposes. Then hustle the hermits off to bed and come to grips with Devereaux. If Devereaux refused to trade or his asking price was too high, then await the roll of the dice up on the snow-choked ridge tomorrow.

TO BE CONTINUED



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(B) WHAT DID THEY ALL HAVE IN COMMON?

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The correct answers to (A) above are: 1—American (1902); 2—Brush Runabout (1908); 3—Maxwell (1909); 4—Hupmobile (1909); 5—Stevens-Duryea (1909); 6—Ford (1906); 7—Stutz (1914); 8—Abbott-Detroit (1917); 9—Mercer (1919); 10—Templar (1922). If you got two you're better than average. If you got all ten, our hat's off to a rare expert!

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The Chivalrous Challenger

(Continued from Page 30)

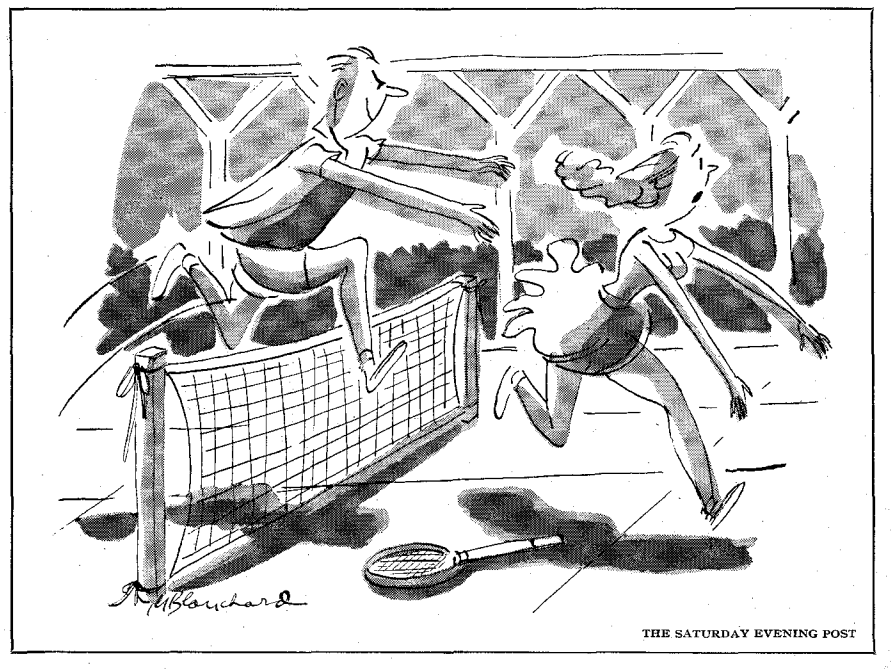
his father's patience so that that gentle giant would sometimes brandish a great fist, although he never hit him. Probably because when the lad was fourteen he would have hit back, and Père Wagon-Lit wasn't sure who would win. However, the boy wouldn't study. It took him endless hours to learn to key-lock an arm bar, and he was stupidly indifferent to the poetic beauty of the flying head scissors. Instead he was always tackling a book, usually beyond his weight, but pinning down its meaning within the time limit and in any language.

Old Wagon-Lit slowed down at sixty-five, so much so that the Dublin Fusilier, a rough-and-tumble young man of twenty-six, caught the old man with a flying drop kick to the heart. They said it was a compound fracture of the conceit more than anything else, but Wagon-Lit couldn't get up from the mat, and died with his hand on the ropes, trying. The incident being in Dublin, young Wagon-Lit stepped up the street to Trinity College and enrolled.

Dublin was a trial to him, however, because the littler the Irishman, the bigger he fancied himself, and the quiet and studious Goliath was challenged, morning, noon and night, by all manner of miniature men with large red mustaches. So the proctors asked him to go away, which he did gladly. To America, and Harvard, and two other universities for good measure, and his doctorate in letters.

In jail in the fair Middle Western city of Coalville on a fine Sabbath morning he might as well have banged on the bars with his cup, because someone started blasting Hark, the Herald Angels Sing on a cornet, which, with the echo in the steel corridor, made quite a brave sound. The tootling was being done by a very pretty and very small young lady of the Salvation Army persuasion.

Wagon-Lit liked Salvation Army women, although he preferred the old-style bonnet with the larger blue bow. He liked them because they were among the few women who didn't run and hide when he smiled. On reflection, he decided that this was probably because they were usually separated by bars when they met.



The young woman sent the angels flying with one last terrific toot and stopped, breathless but smiling, in front of Wagon's cell. He applauded politely.

"What is your name?" the girl asked, tucking her cornet under her arm.

"Doctor Wagon-Lit."

She seemed surprised at the title. "Chiropractor?"

"No, but I do twist an occasional spine."

"Really? Are you charged with felonious assault or simple assault and battery?"

"I honestly don't know why I was arrested this time."

"Oh! So you've been in jail before?"

"Many times."

"But why? What for?"

"Probably because I look as though I had just strangled my wife."

"What do you do when you're not in jail? We're supposed to get all this information for our social work."

"I buy books."

"Oh. How nice. A book seller."

"Not a book seller. Just a book buyer. I wouldn't dream of selling them."

"Where do you get the money?"

"Wrestling."

"So that explains your ——"

"My face. It's rather alarming, isn't it?"

"Well, not when you smile."

"I wish I could ask you to sit down. Will you tell me your name?"

"Lieutenant No Relation Booth. My real name is Ruth Booth and —— "

"What confusion and fun if you were transferred to Duluth!"

They laughed together, and it echoed in the corridor. Not as loud as the cornet, but more harmoniously.

"So I always say 'No Relation' Booth, not to be confused with the founder of the Salvation Army. You know," she began accusingly, "I can always find out from the desk sergeant what you're in for."

"Go ahead, but I can save you the trip downstairs. I am in on general principles, and I'll be out as soon as the FBI checks my fingerprints again. They should know them by heart now. They have a stock reply ready: That I am merely a harmless giant, seeking only books to devour. While you're downstairs, you might do two things for me."

"Anything I can."

"Tell the desk sergeant to give you a hundred dollars from my money for whatever your official project may be at the moment."

The girl gasped. "Are you sure you can spare it?"

"Easily," he assured her. "And twenty cents more to bring me a newspaper."

Lieutenant Booth hurried down the corridor. *(Continued on Page 74)*

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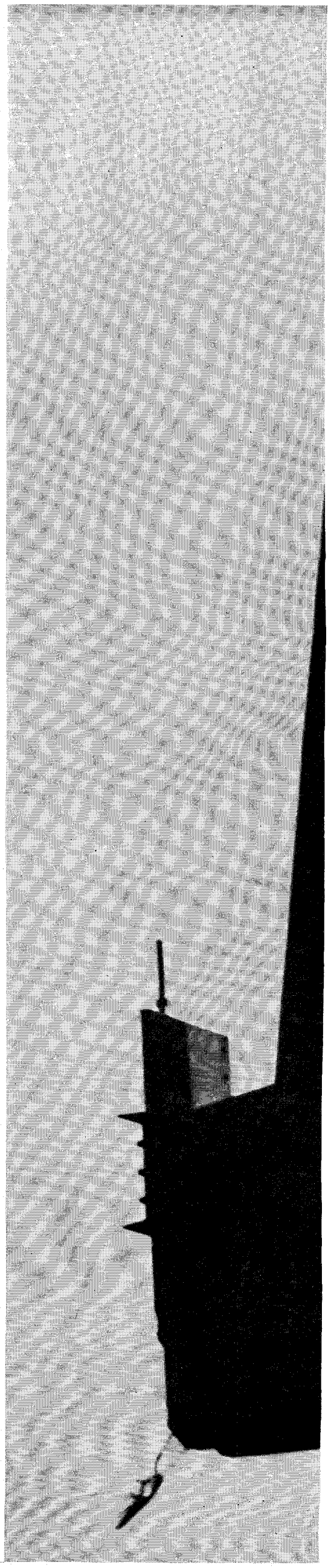

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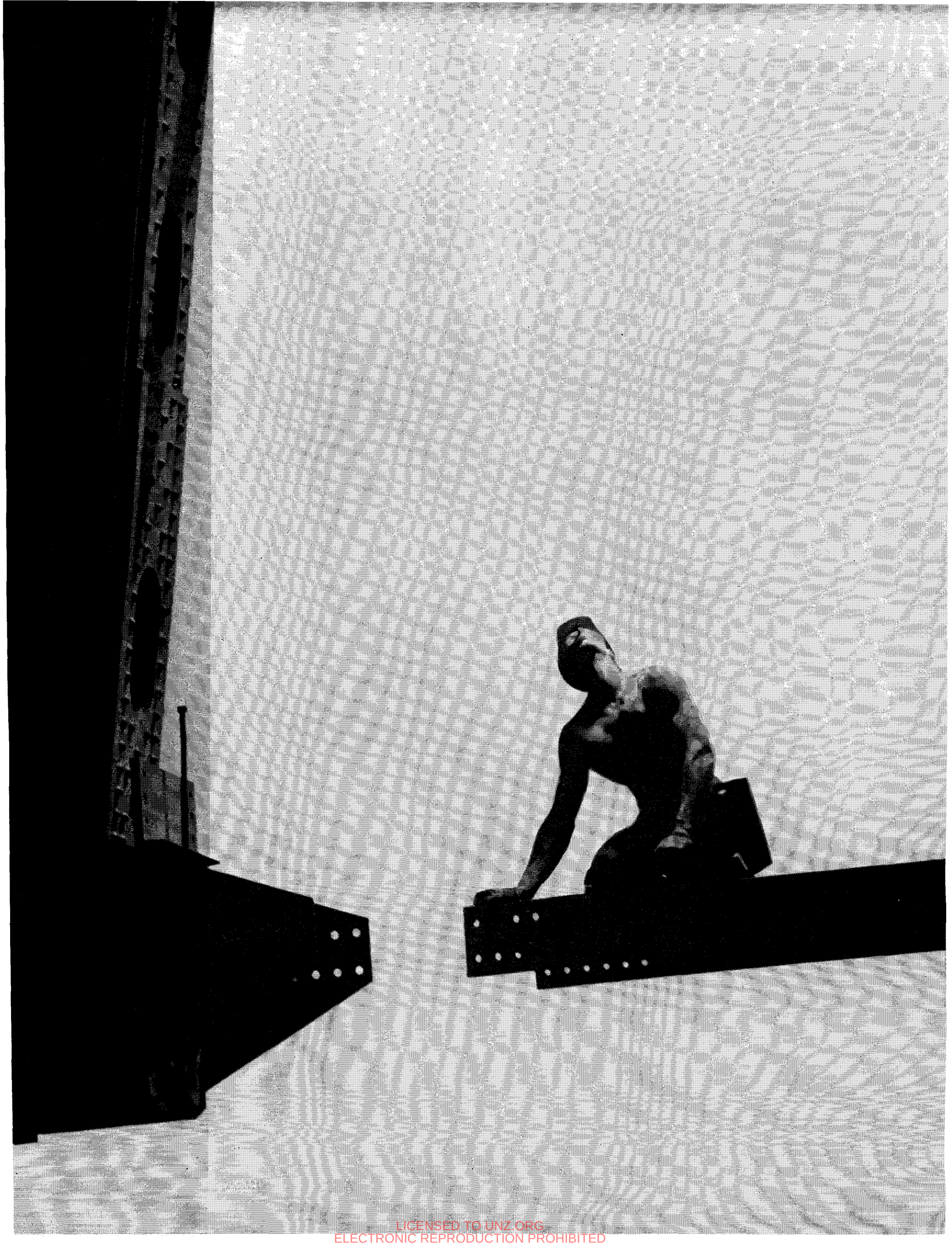

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(*Continued from Page 71*) Wagon-Lit watched, and he was still looking, as far as the bars of his cell permitted, when she returned.

The Sunday paper in Coalville was stuffed with boiler plate from the less costly syndicates. Editorially it took no stand other than a strict observance of Mother's Day and a Safe-and-Sane Fourth. The funnies were the best part of it, Ruth admitted, and asked Doctor Lit to give her the first crack at the colored supplement, which he handed out through the bars. She was so little and so eager that, were she not on such a serious mission of salvation, he could picture her stretched out, stomach down, on the parlor rug to read. But she didn't lie in the corridor. She stood leaning against the bars while Doctor Lit, in his cage, sat on the bunk and turned to the sports page. There was live and immediate local news for sport-tizzy Coalville. Above all, wrestling—to which the town seemed to have dedicated its life; and in which the learned doctor was most interested. Particularly in a defiant two-column likeness of The Champ, a slope-headed man in a glittering belt of rhinestones securing a clout made to look like a leopard skin. The Champ was posed with his hand in the air, symbolic of victory, and the story went on to say that he would again meet all comers for the Monday-night purse of $1000.

"How would you Christian soldiers like a thousand dollars?" Wagon-Lit asked.

"How are we going to get it?" she asked.

Doctor Lit thrust the sports page through the bars and watched her as she read:

THROW THE CHAMP
AND WIN $1000!

"Oh, that's the same headline," she said. "It's been running for two years. You mustn't try it. The Champ is a dreadful beast and, besides, the Salvation Army would never take such money."

"Why not? One of your favorite strongmen used the jawbone of an ass and I propose to use only my own muscles."

"You're not Samson, you know."

"And of course you're not Delilah. How do you know how tough this Champ is?"

"I know very well. I stand outside the door at the arena every wrestling night and jingle ——"

"Jingle? Is it that thrilling?"

"——jingle my tambourine. Of course the army doesn't allow us to go inside; but I see them carry The Champ's opponents out. Lieutenant Bixby shakes her tambourine for the boxing Thursdays and Saturdays. I just shake for the wrestling. The Champ is terrible! He carries beer-bottle caps in his mouth to gouge the other gentleman when the referee is watching the TV camera instead of the match and ——"

"How much does this Philistine weigh?"

"Two hundred and fifty-seven pounds and hailing from Coalville!" Ruth shouted. Her imitation of the ring announcer was complete to the gesture toward the corner. "No!" she said with finality. "I couldn't let you get in the ring with him. He'd kill you."

Doctor Lit feared he detected a small note of Coalville civic pride in her voice.

"I'll take a chance."

"How are you going to get out of jail?"

"Perhaps the chief of police would parole me for Monday evening."

"Parole you to who?"

"To whom," Doctor Lit automatically corrected. "To you."

Lieutenant Booth was shocked and emphatic. "Why, how ridiculous! They'd drum me out of the corps. My commanding officer would bust me to ensign and I'd wind up on Skid Road with a glockenspiel."

"When it's all over, you can take me by the hand and lead me back to jail," he wheedled.

"Absolutely not," she declared, stamping her foot.

There could be no question that she meant it, and this time when she marched down the corridor, and out of Wagon-Lit's range of vision, there was no bounce to her step, no swish to her skirt.

But Sgt. Mel Banks, who had overheard part of the conversation, went into conference with Chief Eddie Dolberg. Chief Dolberg remembered that in shoving Wagon-Lit into his cell, it had been like shoving a brick wall, although the prisoner offered no resistance. Dolberg was sure that Wagon-Lit had, at some time or another, been the heavyweight champion of Sing Sing. The odds on The Champ were always 10 to 1 or better, and no one would know the stranger was a jailbird out for the evening. They decided the odds were worth the chance.

So, on Monday evening shortly after dark, Doctor Lit showed the promoter his license as a professional wrestler. The impresario evaluated him at a glance. Big, clumsy, stupid, and an easy chunk of meat for The Champ's chopping block. He figured it would take four minutes, but he'd tell The Champ to string it out a little longer for the television. The bout should please the fans, who were getting tired of The Champ throwing Dangerous Danny Dooley every Monday.

As befitted his position, The Champ entered the ring last, and to an enthusiastic civic reception. Lit looked at him curiously. Although he was aware that he was himself somewhat lacking as an Adonis, he didn't recall ever having seen such a primate as the title holder. Not even in a zoo. He had no neck, only a corrugation between his shoulders and the top of his bald head. He was the type of wrestler Wagon-Lit knew well and strangely enough, admired. There was no hanky-panky of the ethical Greco-Roman gladiator about him No interest in throwing his opponent down by any given set of rules or classical holds. He wanted only to win, but not always too quickly. This was because television, which had revived the dying spectacle, required a time schedule, so that the merchants could get in their licks before the customers went to bed.

Tiny Tim Brady, popular barber and ring announcer, stood on tiptoes to shrill into the microphone. He sounded like a boatswain's pipe with a dried pea in the ball.

"In the black corner, ladies and gentlemen, weighing a trim two hundred and fifty-seven pounds, our Coalville hero, The Champ!"

To general applause, that gentleman leaned out only far enough from the ropes to snatch a towel from his neck and make a petulant little whipping gesture with it.

"And in the white corner," piped little Mr. Brady, "the challenger for the title and one thousand dollars"—he glanced at a slip of paper in his hand—"weighing an even two hundred and thirty pounds, and from parts unknown, Wagner Leach!"

Doctor Lit nodded pleasantly, as he would to a class in English literature, and waited quietly for the starting bell. But The Champ didn't wait. Without even shucking his scarlet robe, he sprang across the ring and drove a clenched fist into Wagon-Lit's face. The referee didn't seem to notice it, but when the stranger made a fist, the official drew him aside, taking up half a minute of the limited time, to threaten to send him to the showers, the loser by disqualification before the match actually started. The crowd stamped and whistled approval.

With everybody inside, Ruth hadn't jingled up a nickel. She had glanced through the open door and caught a glimpse of the ring just in time to see the blow Wagon-Lit had received. She was horror-stricken by this betrayal of naked violence. Beginning to recover, her first impulse was that in some indirect way she herself was in part responsible for this atrocious situation, and her second that in any event it must be stopped.

She ran down the aisle, waving her arms wildly, but with her throat too tight to cry out the protests which could not have been heard anyway over the howls of the crowd. The match started as she neared the ring, and the spectacle of the two scowling giants approaching each other so overpowered her that she collapsed weakly into an empty third-row seat and closed her eyes. The television camera, prowling the audience, found and dwelt on her pretty face. When she reluctantly opened her eyes again, The Champ was running backward around the ring at surprising speed, with Wagon-Lit after him. And then Doctor Lit caught the gentleman from Coalville, right in Ruth's corner. Her prisoner was wilting the bald-headed man with left and right forearm smashes to the face. Then, when The Champ was spinning in one spot, but still on his feet, Doctor Lit threw himself across the ring, feet first, and drop-kicked the staggering man so that he sprawled on the canvas with no fight in him.

Wagon-Lit didn't bother to fall across the man to press his shoulders. They were pressed flat to the mat by his own inert weight. The Coalville entry was too ashen to phoenix as the referee took twenty slow seconds to count the required three. (*Continued on Page 76*)

Light in weight, rustproof and snappy looking, here at last is a lunch kit your hubby will be proud to carry. And, to go with the kit you have a choice of pint size THERMOS® vacuum bottles—standard neck for liquids, and extra large mouth food jar for either solid foods or liquids. Kits also available in gray or black steel finish. Value priced.

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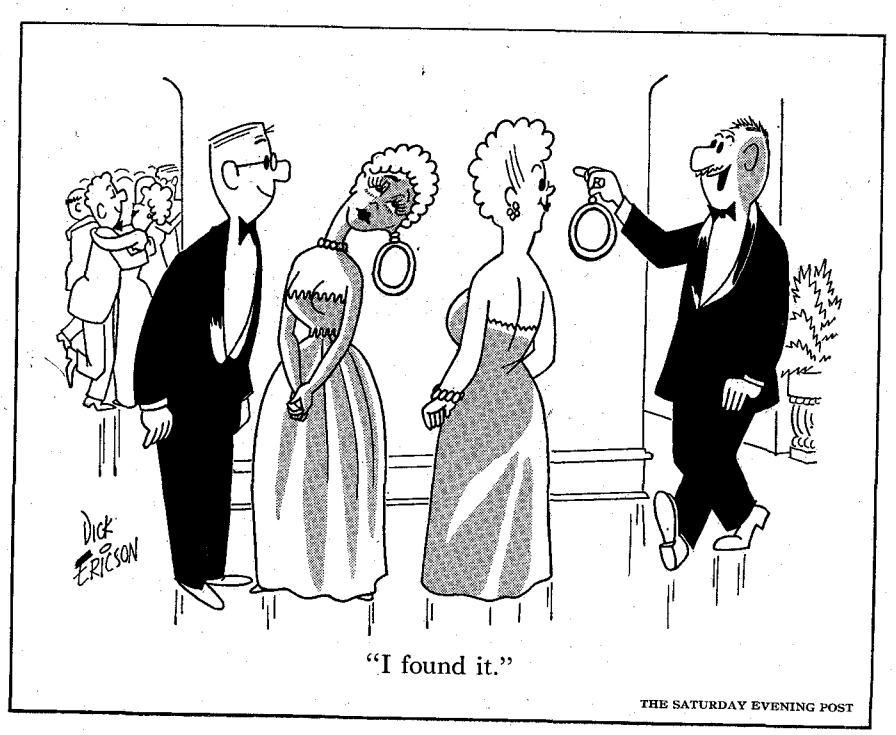

"I found it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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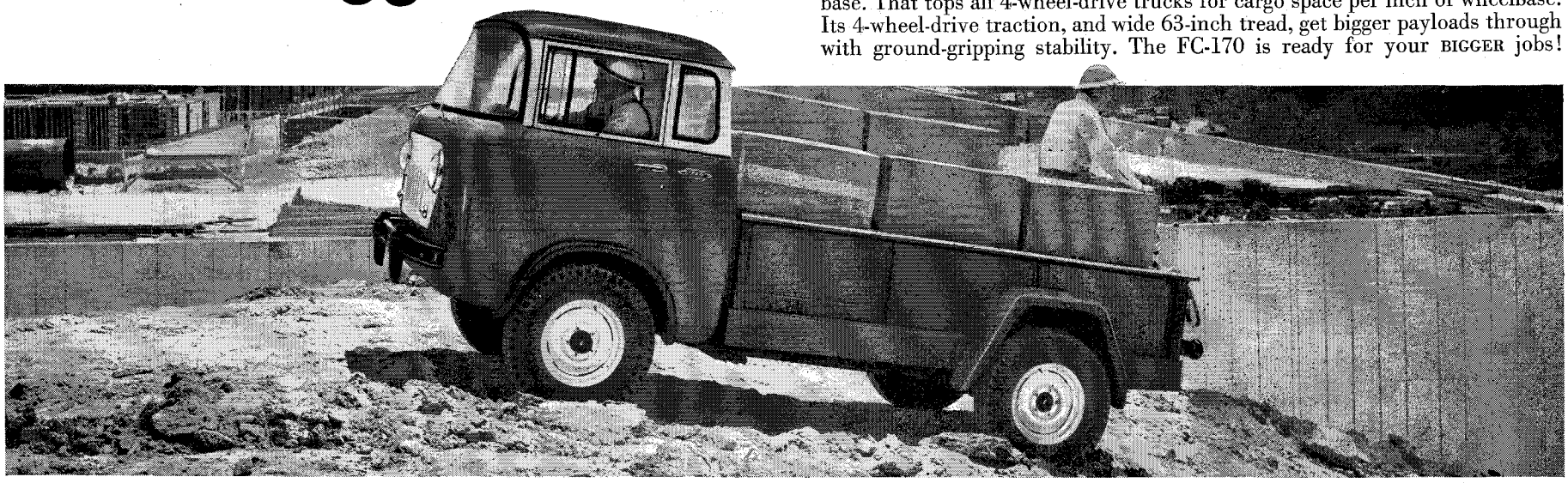

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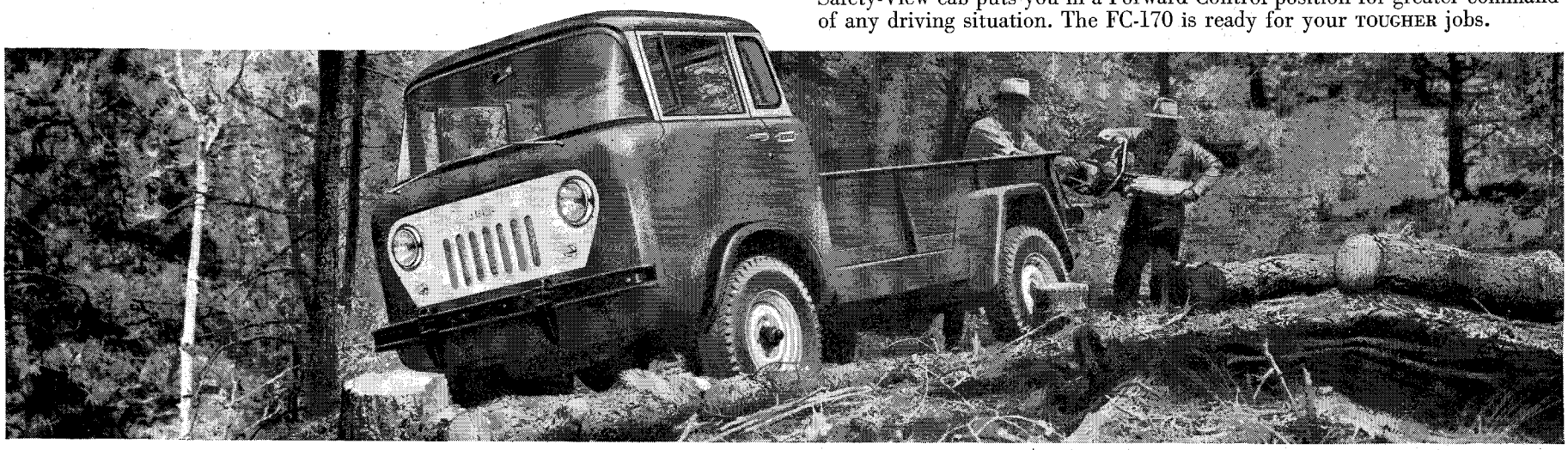

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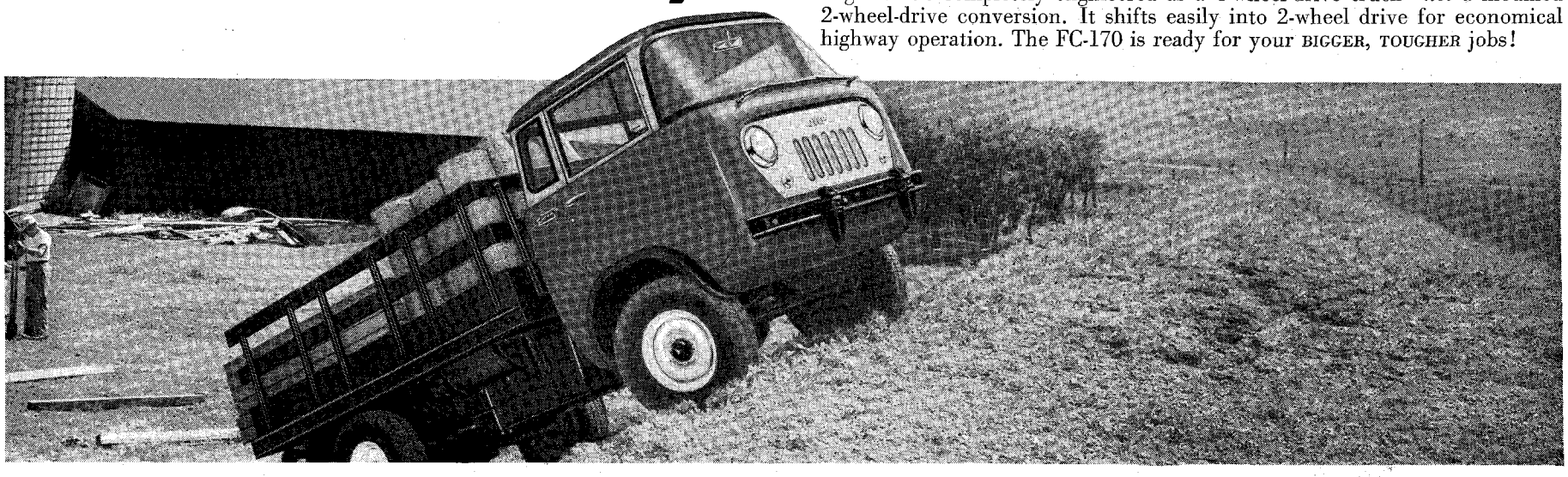

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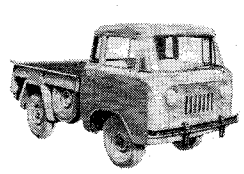

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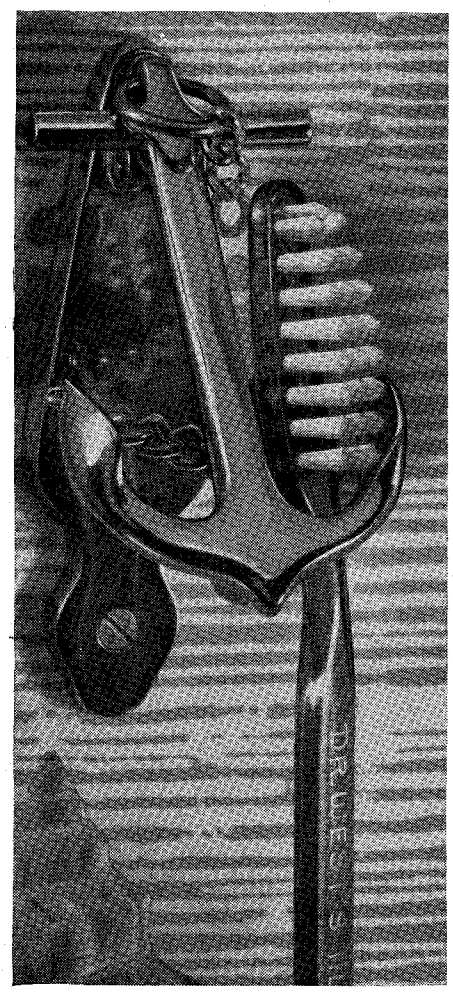

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Busy movie star Cornel Wilde takes care of his health because he can't afford trouble. Even his toothbrush is safer. It's a Dr. West's Germ-Fighter. The only toothbrush that fights back against germs. It inhibits or destroys germs that fall on and hold to it (whether they are picked up while brushing or while the brush hangs in your bathroom). Give yourself the protection of a Germ-Fighter, too!

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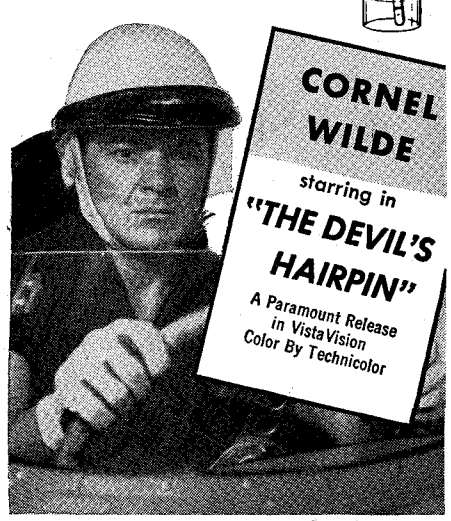

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(*Continued from Page 74*) Commissioner Atkins, Ruth's commanding officer in the corps, was just as British as his secular cousin, Tommy, and just as red in the face as the latter was in the coat. Redder, when he stopped on his rounds at the Rescue Mission to glance at the television set.

He saw the most dramatic performance since Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth. Only the lady on the screen was wildly happy and in Salvation Army uniform. Lieutenant Booth was on her feet, beating her tambourine, waving her arms and yelling in a camp-meeting voice.

Held fascinated by the picture of one of his junior officers putting on a public spectacle, Commissioner Atkins remained to see the second fall. He couldn't quite distinguish which was the ringside bell and which was the jangle of the tambourine, until Wagon-Lit came easily into the center of the ring. He had been leaning over the ropes to chat with Ruth.

Doctor Lit had no obligation to the television sponsors and their time schedule. He decided to get his part over with quickly. He had no liking or particular dislike for The Champ, but he was hungry and hoped Ruth would join him for a late dinner on their way back to jail.

So, when The Champ, snarling with rage, more real than assumed now, hurled himself from his corner, Doctor Lit lifted a knee, with appropriate results. The Champ rolled under the ropes, clutching his belly in agony and taking nineteen of the allowed twenty counts before crawling back into the ring and getting unsteadily to his feet.

The time had come for the Giant Suplex. Doctor Lit would write Sandor Szabo and thank him for its use. It was almost the personal property of the former world champion, and most effective for a man who knew how to apply it, as Wagon-Lit did. Catching the Coalville man in a front headlock, lifting slightly on his toes and throwing him backward over his head to describe a graceful parabola through the air, it was an effective hold. It was a fall from which portly gentlemen are not quickly up and about, although the kindly Doctor Lit was glad to recall that no permanent injury is ever done the payee. His use of the snapping whiplash was based largely on this fact—a quick win without serious damage. For Doctor Lit was a benign behemoth. He would, of course, swat a fly, but he recoiled at the thought of hurting any man or woman.

The Champ fell heavily. "There he goes rattly-bang!" the man on the television microphone shouted. "And there he stays!" he added, with surprise and dismay in his voice.

The Champ came to while the referee was holding Wagon-Lit's hand up in token of victory. He did it, disbelieving, as though some mistake had been made.

Wagon-Lit wanted to slip quietly through the ropes, trot up the aisle to the dressing room and get about the serious business of the evening, which was Ruth. He assumed the promoter would pay him in the office. He started to leave the ring, but The Champ stood in his way menacingly. The gorilla Bushman in all his glory never put on such a show of rage, not even over an unripe banana. He bared his teeth and beat his own head with his own fists. He jumped up and down in a belligerence terrifying to behold. Then he turned to a sympathetic audience and wept for an extension of the match. Just five more minutes in which he promised to kill the stranger. He quoted twenty fouls, none of which had been done him.

Tiny Tim Brady pulled down the microphone from its pulley over the ring. "Ladies and gentlemen! In the time of nine minutes, the fall and the match and the purse of a thousand dollars to"—he looked at a card in his hand—"the challenger and the new champion of Coalville, Wagner Lynch! Now, ladies and gentlemen, keep your seats! Here comes your promoter, your favorite men's-clothing dealer and civic leader, Hans (Silver Skates) Brinker to write the check! . . . Come up here, Hans! You're among friends!"

Mr. Brinker, creased to a cutting edge, climbed carefully into the ring, turning away from the camera only enough to pull down his coat and set the collar. He waited for the applause due a leading clothier and civic leader, but it came only from Mr. Brady, who held open a large checkbook and offered the promoter a fountain pen.

"Who do I make this out to?" Brinker asked.

Wagon-Lit answered, "Please make it out to the Salvation Army."

The loud-speakers carried his voice over the crowd. There was a sprinkle of applause. "Run and get the Salvation Army lady from the door," the announcer ordered.

"There she is." Doctor Lit indicated Ruth, now overcome with embarrassment, trying to get out through the crowd. As the camera followed, fifteen or twenty eager young swains of Coalville literally lifted Ruth into the ring. Then

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No woman minds being exposed as long as it's the latest fashion.

DAN BENNETT

---

began a general symphony of whistling. Ruth was flushed. Only The Champ was outwardly unhappy. He was the star of the show, although a fallen star, and he wanted to be in the telescope. He was irked that the camera should be on the victor and the girl in his own home ring, in his private firmament. Doctor Lit had taken up his raincoat from his corner and put it on as a dressing gown. The promoter deposited the check in Ruth's tambourine.

Then The Champ, or rather the recent champ, made a mistake. In trying to elbow his way into the group, he shoved Ruth out of camera range. It was perhaps a harder shove than he had intended. She bounced against the ropes, then bounced back again into Wagon-Lit's arms. Now she was truly frightened, and a little bruised in the encounter. Frightened all the more when Lit grasped The Champ's arm and spun him across the ring. It was not an unusually hard cracking of the whip, but accidental momentum and the man's weight gave it an odd result. He crashed into the turnbuckle at the corner of the ring, which laid him out for the third time in twenty minutes.

Before the television screen in the Rescue Mission, Commissioner Atkins dangerously approached a stroke. There was his youngest and surely the prettiest member of his command putting on a personal public performance in the middle of a wrestling ring. One of the combatants had his arm around her shoulder. The other was sprawled in the corner, obviously badly injured.

And the young woman's reactions! Nothing had ever been seen like it in the corps, particularly on television. First, which was proper, she rushed to the fallen gladiator and, kneeling beside him, tried to ease his suffering by stroking his head. When he waved her away with his one operative arm, she crossed the ring to the victor. Standing on tiptoe, she gave him a sisterly kiss on the cheek, which unexpected bonus buckled his knees. No one could hear what the principals said, for the roaring of the standing audience, but the action was unmistakable. Commissioner Atkins rushed from the recreation room of the mission, in no way entertained.

In the alley outside the dressing room, Wagon-Lit told Ruth of his sorrow at having embarrassed her. Together they walked back to the jail by devious streets. They couldn't go to the one open café for food because the after-the-match crowd would start the commotion again.

Chief Dolberg was only a moderately happy man when he received his prisoner. True, he had won eighty dollars on the match, but there was more than eighty dollars' worth of gossip going around, even at that hour. How come, Chief Dolberg had released a prisoner for the express purpose of beating the local hero? The chief had only one answer. To get Wagon-Lit out of town quickly.

"Just like I thought," he said. "The FBI don't want you. The sheriff don't want you. And one thing is for sure: I don't want you."

"Then I'm free to go?" Wagon asked.

"Listen," Dolberg said hurriedly. "I'll take you to the railroad station."

Wagon-Lit protested. "It's rather late. Perhaps I should stay here tonight. Tomorrow morning will do just as well, and you have a very comfortable cell. One of the nicest I've ever occupied."

The chief dismissed this idea at once. "All full up. Just booked two drunks and another vagrant."

The motor of the chief's own car sounded impatient at the curb.

At the railroad station, Chief Dolberg was equally brief. "Well. Pleased to have met you. Good luck and stay out of jail."

Coalville's railroad station was a size too big for the town, but it had a nice echo for calling trains, and a newsstand, which was closed. Also the seats were uncomfortably small, so the large man walked up and down. When he decided where he wanted to go, he'd buy a ticket. At the moment there was no hurry. There was no preference in towns that he could think of, and no train.

He had wandered around the deserted station for an hour, putting down the impulse to try the echo, when into the waiting room came a girl. She looked slightly familiar to Doctor Lit. Something like Little Red Riding Hood—with a flaming red flannel dress, a red coat, a red beret, and for grandma's basket, a bag of black patent leather, and wearing black shoes and black kid gloves.

The girl didn't see Doctor Lit, who was behind a pillar looking out, nor the delight on his battered face when he realized that here was Lieutenant Booth, now in mufti.

He rushed out and she rushed in. She began talking so fast that he had to hold her in his arms to slow her down: "I gave the check to Commissioner Atkins; then I resigned. It was either that or be busted to ensign and go to Skid Road with a glockenspiel." She disengaged herself from his arms momentarily. "I hoped I'd find you still here."

The stationmaster, in splendid voice for an audience of two, began calling a train. He couldn't have done better in Grand Central with electronic equipment:

"Train Three! Club car now open! For Pine City, Moose Lake, Willow, Carleton and Duluth!"

To Ruth and the man in the ticket window, Doctor Lit shouted, "Two to Duluth!" THE END

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*"Les Girls" rhymes with "playgirls"!

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The Prisoner

(Continued from Page 42)

The executive, interested now, looked at Pete. "Indigestion, ah? Every morning?"

"For about two weeks."

The executive harrumphed loudly and let his paper fall onto his lap.

"Funny you should mention that," he said. He leaned over toward Pete, looking around to make sure that none of the other passengers was listening. "Matter of fact," he said, "I have been noticing a queer sensation in the mornings. Just as you say, it happens just when we're coming out of the tunnel. Thought it was my heart, tell you the truth. You think it's something everyone feels?"

Pete shrugged. "Dunno. But I've looked around the last couple of mornings right after the tunnel. For a couple of seconds everybody blinks and frowns. You watch tomorrow morning."

"Odd," observed the executive thoughtfully.

Now the train was pulling into the outskirts of the city. Though Pete loved his suburban home and his family, he had a second great love, and that was the city. The city was built on an island; it was an island not only physically, Pete liked to think, but emotionally too. When you were in the city, nowhere else mattered or even, it often seemed, existed. Pete had been born in this city, had lived here all his life until marriage and children moved him out to the suburbs. Now he led two lives: his city life and his suburb life. When he entered the city every weekday morning, his suburban home seemed like part of the night's dreams.

He watched the small, grime-covered buildings of the city's edge speed by. Ahead, clean towering skyscrapers marked the heart of the city. They shone like rough gold in the morning sun.

The executive next to Pete was folding his newspaper to carrying size. He was moving his hands slowly, obviously deep in thought.

"Think there's any explanation?" he asked Pete finally.

"Probably," Pete answered. "But whether we'll ever find it is another question."

A good question, though, he thought as he walked out of the station and headed for his office building. A good question, and one worth a little probing.

Pete worked for a weekly magazine, Seven Days; he had been here for five years, but he was still a newspaperman at heart. Happily, this was also the case with the assistant managing editor, a short, thick, white-haired gentleman named Tom Garvey. Together, Tom Garvey and Pete had several times enjoyed the huge triumph of scooping the city's daily papers. It seemed to Pete now, as he walked into Garvey's office, that another chance might be at hand.

"Tom, there may be a little story in the making," he said. "One of those curiosity pieces that you love so well."

"No room this week," said Garvey. "We've got curiosity enough. See the papers this morning?"

"Yes."

"See where the insect house at the zoo burned down?"

"No. I didn't get much past the front page."

"Well, not only did the insect house burn down." Tom waved a length of copy in the air. "The curator turns up missing."

Pete knew from long experience that it was impossible to trick or bulldoze Tom Garvey off the track of an idea. For a while he resignedly discussed the case of the missing insect-house curator, finally agreeing to assign one of his best feature men to the story. Then he brought the conversation back to his experience on the train.

To his surprise, Tom Garvey sat up and took notice. "This happens every morning?" Garvey asked.

"Every morning for the past couple of weeks."

Garvey stared at Pete. "I'll be darned," he said. "The same thing's been happening to me. I thought it was my ulcer acting up."

Pete leaned forward. "How do you commute?"

"By bus. Over the North Bridge."

"When do you get the sensation?"

"About halfway across the bridge. Every morning for the past two weeks I've been getting it. It's like a mild, unlocalized electric shock."

Pete walked to the open door of Garvey's office. Out in the corridor was Brent Parker, one of the feature writers.

"Step in here a minute, Brent," Pete said.

Brent Parker was a tall, bony man with thick-rimmed glasses and a nervous habit of chewing his lower lip. He walked into the office, said good morning to Garvey and sat in a chair by the desk.

Pete sat on the edge of the desk. "Brent, you commute by car over the South Bridge, don't you?"

"That's right."

"Have you noticed anything unusual the past couple of weeks?"

"What kind of thing?" Parker frowned behind his glasses.

"An inner sensation, sort of like a mild electric shock?"

Parker's eyes widened. He looked at Garvey, then at Pete. "Has anyone else?" he asked hoarsely.

Pete nodded.

Brent Parker relaxed visibly. "I thought it was just me. I thought I was going psycho. I thought ——"

"Can you describe this sensation?" Tom Garvey asked.

Parker stuck a cigarette in his mouth and lit it before answering Garvey's question. "Well," he said at last, "you know how it looks when you take a pencil and stick it in a glass of water? It looks bent, because air and water are of different densities and light is refracted. When I'm halfway across the South Bridge, I feel the way that pencil looks. It's as though I'm passing from one medium into another."

"Pretty good," said Pete admiringly.

"Does everyone feel it?"

"I feel it," said Pete, "and I come into the city on the Riverline Railroad. Tom, here, feels it, and he comes over the North Bridge."

Brent Parker chewed his lip. "There are only eight ways to get into the city," he said. "Four bridges, two tunnels and two railroad tunnels. Do you suppose it's the same in all of them?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out," said Pete. "I'm wondering if the whole city is surrounded by this—whatever it is that causes the sensation. In fact"—Pete turned to Tom Garvey—"if it's all right with you, chief, I'm assigning myself to run this story down."

Garvey shrugged. "Go ahead. But don't forget the zoo story."

Pete assigned it, then and there, to Brent Parker. Then he spent an hour roaming around the magazine offices, talking to commuters who used all of the eight city routes.

With only a few exceptions, everyone admitted to some kind of unusual sensation on entering the city. The sensation seemed to be the same for all, though it was apparently more intense in some than in others. No one could remember a similar sensation on leaving the city.

Pete took the elevator down to the street floor, stepped outside and hailed a cab.

"Take me across the North Bridge," he said.

The cabby nodded, flicked the meter on and headed across town. The North Bridge came into view as they hit the River Drive. It was a magnificent structure of naked steel, almost a mile in length. As it drew closer, Pete felt a mounting uneasiness, a growing tension in the pit of his stomach. *What am I dabbling in?* he wondered.

They drove across the bridge. Nothing unusual.

"Turn around and drive back to the city," Pete said.

"Huh?" The cabby was perplexed.

"Don't worry about it. Just drive back."

Halfway across the bridge the sensation came. Pete thought of Brent Parker's description of a pencil in water. It was a good description. The sensation was one of dislocation, powerful but gentle.

"Did you feel anything just then?" Pete asked the cabby.

The cabby scratched his head under the peak of his cap. "I dunno," he said. "Was I supposed to?"

"Tell me again how much fun we're having—I keep forgetting!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Sort of an electric shock?"

The cabby looked back at Pete, his eyes wide. "Yeah, I did. What was it?"

"I don't know. You can let me out here."

"Here? In the middle of the bridge?"

"Yeah." Pete paid the cabby and climbed out onto the narrow walkway at the edge of the road. He walked back toward the place where the sensation had hit. He had marked it: right by a sign that said NO PARKING ON BRIDGE. He walked fifty feet past the sign, feeling nothing. Then he turned and walked back toward the city. As he came near the sign, the sensation seized him again. He stopped on the spot, wondering whether the feeling of dislocation would continue. It did not; as usual, it passed away instantly. He decided to try again. He turned once more and walked away from the city.

Suddenly he was not on the bridge any more. He was standing on a vast desert of stark white, under a violet sky. Two suns were in the sky: a small, fiercely bright white one, and a larger, dimmer orange one. The white desert stretched, lonely and level, to the horizon.

Pete turned around. Behind him was an immense white wall. It had no seams; it looked as though it had been cast or molded in a single piece. It stretched up to the violet sky, higher than any skyscraper Pete had ever seen.

There were no doorways in it, no windows, no openings of any kind. Pete walked up to it, hard white crystals crunching under his feet. He put his hands on it. It was cold, hard, unyielding.

Pete loosened his tie. He was scared. He stood by the immense wall, searching the white empty desert with his eyes and the vast silence with his ears.

Suddenly there was a voice, from nowhere and everywhere, speaking his name in perfect English. "You are Peter Kenney."

The voice did not have a human timbre. It had a tone much like that of a French horn: large, high, open-throated.

"We cannot understand you, Peter Kenney," the voice went on. "Why are you concerned over an insignificant sensation that occurs on entrances to your city?"

Pete did not reply.

"You may talk to me," the voice said. "Speak in a normal tone. I can hear you."

"Who are you?" Pete asked.

"That need not concern you. Do not be frightened, however. We have no intention whatever of harming you. We merely seek to understand you. What were you searching for on the bridge?"

"Answers," said Pete. "I wanted to find out what causes the sensation."

"But why? Are you not happy, living and working in your city? Do you believe that truth will make you happier?"

"Not necessarily."

"Then why are you seeking it?"

"It's my business to seek truth."

"Even though it will not make you happier?"

"Happiness has nothing to do with truth."

There was a pause, as though the owner of the voice was considering what Pete had said. "To you, then," the voice went on at last, "truth has value in itself. It is a goal in itself, quite apart from the uses to which it might be put?"

"Quite apart from its uses," replied Pete.

There was another pause. Then the voice said, "Suppose it were certified to you that, in a certain situation, truth would make you extremely unhappy? Would you, then, still seek truth?"

"I would still seek it," Pete answered.

Again a pause. Then: "Let me put it this way, Peter Kenney: You and your people are now living happily in your city, enjoying life as you have always enjoyed it. The internal truths of your city, your life, are as you have always known them. Can it make a difference if there is a change in external truth, even though this change has absolutely no effect on your daily life?"

"It can make a difference," Pete answered.

"You need to know the truth?"

"Absolutely."

"You are very puzzling to us, Peter Kenney. You are also, we think, very unwise. We certify to you that neither you nor anyone in your city is in any danger whatever. We further certify that, if you continue to experiment with something which, after all, does not concern you, you will make yourself and all your people most unhappy."

And suddenly Pete found himself standing on the bridge again. He walked back toward the city.

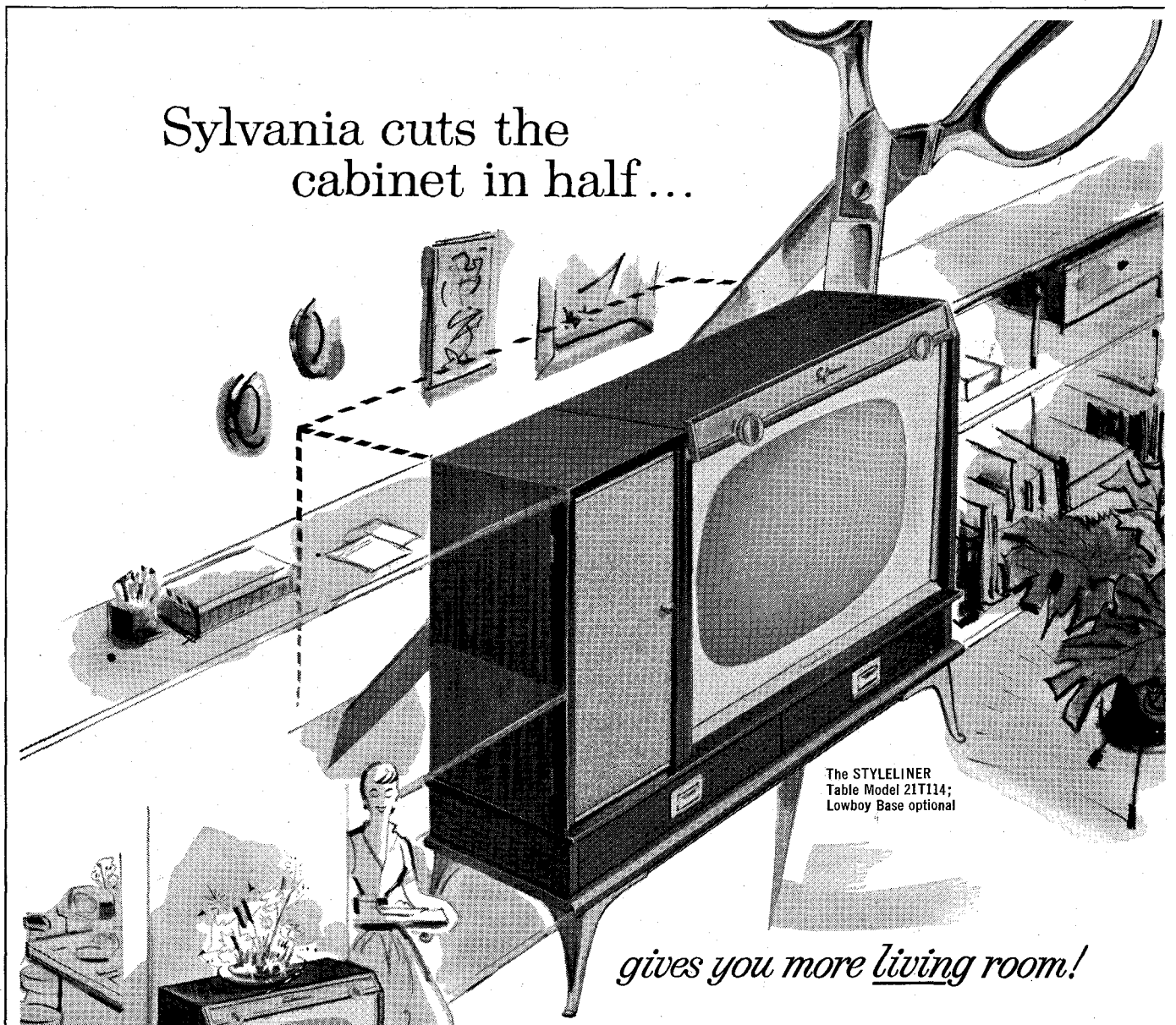
He took a cab back to the Seven Days building, ordered a sandwich and coffee delivered from the drugstore, and shut himself in his office. He was beginning to have some ideas. He did not like them.

He called his wife, out in the suburbs. "I've got two tickets to the Ice Show," he told her. She loved skating, and he knew that she would break down walls to see the Ice Show. "They're for tonight. Get a baby-sitter and meet me here at the office. We'll have dinner ——"

"But, Pete, I can't," she said. "Not tonight."

Pete's hand shook on the receiver. He had half (*Continued on Page 81*)

Sylvania cuts the cabinet in half...



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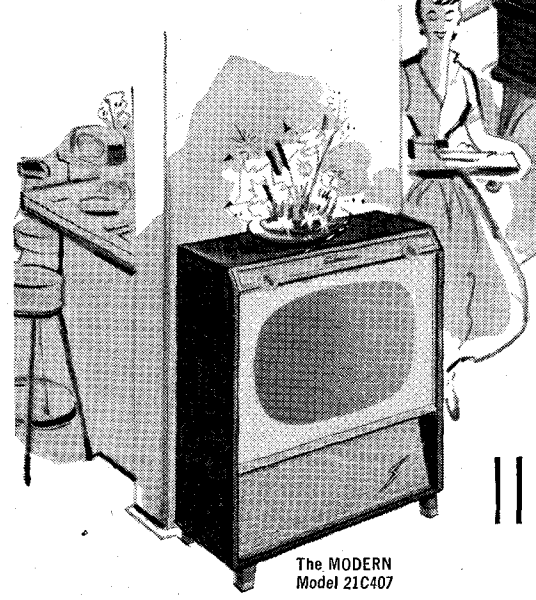

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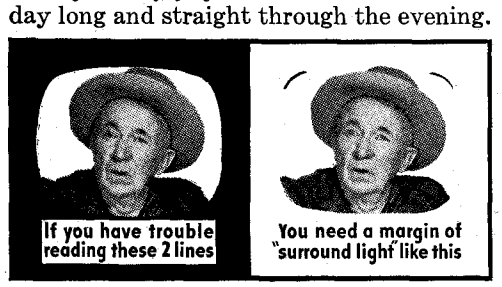

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*Picture size: 21" overall diagonal; 261 sq.in. viewable area

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(*Continued from Page 79*) expected this, but hoped against it. "Why not?" he asked.

"My mother's sick. I'm on my way to her place right now. I'll have to stay with her."

"Well," said Pete, frantically making up a new story, "there's a chance I might get tickets for next week. Let's make a date for then."

"We'll talk about it when you get home," she said. "I have to hurry. 'By."

Pete put the receiver down slowly. The voice in the white desert had been right. Truth is not always happiness.

If my wife can't meet me in the city, Pete thought, *how about delivery men who sometimes come in? Can they still make it?*

He dialed a French restaurant in the city, one of his favorite eating places when he was working here at night. He asked for Paul, the proprietor.

"Ah, Monsieur Kenney," effused Paul. "'Ow can I 'elp you?"

"Paul, remember one time we were talking about mushrooms, and you said you bought yours from a farm out in the suburbs?"

"*Oui, oui.*"

"And remember you said that the farmer was a Frenchman himself, and he always delivered the mushrooms himself, and you and he would sit down over a glass of wine and talk of Paris?"

"*Oui, oui,* I remember. It is very sad."

"Sad?" Here it was again.

"*Oui.* The farmer, he is dead. It is his son who now brings my mushrooms. The son, he is not interested. He wants only my money. Pfui!"

"How long ago did the farmer die, Paul?"

"Ah, about two weeks, Monsieur Kenney."

"Thanks, Paul. I'll be around for dinner soon, I hope."

It all added up. Pete did not feel like eating his sandwich. He sipped coffee, staring at the phone.

At about two o'clock, Brent Parker called in. "Nothing much on the zoo story," he reported. "No trace of the curator, no clues on why the place burned down."

Thoughts were connecting fast now in Pete's mind. "How bad was the damage?"

"Pretty bad. Several exhibits are smashed beyond repair."

"Get a list of them? The ones that are wrecked?"

"It's all in my notes."

Pete thought for a few seconds. Then he said, "I remember they used to have an ant city there. In a glass tank."

"Where you could watch the ants crawling along their tunnels with food and such? Yeah, there was one of those."

"Was it smashed?" Pete asked.

Over the phone, he heard the sound of notebook pages being flipped. Finally Parker said, "The ant city is one of the exhibits smashed beyond repair."

Pete's grip tightened on the receiver. "Stick with the story, Brent," he said. "I think it's bigger than we think."

"Huh?"

"I'll explain later. Keep digging. Talk to everyone you can find who was associated with the curator, or knew about his work, or who even chatted with him casually in the past couple of weeks. Find out what he'd been doing in the weeks before the fire."

"What is it, an international spy ring or something?"

"Bigger," said Pete. "Way bigger." He hung up.

He was sweating. He took his tie off and stuffed it in his pocket. He walked to the window and looked down at the street thirty floors below. People on the sidewalks looked like ants.

An ant city, he thought. *The curator may have been curious about the sensation he got when he came into the city. He may have started thinking about it, as I've done. And one day, maybe, idly gazing at the ant city, he may suddenly have had an inkling of what was happening.*

He may have experimented a little, to test his theory. And then—they decided he'd gone far enough.

If this was so—if the curator's disappearance was their doing—then it meant that the curator had been on the right track. *And if I'm right,* Pete thought, *if I'm right in guessing what track he was on, I may meet him soon. Because I'm on the same track myself.*

Pete was badly scared, but he was also full of hot anger. He threw on his jacket and strode to the elevators. Down on the street, he hailed a cab and asked to be let out in the middle of the North Bridge.

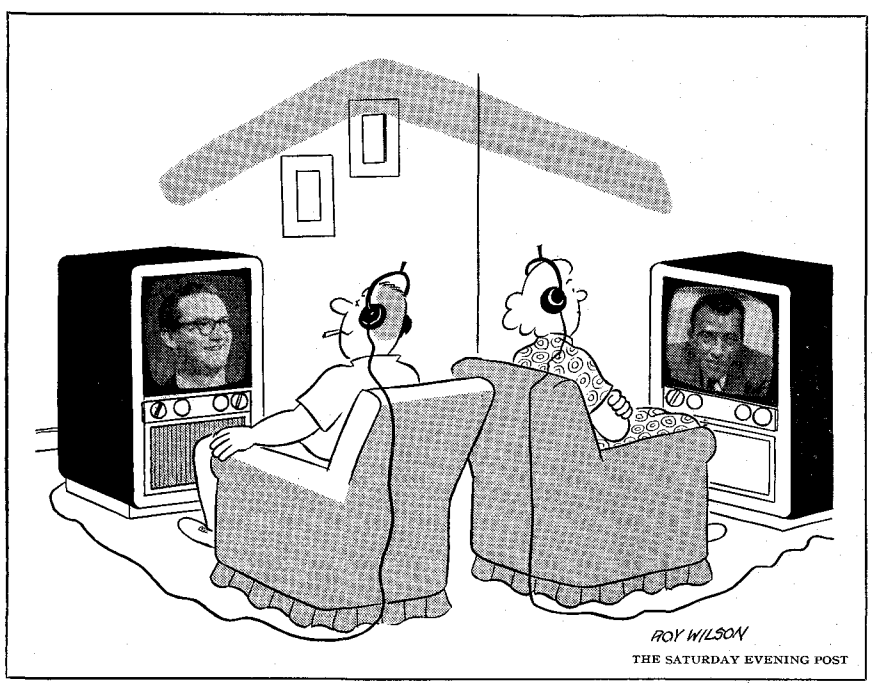
He walked past the sign that said, No Parking On Bridge. Then he said, "I want to talk to you."

Nothing happened. It was near the evening rush hour, and cars roared by him in a steady stream out of the city.

He said, "If you don't let me talk to you, I'll wreck your whole project."

That did it. Once again, he was standing on the desert of white crystals, with the immense white wall behind him. This time only the dim orange sun was in the sky, and the sky was dark purple.

"Peter Kenney," the French-horn voice said, "you are behaving most foolishly."



"Maybe so," said Pete. "But you've behaved foolishly too. I know the truth now, or at least the general outline of it. And even if you take me away or kill me, as you did with the zoo curator, it won't be long before other people figure out the answer too. Your project won't work. It can't."

There was a long silence. Then the voice said, "If you have deduced the truth, then we will admit our mistake and restore—what we have changed. As you have apparently guessed, the success of our project hinges on the city inhabitants' not being aware of the truth. If you know the truth, therefore, we must abandon the project. Please tell us what you understand to be the truth."

Pete was still badly scared, but he was beginning to feel more sure of himself now.

"O.K.," he said. "Here's what I think: I think that my city is no longer on earth. I think that you have rooted it up bodily and transported it to some other planet. I think that my city is now an exhibit in some kind of zoo."

"Go on," said the voice.

"Obviously," said Pete, "your technology is so far beyond ours that your abilities are impossible for me to imagine. I do not know how you dug up my city, or how you transported it, or where. I do not even know who you are, or what you look like, though I assume you to be benign. I can only guess that your act in relocating my city was no more difficult, to you, than ours in digging up an anthill and putting it on display in a glass case. Am I right so far?"

"I will not help you to do your reasoning. At the same time, I will not hinder you. Please go on."

"All right," said Pete. "When we relocate an anthill so that we can put it on display, our purpose, of course, is to watch the ants going about their normal, daily activities. Thus, we take great care not to disturb them. We want them to think that their city is exactly where it has always been—that there has been no change in their natural environment. Your purpose was the same. By some means that I can't pretend to understand, you arranged things so that, on reaching the edge of the city, we would fall into some kind of trance. In this trance, we would believe ourselves to be continuing the ride out to the suburbs. We would believe ourselves to be kissing our wives, sitting down to dinner, going to bed, waking up in the morning."

Pete paused to think for a few seconds. Then he went on, "What you did with us, physically, during this trance period, I can't say. Possibly you shunted our cars and trains into some kind of compound, to wait there until you wanted it to be morning again. Then you turned us around to face the city, started us off and brought us out of our trance. It was this shift from trance to waking life that caused the odd sensation I noticed."

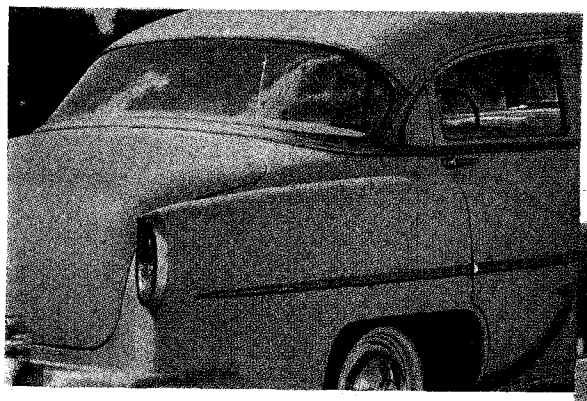
Pete paused once more. The voice said, "Please continue."

Pete did. "That's about all I have to say. As I told you, I see only the general outline of your project. It's impossible for me to talk about the details; they're entirely beyond my technical knowledge. For instance, I don't know how you simulated my wife's voice on the telephone when I asked her to meet me in the city. Of course, she couldn't meet me; she's millions of miles away. There's a lot like this that I don't understand. But I do see the broad outline."

For a while there was silence. A faint breeze was blowing across the desert now.

Finally, the voice spoke, "Yes, Peter Kenney, you (*Continued on Page 84*)

MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE •



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Sunbeam

(*Continued from Page 81*)

do see the broad outline. The fact that you see it, and the necessary assumption that others will also see it before long, leads us now to believe that we have tackled something which we cannot manage."

Pete felt a growing hope. He searched the wall and the desert with his eyes, trying to see where the voice was coming from. But nothing moved anywhere in the alien landscape.

"As you say, Peter Kenney," the voice continued, "much of what you have guessed at is beyond your technology—though I have no doubt that, in time, your remarkable race will discover these sciences for itself. Many of your guesses are wrong. For example, there is no 'compound,' as you postulate, in which we store your vehicles and bodies until what you call morning. Your vehicles and bodies merely pass out of existence, in a spatial sense, until we are ready once again to study that glorious phenomenon which you refer to as 'rush hour.' The trance, again, is not a trance as you mean it, but a state of being in which your mind continues your life for you, and in which you are fully able to communicate with others who are also in the—I use your word—trance. Your wife's voice on the telephone was a projection from your own mind, modified to suit our purposes. Incidentally, if you had called your wife a week later and asked her to meet you in the city, she would have done so. We have been molding a form of her out of your mind, and in a few more days we would have had her ready."

"A robot?" Pete asked.

"In a sense, yes. But to you, she would have been fully as real as the woman you married far away on earth."

"Are you going to take us back to earth?"

"Yes. We will replace your city island in its river bed in a few hours, and you will then be able to join your real wife—who, we hope, has not been unduly harmed emotionally by the uprooting and disappearance of your city. We are sincerely apologetic for our mistake; we did not realize fully the nature of your minds. It was beyond our imagining that you would guess what had happened. Indeed, we did not think you would sense the shift from trance to waking life; much less did we expect you to be curious about the sensation or to probe its causes. Since you and others have guessed the truth, however, and since everyone in the city will presumably know it before long, the city ceases to be a typical earth habitation and is therefore no longer valuable to us as an exhibit. We will replace you on earth. To make amends for our error, we will provide your city with ten new bridges of ten traffic lanes each, to alleviate your quite tragic rush-hour problems. The bridges will be built of a material having a molecular structure which —— But I wander from the subject at hand. Have you any questions to ask me?"

"Yes," said Pete. "What happened to the zoo curator?"

"Ah, yes. We were forced to destroy his ant city; it was too obvious a clue. It led him immediately to a realization of the truth. We mistakenly felt that with the ant city gone, no one else would guess the truth. The curator himself was transported back to his suburban home on earth."

A sound much like a sigh filled the air. "This was our greatest exhibit," said the voice. "We planned it so carefully that we thought nothing could go wrong. We duplicated your sun and sky. We built thousands of random human forms to make necessary deliveries into the city. We built a special submolecular computer to handle the mass of detail which surrounds your lives in the city. We even worked out a method by which you could receive such things as newspapers and television broadcasts from other parts of your planet—though we deleted, of course, all references to the disappearance of your city. It was, if you will pardon my saying so, a masterpiece. In all my time as a collector of alien civilizations —— But I will not burden you with my misfortunes. Have you further questions?"

"One more," said Pete. "Who are you?"

"We are from a galaxy that your telescopes have not yet seen."

"Will you show yourself to me?"

"You still thirst for knowledge. No, I cannot show myself. I would be repugnant to you. For one thing, I am vastly larger than you. On your earth scales I would weigh perhaps a million tons."

"I'll never see you, then?"

"Not you, Peter Kenney, but perhaps your grandsons. As you have taught me to my sorrow, your people have a burning thirst for truth that far surpasses my own mild desire for knowledge. It was our mistake not to recognize this difference between your minds and ours. When I first spoke to you and certified to you that truth would make you unhappy, I was fully confident that this would make you abandon your search. I, or any of my people, would have abandoned it immediately under similar circumstances. It was utterly unbelievable to me that you would continue seeking truth in the face of my warning. The fact that you did leads me to believe that your race will conquer time and space very soon. And then your grandsons, perhaps, will visit me here on this very planet. Until then ——"

"Wait a minute," said Pete. "All you are is a voice. How do I know you'll keep your word and put us back on earth? How can I trust you?"

There was a pause. Then the voice said, "Perhaps you cannot trust me. I certify to you, however, that I meant you no more harm in uprooting your city than you would mean to a city of ants that you transferred to a glass case. If it became apparent to you that the ants could not live in the case, you would replace them in their native hillside, would you not?"

"Probably."

"You would certainly not destroy them. Especially if, while observing them in the case, you had become fond of them."

"Perhaps. But I'm not convinced."

"You will be. I now bid you good-by, Peter Kenney. You have my admiration."

And Pete was standing, once more, on the bridge. He strolled back toward the city. He slid out of the trance at the No PARKING sign, feeling again the odd sense of dislocation. The alien-made sun had set, leaving a dull red glow in the alien-made sky. A large, ghostly moon hung low over the city. A beautiful job of reproduction, Pete thought, looking at it all. Just beautiful. As he looked at the moon, it winked.

THE END

... ...

On Opening a Wedding Invitation

Jack, if we're nimble,
Jack, if we're quick,
We can unload
That candlestick.

Laurence Eisenlohr

... ...

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The Negro in the North

(Continued from Page 45)

which revealed conditions to be even worse than Clark had charged. The Public Education Association reported after a year of study that almost three fourths of New York City's schools were, by any practical definition, segregated; that the schools attended predominantly by Negroes and Puerto Ricans were the most overcrowded, the oldest and the most deteriorated; that pupils in these schools suffered most from inadequate and inexperienced teaching; that they were furthest behind in learning and that the I.Q.'s of children in these segregated schools actually deteriorated from year to year.

These findings produced angry demands for immediate action to rectify the situation and some deep disagreement among Negroes as to how the problem should be approached. The Urban League of Greater New York demanded a "positive program of integration"—meaning that the school board should redraw school-zone boundaries, if necessary, to provide some integration.

Other Negroes, including some representatives of the National Urban League and the N.A.A.C.P. pointed out that much of New York's school segregation was the inevitable result of segregated housing. They questioned the wisdom of altering school zones because it might be criticized as "social engineering" and "pro-integration gerrymandering," and thus give others an excuse for "pro-segregation gerrymandering."

Edward S. Lewis, executive director of the Urban League of Greater New York, argued successfully that much of the segregation existed because certain school zones apparently had been carved out deliberately so as to seal off minority groups.

"What we have demanded is simply a correction of past injustices, not 'pro-Negro gerrymandering,'" Lewis told me.

A coalition of minority groups, for which Lewis is a spokesman, won enough board support to secure adoption of a remedial program that never has been spelled out with any clarity. Lewis blames the hesitancy of school officials and their apparent reluctance to outline their program fully and frankly for the rising controversy over this issue.

"While school officials delayed, an accelerated campaign to panic the community was helped along by misleading leaks from school administrators to some sections of the New York press," Lewis said. "The stories declared that the integration program contemplated widespread bus travel and massive uprooting of teachers and the transfer of pupils great distances from their homes. Although without foundation, these rumors have received national publicity. Several publications have carried false reports that New York is putting into effect a program of fantastic cost to taxpayers and of great discomfort and inconvenience to parents and teachers."

Much of the protest came from teachers who feared they might be assigned to "difficult" schools—that is, those with largely Negro and/or Puerto Rican student bodies. The study had shown that these schools had more than their share of substitute, probationary and emergency teachers. School Superintendent William Jansen promised that steps would be taken to see that all schools got their share of experienced teachers, but in the face of protest against "forced transfers" he said that he was sure enough good teachers would volunteer.

In July the New York Times reported that of the 40,000 teachers in the New York school system, 25 had volunteered for the "difficult" schools. The administration had asked for 1000 to 1200 volunteers.

"The volunteer plan has failed," said Dr. Edmund J. Gannon, associate superintendent in charge of teacher personnel. "If it continues this way we may have to assign teachers without asking them."

But on the eve of the opening of the fourth school year since Kenneth Clark dropped his verbal bombshell, no really major changes had been made. Jansen was caught between now-well-organized resistance to the board's integration program and charges, voiced by Lewis, of the Urban League, that the school board was "sitting on its hands while . . . Jansen tears the heart out of the nation's most comprehensive school-integration program."

Still, Clark was hopeful. "While there has not been much change actually affecting the lives of children, there has been great change in the level of concern on the part of the school board and the professional staff," he said. "We are on the verge of some significant change."

This problem of school segregation exists in every Northern city with a sizable Negro population. In most cities, however, minority groups have aimed their major attack on housing, even though they realize that it is the area of greatest resistance, and, at the same time, the area imposing the severest threat of violent conflict. The Negro is making the transition from sharecropper to city dweller; he has a foot inside the door of industry;

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he has won the fight against segregation in the armed forces, but when it comes to buying shelter in a neighborhood of his choice, the Negro has made woefully little progress.

In Los Angeles, Detroit, and even in cities like Minneapolis, which are getting only the overflow of Negroes pouring into larger cities, housing is the Negro's most critical need. Negro leaders in these places say that they are concentrating on housing because the location of a home determines not only the school that children will attend, but their chances of escaping the web of delinquency and violence.

Struggling desperately for land and for the financial backing necessary for them to secure shelter outside slums or communities literally bursting at the seams, these colored Americans concede that they face a tedious, bitter battle. Detroit is a frightening example of the tensions and bitternesses that can arise in a city where thousands of newcomers move in to find themselves hemmed in by customs of residential segregation. Inside a horseshoe boulevard, fanning out from the water front, is the black belt, which also happens to be the core of metropolitan Detroit. This separate little Negro world also is the area of blight and slums, the remains of a city threatening to decay from the inside while those who might do something about it are fleeing to the suburbs. Inside this horseshoe boulevard are ugly, drab schools that are by any measurement the worst in the city. Here you find junkyards splattered in the midst of residential areas occupied by Negroes who have neither the know-how nor the political pull to secure enforcement of the zoning ordinances. Inside the patches of ugly shacks, most of them studded with "for-rent" signs, you see kerosene burners tucked into the corners of dark, dismal rooms. You sense the musty smell of urine. You hear parents talk of their children being bitten by rats. There are at least 35,000 of these wretched structures in Detroit, and three fourths of them are occupied by Negroes.

Each year the situation worsens. If all the new housing being built in the Detroit area this year were made available to Negroes it would be insufficient to meet their demands. Forty thousand dwelling units, on an average, are constructed annually for private sale in the Detroit area, and fewer than 400 are available to Negro families. Between 1950 and 1956, about 178,000 new homes were constructed in Detroit suburbs. Negroes were permitted to purchase about 750, most of these in a Negro community.

"Detroit is a woman with a Northern dress on and a Southern slip showing," commented a Negro social worker.

In Los Angeles the situation is much the same. In most Northern communities, white real-estate dealers insist that they are not prejudiced, but the public is. But in Los Angeles real-estate men circulate notices of houses for sale on a multiple-listing basis with bold notations such as: PLEASE SHOW TO CAUCASIANS ONLY, IF POSSIBLE; or, NOT TO BE SHOWN TO MEXICANS, ORIENTALS OR COLORED.

Few whites understand the far-reaching economic and social repercussions of this restrictive policy. First, it puts the Negro shopper for a home in an extremely vulnerable bargaining position—one much the same as that of a man who is told that his community has a gentlemen's agreement that he can buy an automobile from only one agency. That man would be at the mercy of that agency, much as the Negro is at the mercy of real-estate agents doing business in the so-called Negro neighborhoods. Except in rare instances, a Negro home buyer can expect to pay $1500 or more in excess of what a white buyer would pay.

In Minneapolis recently, a leading realty firm advised a Negro prospective buyer whom it thought to be white that he could purchase a particular house for $16,000, "but if we sold it to a Negro we would ask $17,900."

The obvious but often overlooked result is that a man forced to overpay for a house often has too little money left for upkeep, for the education of his children and for other family needs. Where the average white family may spend 20 per cent of its income for housing, Negroes in the ghettos of the North spend as much as 50 per cent because of rigged prices and low incomes. This means renting out rooms, families doubling up, even tripling up. It means neighborhood deterioration, more family conflict, more crime, more t.b., more dope peddling, more venereal disease, more juvenile delinquency.

Negroes who despair of these things have developed hostility toward real-estate agents, whom they accuse of striving to preserve racial ghettos out of both greed and racial arrogance; and toward lending institutions, many of which support the Jim Crow pattern by refusing to mortgage a home purchased by a Negro in an all-white block.

Guilty as some real-estate dealers and bankers are—and I talked to many who said they personally believe in residential segregation—many argued, with supporting evidence, that public opposition to integrated housing is such that it would be "bad business" for them to advocate or support interracial neighborhoods.

One dealer pointed out that New York City College's sociology department conducted a survey of suburban Westchester County and found that 75 per cent of the residents believed that better housing should be made available to nonwhites. But when asked whether they would want a nonwhite family next door, 55 per cent said no.

What lies behind this opposition to neighbors of another race by people who in many cases have been outspoken in criticism of the South's school-segregation policy? The first reason is the stubborn belief that property values automatically drop if Negroes move into a community. Although a wide assortment of people, from sociologists to real-estate appraisers, have sought to debunk this idea, it remains a source of great fear to many whites.

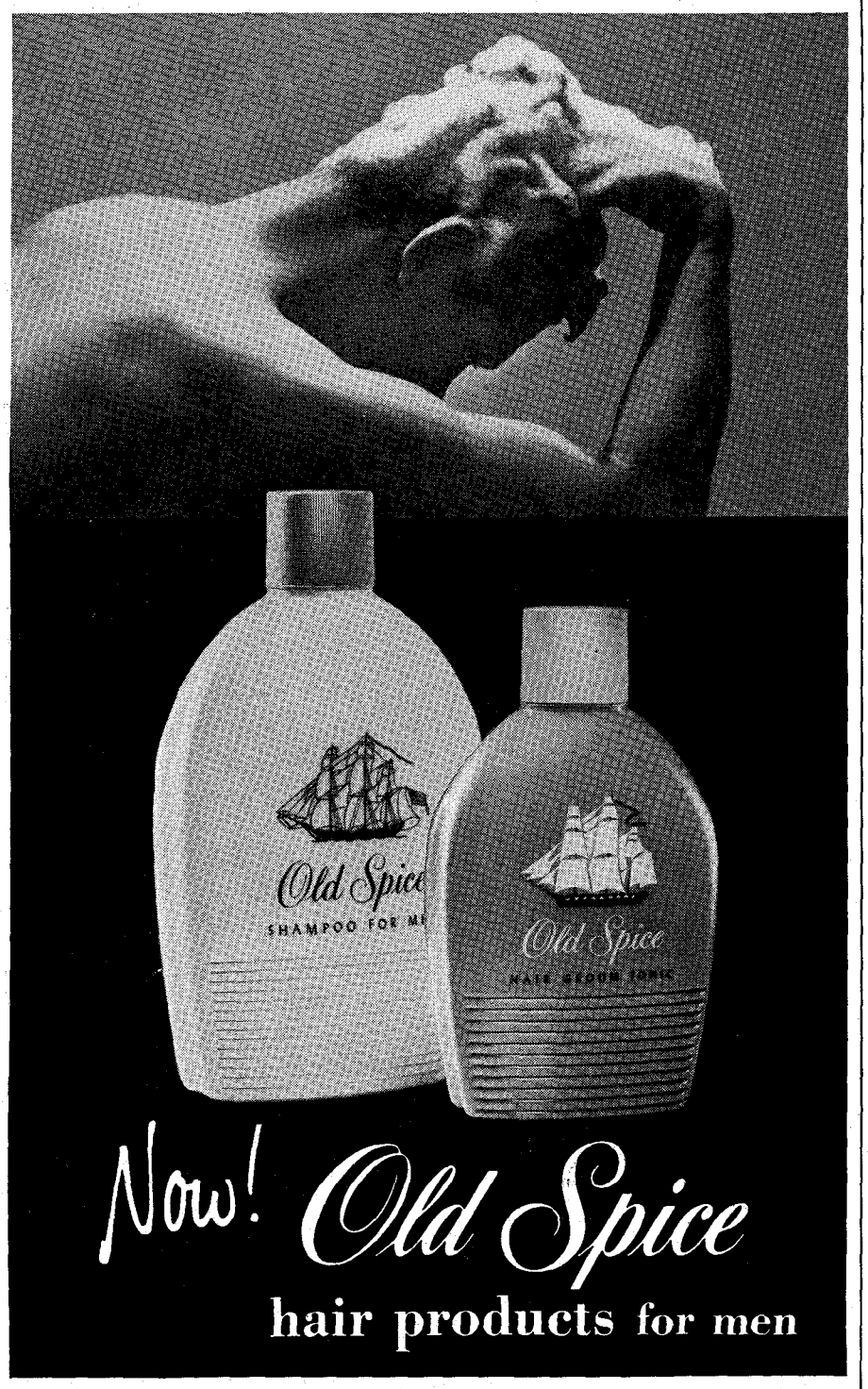
"I would not mind a nice Negro like Dr. Ralph Bunche living in my neighborhood," I was told by one white woman, the wife of a bricklayer. "But it is this wholesale invasion of white neighborhoods by Negroes that pushes property values down."

Negroes have tried to point out that there can be no "invasion" unless there has been a mass exodus by whites; that if white families did not panic when the first Negro entered their neighborhood, the Negro ghetto would cease to be a virtual black sea that swells, then overflows its bounds to inundate white block after white block.

But these Negroes work against some greedy, often interracial, opposition. It is almost standard operating procedure, once a Negro family moves into an all-white block, for both white and Negro real-estate agents to move in, ringing doorbells, warning white families to flee, enticing them with the promise that "I can get you $2000 more from a Negro buyer if you sell now, but if you wait till the property values drop you will be in tough luck." This has become such a vicious racket that in many areas whites who refuse to run away from Negro neighbors are virtually forced out by landlords who know that they can get more money, even while providing less service and upkeep, from Negro tenants.

One Negro professional man moved into an apartment building in the Hyde Park area of Chicago only to find that he was paying twenty-five dollars more a month than were the white tenants. The whites soon noticed a decline in maintenance. Then, at lease-renewal time, white tenants were notified that the rent would be raised $600 a year. When they protested, the landlord simply told them to "pay or move. I have plenty of Negroes waiting to get into this building."

"Negroes don't frighten us to death," one white man said to me. "We believe in interracial neighborhoods. We feel that the very future of this city, perhaps of this nation, hinges on whether or not we can break up this ghetto system. But I am afraid we are going to have to leave, as many other whites have done, because we cannot afford to pay this 'color tax'; and we are unwilling to tolerate the decline in maintenance that seems to be automatic,



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once greedy landlords permit Negroes to move into the building."

Still, the ordinary American riding through one of Chicago's teeming, blighted, all-Negro neighborhoods is quick to attribute the neighborhood's decay to the fact that Negroes have moved in. Few know or ask whether the decay began long before the first Negro moved in or whether factors other than race are responsible for the deterioration. Citizens of the North Kenwood-Oakland area of Chicago wanted some factual information about what had taken place in their community, which has become overwhelmingly Negro. A research and community-development project produced these facts:

As far back as 1910, when the Kenwood branch of the elevated train was established and white-collar workers began to move in so as to have easy access to their jobs, the older, larger homes were being broken up and converted into kitchenettes and smaller units. Fashionable residential hotels were changed to transient hotels and kitchenettes.

In the 1920's, virtually every dwelling in the area was covered by housing covenants forbidding the sale of property to Negroes. This situation prevailed almost intact until the 1948 Supreme Court decision outlawing racially restrictive covenants.

Since 1940 this community has had four complete changes of population. In 1940 there were 21,541 persons in the area, of whom only 301 were nonwhite. By this time, the older, well-to-do white families were moving to the suburbs and other parts of the city as "poor whites" from the South moved in to take jobs in defense industries. During the war, large numbers of Japanese—who left the West Coast to avoid being put in internment camps—moved into the community. According to the research team, "many white families converted their quarters into smaller units and rented them out to the Japanese who needed housing."

By 1950 the population in the area had increased to 30,313, of whom 11,307 were nonwhites—most of them Japanese. By this time the community was about 25 per cent overcrowded, with many Japanese families pooling their money to buy homes in which they would live together. This produced more overcrowding.

Before the Japanese could settle down, Negroes had moved across the boundary lines that formerly had been kept intact by restrictive covenants. The research report says that "the Japanese and 'poor whites' began to move out, so that, by 1955, only about 2 per cent of the population was white or Japanese."

By 1955 the population in the area had risen to 41,000, the vast majority of them Negroes. There was serious overcrowding in the four elementary schools and the one Roman Catholic parochial school. Even though the national income had increased substantially, the average yearly income per family in this area had dropped from $3388 in 1951 to $3007 in 1955. Consequently, a greater percentage of people in the area were receiving various kinds of public assistance.

This report seems to substantiate the argument of Negroes—and of others who consider the "Negroes destroy property values" argument a myth—that in areas of property deterioration, Negroes are being blamed to a great degree for situations that they inherited. What they have not inherited soon occurs as a result of overcrowding, rent gouging and the fact that so long as there exists so great an unfilled demand for housing by Negroes there is unlikely to be any normal movement into new neighborhoods. Public prejudices and the policies of real-estate dealers and lenders rule out anything other than a pattern in which a few bold Negroes enter all-white areas, often amid the fanfare and the dangers of shock troops trying to establish a military

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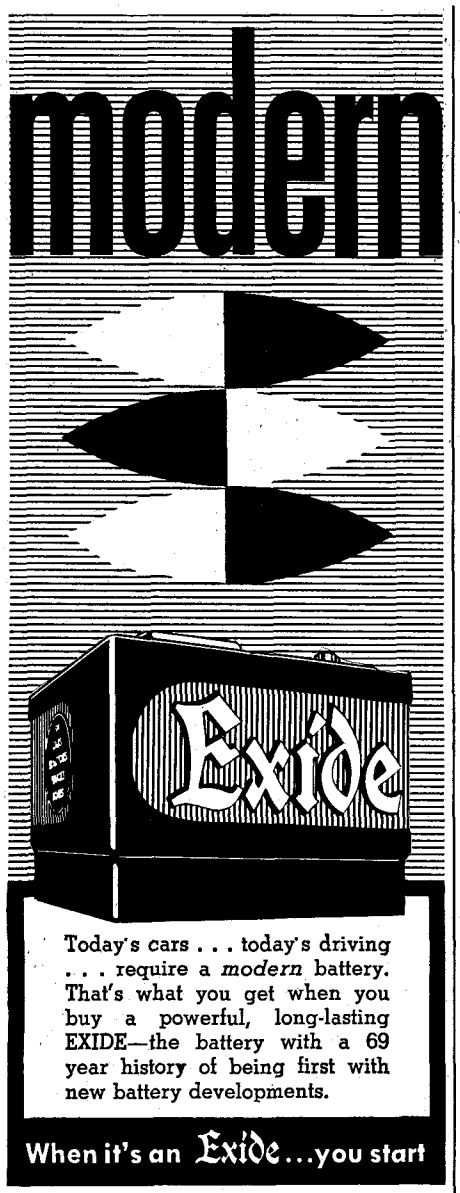
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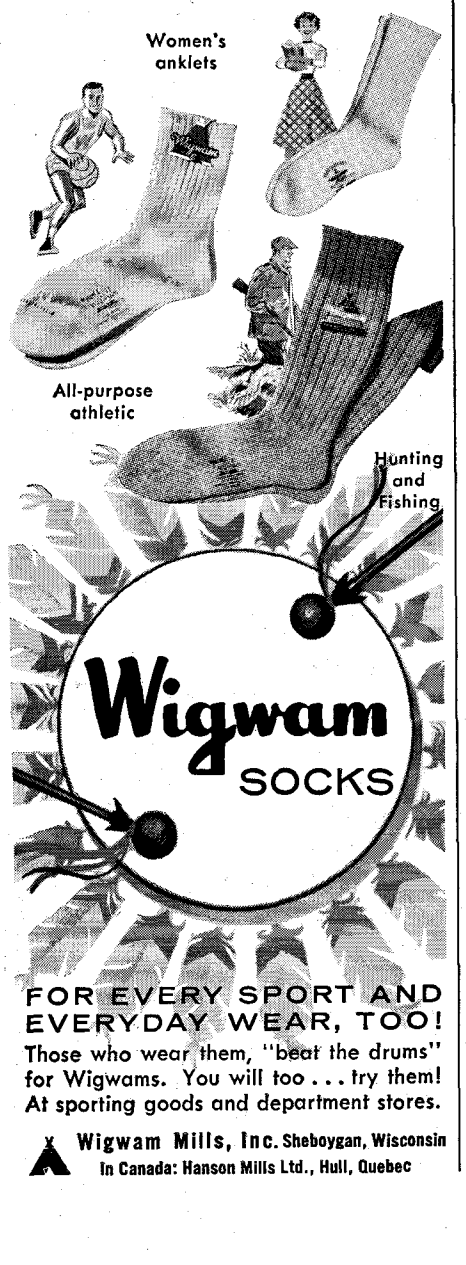
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beachhead, with the bigger wave yet to follow.

The result is that every day this year, in some Northern city, violence and bitterness have marked efforts by Negroes to establish new residential beachheads or even to extend those areas that have become so overcrowded.

In Detroit, for the whole month of February one neighborhood was caught up in violence as indignant whites tried to chase a thirty-year-old Negro seamstress, Mrs. Ethel Watkins, from a house she had purchased about five blocks outside the limits of the so-called Negro neighborhood.

In what is known as the Cherrylawn incident, protesters—including a large number of teen-agers—stoned the house, broke windows, hurled insults and threats of physical harm and various kinds of economic reprisal at the white woman who had sold the house to Mrs. Watkins.

The first real break in efforts to halt the violence came when national radio and TV networks began to report on the situation. This broke the near-silence of Detroit newspapers. Then, the Rev. John E. Coogan, chairman of the Detroit Commission on Community Relations, issued a statement to the press in which he declared:

> Gangsterism in race relations is wrong not only south of the Mason-Dixon line. It is the more intolerable in proportion as it is unprovoked. The continued molestation and threat to personal liberty shown to Mrs. Ethel Watkins . . . and to Mrs. Eugenia Nowak (seller of the house) are a disgrace to our community. Perhaps the most humiliating phase of the situation is the slowness of the area leaders to show the social responsibility called for to oppose and rebuke such ganging-up against decent citizens.

Under the spotlight of national and local publicity, the police became bolder and the protesters ran for cover. Mrs. Watkins moved into her home to stay, and Detroit saw the end of some alarming episodes of racial conflict.

But to the people concerned about race relations in this city, what was more alarming than these demonstrations was the revelation of widespread activities to organize Detroit whites on much the same basis as the White Citizens' Councils which have done so much to fill the Deep South with defiance, fear and intimidation.

For example, on the night of February fourteenth, organizers from distant sections of Detroit called an emergency meeting of "home owners and businessmen" in the Cherrylawn area to urge whites to join "neighborhood improvement associations." One organizer had been the ringleader in the formation of dozens of these "improvement associations," which he admitted were created with the primary purpose of keeping the neighborhoods all white.

In an earlier meeting he told listeners, "I am only trying to prevent a riot. If a Negro family moves in this neighborhood it will cause a riot. Therefore we must organize to keep Negroes out, so there will be no riot."

At another meeting, according to reports made to their agencies by three white social workers, one of the roving organizers said, "We do not favor violence. We prefer to approach the Negroes and ask them to move or to sell the houses to our organization. If that fails, then we must get the neighbors to sit tight and freeze out the undesirables. For example, a darky family moved into the Livernois area. The grocery stores would not serve them, the neighbors would not speak to them, so eventually they moved."

This pattern of conflict over residential segregation exists in every community in the North where there is a nonwhite population.

In August it produced violence in Levittown, Pennsylvania, a planned city of 60,000 where there was no nonwhite population. The Bucks County sheriff had to call in state troopers to help quell stone-throwing crowds of up to 500 persons who sought to prevent Mr. and Mrs. William Myers, Jr., and their three children from becoming the city's first Negro residents. The Myerses moved in.

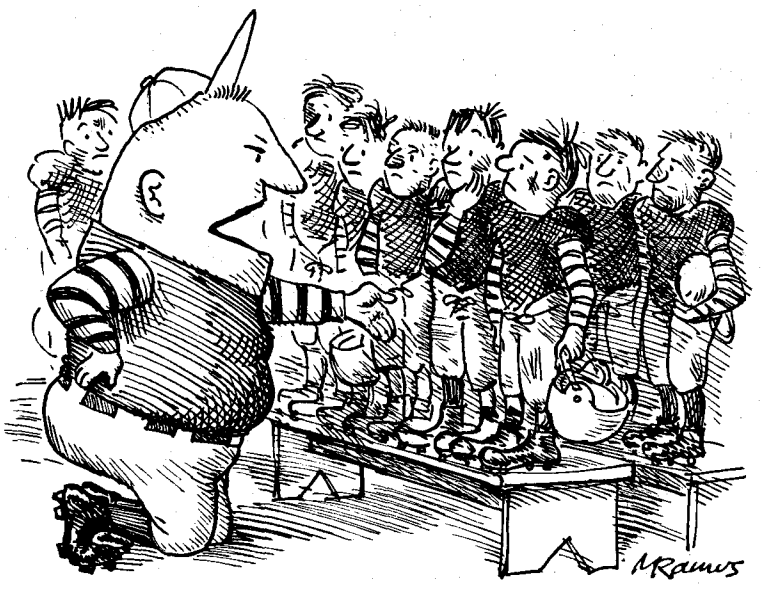
Loren Miller, Los Angeles attorney and newspaper publisher, told me that "we have a great housing problem here. It is a star-spangled dilly. After we won our battle in the Supreme Court making it impossible to enforce restrictive covenants in the courts of the nation, the Los Angeles Real Estate Board proposed an amendment to the Constitution to make covenants legal.

"So today, Los Angeles is doing what most cities are doing—just hoping for the best. Nobody seems to be asking what is going to happen when another quarter million Negroes get here in a decade or so, as they are sure to do. The City Planning Commission struggles along as best it can, but they are unable to set policy. In fact, the city planners have, out of good motives, done a great deal to compound these housing problems. They became enamored of this idea that residential areas should be homogeneous. You know, the idea that every house in the area should cost $10,843.74 and be set back fifteen feet from the sidewalk. Social stratification was deemed good, so you were to have low-class neighborhoods, middle-class neighborhoods and upper-class neighborhoods.

"This whole idea is contrary to American democratic ideals. What you get is a pathetic situation where neatly scrubbed middle-class children go through middle-class neighborhoods to a middle-class school. They never see anyone else. Very quickly, the planners decided that if social stratification was good, then racial stratification was good too."

Ironically, this philosophy of homogeneous neighborhoods got its strongest boost from the New Deal regime, which has been credited with doing so much to arouse the Negro and shake him free of his shackles. In 1934, at its outset, the Federal Housing Administration adopted racial homogeneity as a requirement for top valuations. "If a neighborhood is to retain stability," said an early underwriting manual, "it is necessary that properties shall continue to be occupied by the same social and racial classes." FHA encouraged the spread of racial covenants until about 1948, when they were declared unenforceable. By this time, however, argue the advocates of integration, the damage had been done.

The deep passions that swirl about this problem have highlighted one extremely important fact: the great influx of Negroes into Northern metropolitan areas involves some serious political implications that have placed civic leaders on delicate hot spots. For example, a quiet feud between Detroit's mayor, the late Albert E. (*Continued on Page 90*)



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The new high-school coach, a rough-and-ready terror by repute, soon lived up to his reputation. Although his squad was young and undersized, he worked them unmercifully. To pep up their morale against one of the biggest and most rugged teams in the league, he kept repeating, "They're just high-school boys the same as you are."

At the half in the big game, with the oversized team leading 18–0, the battered underdogs limped into their dressing room to be greeted by a growl from the coach. He scorched them for "lack of spirit." Then he demanded angrily, "What are you afraid of? Remember, they put their pants on just as you do, one leg at a time."

"Yeah, coach," a skinny halfback murmured, "but the pants they put on are Size Forties."

Joseph L. Scafuri

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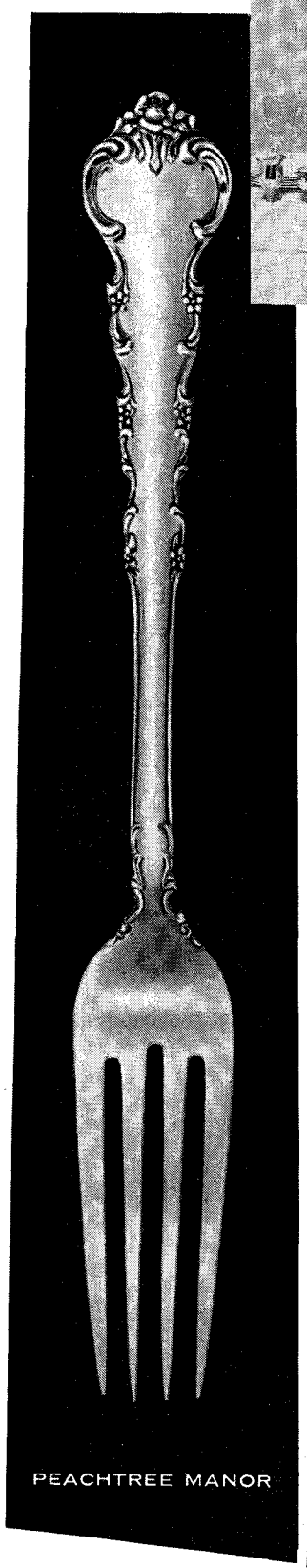

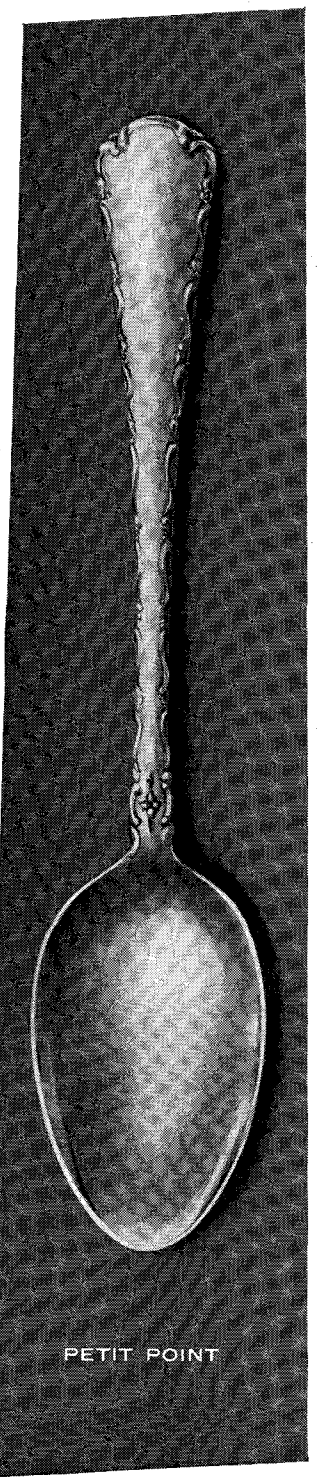

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(*Continued from Page 88*) Cobo, and most of the city's Negro leaders reached a peak during the Cherrylawn housing disturbances.

Negroes expressed bitter anger that during the month-long disturbances Mayor Cobo was silent.

Arthur Johnson, a Detroit N.A.A.C.P. leader, was emphatic in accusing the Cobo administration of "contributing greatly to the lag in Detroit's work towards democratic aspirations." Johnson expressed particular disappointment in the fact that N.A.A.C.P. had to go to court to force the city to end segregation in public housing.

"Even today, they have sprinkled a token number of Negroes in what were all-white housing projects," continued Johnson, "but the vast majority of Negroes are still in the so-called Negro projects and there still are scores of Negroes on the waiting list, although vacancies exist in the so-called white projects."

I took these complaints directly to Mayor Cobo, who said he considered Detroit's housing incidents "very minor in comparison with other major cities." He defended the neighborhood associations as "constructive groups" and said they were not an anti-Negro force except to the extent that people "naturally resent agitation" in the housing field. The mayor stated, in addition, that certain Negro organizations, which he declined to name, are agitating.

As for the charge of "token integration" in public housing, the mayor defended this as a natural condition. "These projects reflect the racial make-up of the areas at the time the projects were built," he said. "If you had a restaurant in a heavily Negro area, wouldn't you expect to see more Negroes there?"

When the mayor asserted that all Negroes except a few agitators understand his refusal to "force things and create ill feelings," I asked why Detroit Negroes gave more than 90 per cent of their votes to Gov. G. Mennen Williams when Cobo tried to unseat him last fall.

"The UAW, the CIO and certain Negro groups have a closed coalition," he replied. "They are controlled as to who attends their meetings, who speaks before them during a campaign, and so forth. They deliberately hear only one side of the story. This is contrary to American principles. We used to be invited to all the meetings, but now some are closed and we can't get in. I went to one meeting and found only about forty Negro people there. After they heard me they apologized and said they wished other Negroes could have heard me. This closed shop had a lot to do with the fact that my opponent got as many Negro votes as he did."

Labor-union officials and Negro leaders merely chuckled when told of Cobo's charges. Nevertheless, the mayor indicated that his distaste for battling the "closed coalition" contributed greatly to his decision—made shortly before his death—to get out of politics.

There are many indications that in the years just ahead there will be more, and graver, political casualties as Northern metropolitan areas reach points of critical challenge in race relations. Whatever else they may be, these thousands of Negroes who are flocking to the huge industrial centers are potential voters, and sweeping campaigns already are under way to weld them into an awesome political force. This can become a responsible force, used in the interest of civic growth and orderly progress toward more democratic cities. Or it can be a force of disruption, a new pocket of corruption to be exploited by selfish men who hold no real concern for either the Negro masses or the cities in which they live.

To discuss the future in this area of politics is pure speculation. But as I look back on these cities that I have visited, one fact is writ clear on the horizons of tomorrow: we have reached that critical hour when Negro and white citizens of the North and West must acknowledge that they face a gigantic challenge—one that can be met today with wisdom and cordiality or tomorrow with rancor and regrets.

The challenge to Negroes? This is the way it was put by the Rev. Maurice Dawkins, Los Angeles N.A.A.C.P. president: "Frankly, I'm afraid there is too much apathy. For too long we have had a situation among Negroes where almost every man is out for himself. Everyone wants a big house, two cars and social status for himself, but there is no real social and civic concern. There is a job to be done, and we intend to start an educational campaign to stimulate this broader social concern."

The challenge to the white man? Simply to remember that the Negro is here to stay; to admit that only those with first-class opportunities can accept first-class responsibilities. When the great metropolitan centers accept these premises and adopt bold programs based on them, it may become apparent that "new Negroes" do not necessarily mean "new problems" and "new strife." Perhaps then Americans can live, work and play together under conditions of mutual respect; can proceed with the task of building a nation that will do honor to our forebears and be an inspiration to our children.

Editors' Note: This is the second of two articles by Mr. Rowan.

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Sorcerer's Curse (Continued from Page 37)

open violence or crime. But this man Nyoka—too many of his enemies had fallen ill or died, including one white government officer.

This was the third month of Barton's safari for a single celebrated trophy, the legendary Crown Prince, so named because his giant tusks were pledged, thirty years before, as a personal trophy for the Kaiser's son. The giant footprints and uneven droppings had led them halfway across Tanganyika, through twelve base camps and infinite hours of scouting, tracking, and combing the bushveld for news. This morning, while their base camp was being trucked a hundred miles southward, they had moved ahead by jeep and then on foot. In early afternoon they crossed the mammoth imprinted strides and trailed them to the water hole. In the moist bank they found the mark of a right forefoot, scant hours old and perfectly impressed, better than a set of ink fingerprints. The mud had molded cleanly, showing every reticulation and toenail scratch in a footprint the size of a washtub.

Jan had stooped, lifted a bruised blade of grass and felt where the mud oozed into the long, familiar crack. Barton called it the Crown Prince's life line, tracing a century of contested survival. Next Mando stooped, his aboriginal brow knit with concentration. Then Jan's favorite client, Fred Barton, an American whose wealth and purist sportsmanship had made this single-purposed safari possible, looked also. He handed his rifle, a lightweight .375 Magnum with the barrel shortened, to Mando. He knelt stiffly, feeling the miles in his middle-aged legs and back. After two months of seeking, finding and losing, this had become routine; the three men of three different worlds reading the age and meaning of a footprint together.

Barton's talents were the most scientific. He looked at the pressed earth with the eyes of a chemical engineer and a corporation board chairman, and thought in words like "convection," "dehydration" and "compaction." He was a good, patient hunter, his brain and enthusiasm making up for mediocre eyesight and physique. When Mando looked, his hunter's eyes darted images to his mind, recapitulating the elephant's movements too vividly for any language. He was a small, wiry savage, a professional hunter of the most gifted sort, reading volumes in the tilt of a grass blade or a tumbled grain of sand. Jan Pretorius, as the best young white hunter in East Africa, had a share of Barton's civilized logic and a share of Mando's primitive intelligence. This made him also the best white tracker in East Africa—the equal, perhaps, of Mando's fourteen-year-old son. The three men blended the discrete talents of the iron age, the frontier eighteenth century and the industrial today.

After looking, they interchanged whispers. Jan guessed the track was two hours old; Barton said one. Mando hesitated, then touched the rifle muzzle where the moist earth was minutely disturbed.

He shook his head, "See, the elephant pressed a safari ant into the mud. Its legs move, breaking free. The elephant passed just before we came. He has eaten soft grass or we would hear his belly rumbling now."

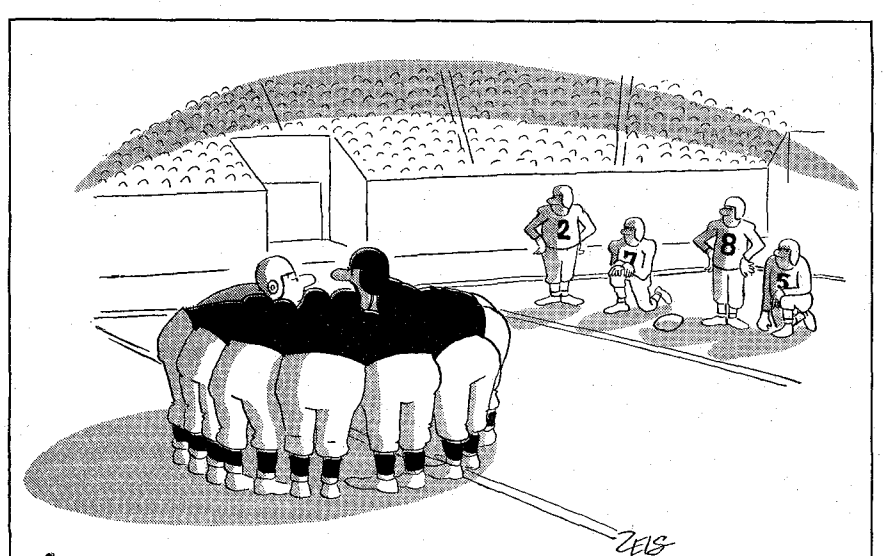
Jan nodded. Though gifted with vulture eyesight, he could never see as this tamed Wanderobo saw. Barton admired the skill, too, but saw the rifle touch the mud. Barton had several unqualified affections, and one was for the beautiful weapon.

"Idiot," he whispered in Swahili. "Give me that gun. Get the cleaning stick. This dirty rifle would blow to pieces. A wasp's nest can blow up a rifle with such thin metal. *Shenzi!*"

While swabbing out the barrel, Barton turned, to share Jan's muffled amusement. He heard the bush rustle, saw Jan's face suddenly stiffen. He turned back, fumbling to refit the bolt and bring a cartridge into the chamber. To Barton the sound was an anonymous noise, even an elephant in the dense thicket. To Jan and Mando it was the clatter of a yellow-throat partridge, frightened by a two-legged animal. Peering hard through bush, Jan soon saw an old native, followed by others, walking quietly their way. He recognized the commanding figure of Nyoka, the most notorious sorcerer east of the Lakes.

Then Nyoka had walked closer and made the threat. The six elders, respectful of the white *bwanas*, but obviously afraid of Nyoka, stood uncomfortably as Jan replied, and stepped politely aside when he strode by. That had been all.

Now, walking back to camp in moonlight from another day's outsmarting by the Crown Prince, Jan kept speculating. Nyoka's threat was strangely specific, describing the "affliction" with a precision that witch doctors usually avoided. And his reputation for sorcery terrorized the tribe. The walk was flanked with sounds of the African night—hyenas, jackals, lions and chorusing insects, even frogs when they passed the water hole.



"Look, this is pretty confidential, if you don't mind."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The words that passed with Barton were in humor, to ease the tired, stumbling way on the path strewn with elephant droppings. Separate thoughts came together in camp, after dinner, in the glow of the fire near Barton's tent.

"You know Nyoka? An old hunting pal?" asked Barton.

"Everybody knows him," said Jan, siding the humor. "The district commissioner's been trying to nail him for years. You saw the charms around his neck—the tip of buffalo horn, the human thumbnail, the tanned colobus ear? Each marks the death of someone he didn't like. That long piece of brass, like a pencil, hammered from a four-seventy cartridge case, stands for a British game ranger. He died as Nyoka predicted, of snake bite, during the month Nyoka named. And you've heard of ritual murder? It's Nyoka's specialty."

"Why isn't he locked up or dead?"

"Easier said than done. Remember the local Pax Britannica. No more handling such things with a bullet. My mother's people brought law and order. The law is British, not tribal, in the higher courts. You have to have evidence and witnesses. Against Nyoka you get neither. No native will testify; no white man sees. When there's a fresh murder and Nyoka's hauled in, he whispers around that he's going to hypnotize the judge. He cows the witnesses, gets off for lack of evidence—which the locals can't understand—and then they are sure he has supernatural power. He was caught with a supply of baboon poison last year, after two men he hated had died suddenly. The medical officer found poison in the bodies, but witnesses clammed and the court let him off. Now they swear his magic works against everybody, including the D.C. and any magistrate, judge or *Liwali*. In East Africa witch doctors are a common pest, but he's the worst—Nyoka Mkono Moja, the one-armed snake."

Barton was grinning. Jan looked inquiringly. "Why the gaiety, *bwana?*"

"I was just thinking. What a lad in my personnel office would say about British law in tribal Africa. He's a sociologist, Ph.D. Very learned."

"What would he say?"

"Oh, he'd call it 'the arrogant misapplication of Western legalistic forms. The ethnocentric misconception that Western institutions are applicable to primitive pagan cultures.'"

"So would the government anthropologists here," said Jan, easing into the humor Barton intended. "With words just as big. But it's not that simple; in the old tribal setup Nyoka would be even bigger. He's a man by any standards, and he loves power. But in the old days he could have been put away. My father's people—*Voortrekkers*—were not like the British. My grandfather would have shot Nyoka on the trail or had him speared so the elephant wouldn't frighten."

"But you're worried."

"No. There's no Mau Mau here. The natives are loyal. Nyoka couldn't set them against us. He has to do his own dirty work. What bothers me are the gory details—the face turning black and the fingers falling off. Most witch doctors promise something vague, like 'sickness' or 'trouble.'"

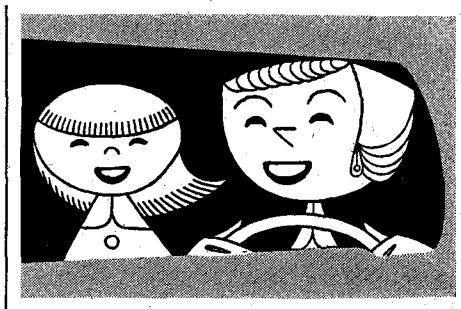
"Didn't he say a snake would bite the game ranger during a certain month?"

"Yes, but that's a common death for a ranger. And he didn't say what kind of snake or just where it would bite."

"Would he poison us?"

"Sure, but don't worry. No one but the cook gets near the food, night or day. No one enters this camp unseen."

"Could he plant a snake on the trail? Is there a species that makes your face go black?"



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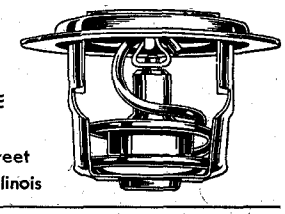

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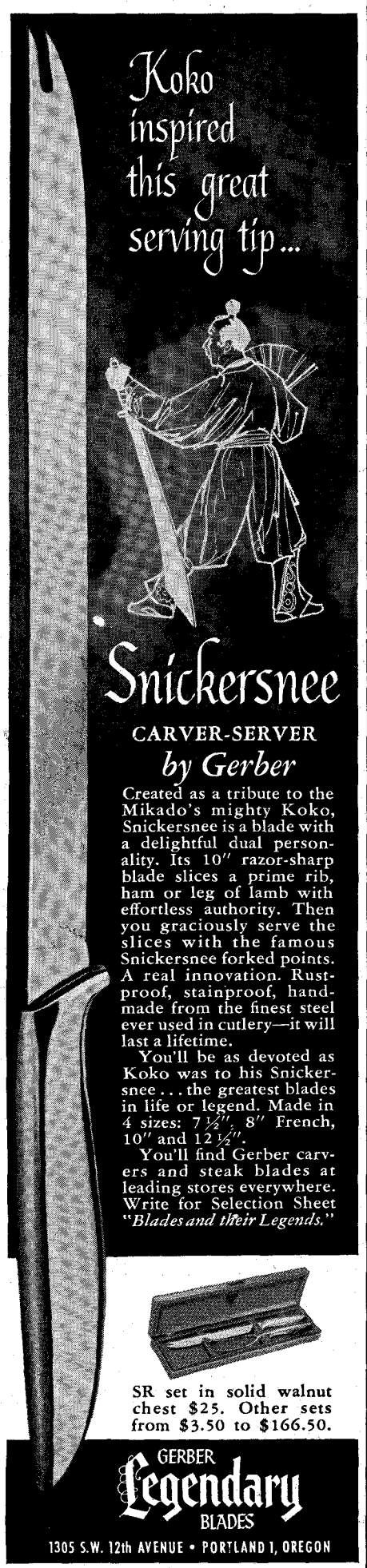
"Sometimes a mamba. But your fingers don't fall off."

Barton lifted a hand to his face, palm out. Jan rose from his camp chair, stretched and spoke through his own extended yawn, "Let's sleep on these thoughts. Tomorrow we hit the trail with light kit and our usual iron determination."

Inside their mosquito nets, before falling into slumber made sound by a twenty-mile walk, they heard the steppe winds stirring. Jan's last thought was that Barton was a good client.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The next morning the hunt resumed a pattern that would have been monotonous to most hunters: Long walks while the heat waves shimmered, making every outcrop, every fallen euphorbia, seem an elephant in the distant mirage. Days traversing the scattered hills, climbing the rises of elephant stairs through hillside forest. Afternoons on rocky heights, commanding miles of bush with binocular and telescope. To Jan and Barton the hours were seductive, even with the discomfort, the frustration and the omen of the witch doctor's footprints. The distinctive buffalo-hide sandals dogged their trail, persistently present when they backtracked the day's route.

They saw many elephants, first in excitement, then in repeated disappointment. Barton rejected two with tusks over a hundred pounds. Twelve days and only two shots, for an eland and a hartebeest for camp meat, well off the elephant's cycle of movement. An ideal safari, Jan thought, despite the evasions of the trophy. But the riddle of the threat and of Nyoka's nearness added a strange tension.

Locating the elephant's cycle was the important thing. Irregularity of habit marked this trophy, and gave his curved ivory a century to grow. But all mammals have some pattern of habit; all do something by repetition. In time they saw he was now cruising in one locale, roaming an area some thirty miles square, bounded by the river, the road and two ranges of hills.

Yet they never saw him. He caught their scent where cover was open, and harbored in the thickest brush. On the thirteenth day, after he had foiled a patient approach and escaped again, Jan turned and backtracked angrily, thinking the elephant had been deliberately frightened away. This one time the trail was clear of footprints, and they saw Nyoka later at the edge of their camp, sardonically viewing the return of the tired spooring team.

On the trail this team was unobtrusive. The natives who saw it—several Wanderobo honey gatherers—did not recognize it. The big safaris hunted from cars, and shot dozens of animals in a week. This seemed like a game ranger or a Boer farmer poaching. But Jan knew the team was skillful. Mando, with wiry legs and the bent shoulders, usually walked in front. He scanned the ground from his toes to thirty yards ahead. The downward glance caught the imprinted spoor; the look ahead aligned the irregular files of grass blades, whose graduated slant hinted when the elephant had passed. Sometimes he would stoop and squint to appraise some detail, but this was seldom. Mostly he kept a confident infantry pace, leading the two white men after one elephant through the confused spoor of a dozen. Very rarely he would halt, mark the break with a spear or a cloth, and search for the lost trace. His hanging shoulders were strangely proud. And he could look at Nyoka's sandal prints without rolling his eyes in fear.

Barton walked behind Mando. It placed him for a hurried shot and let him set the pace. Barton carried his own rifle, disliking the artificiality of a gun bearer and feeling able to hold the light .375 and walk well enough. He was the only client Jan would trust in front of him or with this light caliber on elephant. Jan followed, his greater height enabling him to see beyond Barton and Mando. At a distance they were trailed by a single trusted porter, carrying the lunch bag, an ax and wool jackets for an unexpected night out. When Nyoka's sandal prints marked the trail, the two white men merely shrugged and grinned. But Jan's eyes inadvertently moved sidewise, and Barton dreamed two nights that his left hand went numb with leprosy.

Barton knew he slowed the party down. His noonday halt was taken at a critical hour when a normal elephant would harbor and rest. On the fifteenth day, when they were close to the trophy, he especially resented his tiredness. But he leaned back against the roots of a huge baobab tree and let the hot sugared tea dim his fatigue. Then he took his glasses from the heap of kit beside him—rifle, lunch bag and canteen—and moved to the other side of the twenty-foot tree trunk, facing the hill. Mando and the porter, with their fine aboriginal eyesight, had climbed the hill with Jan to spot for elephant.

Barton stood on a large root, focused the glasses at infinity and pointed them at the rocky hilltop. The magnified figures of Jan and Mando were stepping off the pinnacle, where the porter still remained, to hurry downhill. They reached the tree, trotting in the heat, in about ten minutes.

"We've spotted the Crown Prince," Jan said, breathing hard.

Barton started around the baobab to his rifle. On the way he came face to face with Nyoka, who leaned against the tree, his spear held upright in his good hand. Barton shoved past and lifted his rifle off the lunch bag. It lay at a different angle; the bag had been moved. With Jan looking on, he picked up the lunch bag, turned and spilled it at the witch doctor's feet.

"Here," he said in pidgin Swahili, "have some food with your poison in it."

Nyoka started to speak. Jan waved him silent and turned to Mando.

"Mando, lead Bwana Barton to the Crown Prince. The wind is good. The elephant is full and sleepy. Be quiet and careful."

Then he spoke to Barton, who was opening the rifle bolt slightly, to check the base of a chambered cartridge. "Fred, I'm going up the hill, to keep an eye on the Crown Prince. Look up with your glasses; I'll signal where he moves. I'll take this damned witch doctor with me, so he won't spook the Prince. Watch the wind. Give him a magazineful if you take a heart shot. The brain is best on an elephant this big." He beckoned Nyoka with the barrels of his rifle and they moved up the hillside.

Barton closed the bolt, set the safety and followed in Mando's silent footsteps. The hunt became a divided, contrapuntal effort. Barton and Mando threaded through the orchard bush on level ground. Jan's keen eyes, unobstructed by the acacias and anthills, would keep them moving toward the trophy.

On reaching the crest, Jan sent the porter back to the tree. Nyoka sat on a rock near Jan. Far below, Jan saw the elephant still resting, with the diminutive pair of hunters narrowing the distance. As the hunters passed an opening in the bush, Jan would wave, the glint of Barton's binocular lenses replying. Barton would lift his rifle, acknowledging Jan's arm wave and the repeated arm thrusts that signaled the direction and the remaining distance to the trophy. Six thrusts for three hundred yards, four for two hundred, then two for a scant hundred.

The Crown Prince was in the shade of a large acacia, his towering form weaving, his giant ears sweeping drowsily, foiling insects as he slept standing up. The tips of his tremendous ivory dipped, touching the ground. Now Jan saw the tiny figure of Barton crouch and huddle briefly with Mando. They had heard the belly rumbling and would commence the final stalk.

Jan glanced sideward at Nyoka, and their eyes entangled, charging the air. The witch doctor was almost smiling, and Jan read in his face that he did not expect the elephant to die.

"No, *bwana*," said Nyoka, answering Jan's silence. "The elephant will not die. And the terrible illness will strike the older *bwana* when he tries to kill the elephant."

Below, Barton's pulse beat doubled. Through the sun-mottled bush he saw a patch of wrinkled gray skin and the yellow base of a huge tusk. Quietly he released the safety on his rifle. Breathing cautiously, constantly testing the wind, he peered over Mando's shoulder. The shirt was torn and the shoulder was moist with sweat. As they moved around an anthill with reptilian stealth, it reflected a lot of sunlight.

An elephant has ordinary hearing and cannot see a man standing at sixty or moving slowly at a hundred yards. But this was a special elephant, and the glint of a bright rifle barrel or a sweaty shoulder could be risky. They were close, but not positioned for a brain shot. Mando dusted the air with his ash bag, watching the wisps curve sideward. He moved one finger, expressing a plan, Barton nodded. They began a crucial movement across wind, toward a point opposite the elephant's left ear hole. The rifle was half raised for the merciful, purist brain shot. The excitement seemed laced with mystery, as though the spirit of Nyoka's grandfather were really there.

Back on the hilltop, looking at Nyoka's face, the necklace, the scarred hand, Jan felt a sharp stab of truth. It made his chest pound and his forehead go wet. He pointed to the necklace.

"Where is the rod?" he said. "Where is the damned brass rod!"

The witch doctor glared back. "The rod, derived from the death of a white man, has been sacrificed."

Jan lifted his rifle and curled his finger against the front trigger. No one could blame him for killing this man.

Below, Barton and Mando crouched, waiting for the breeze to veer. Scant yards away, the flanks of the Crown Prince heaved regularly in undisturbed repose. The great ears still waved, undulating in the bullet's path to the brain. The heart shot would be simple, but Barton had never let an elephant die slowly. The only right trophy was an old bull with ancient ivory and the cruel death of nature near; the only right shot was the brain shot. It felled them with no visible pain.

A dust devil had whirled a hundred yards behind, affecting wind. They eased on to thirty yards, abreast of the elephant's ear. In the gleam of the huge, sweeping ivory, at the crux of a three months' hunt and an elephant's lifetime, Barton inched (*Continued on Page 96*)

Carlsbad Caverns

(New Mexico)

By S. Omar Barker

Ignore the watchful sun awhile.
Go deep to walk a crystal aisle,
Cool as the grave, yet fair to see
As any temple's symmetry,
And in a palace jeweled high,
Forget that earth is slave to sky!

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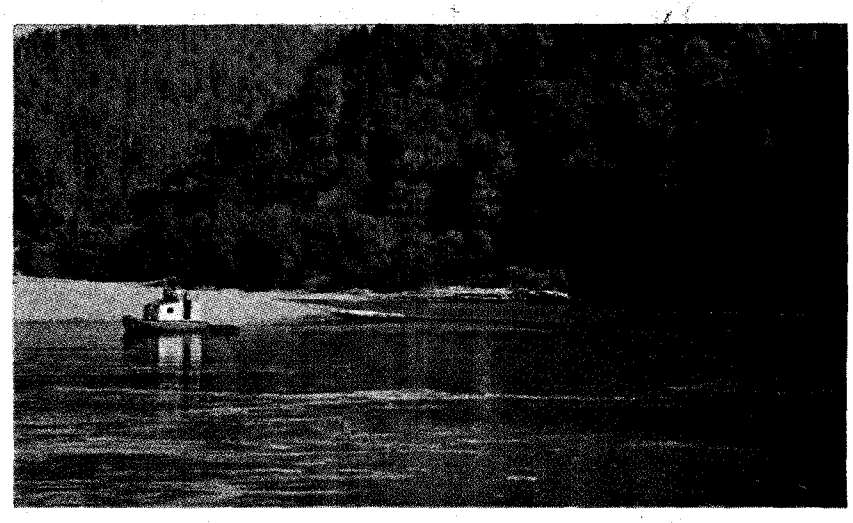

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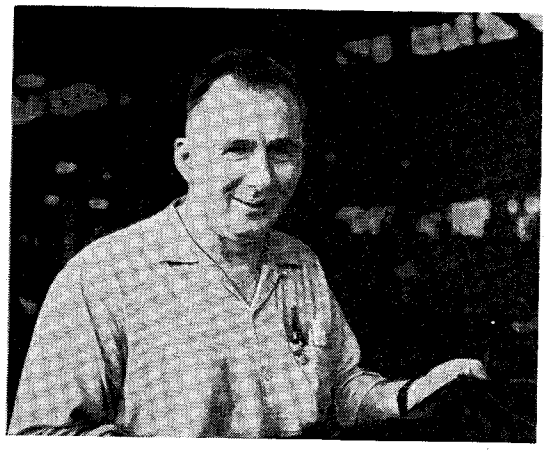
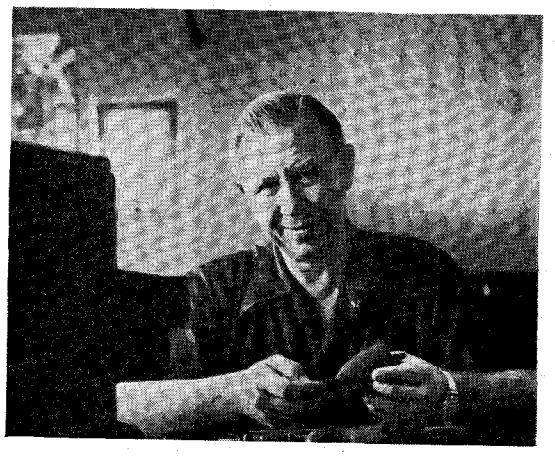
SONS OF YALE—Little League team, sponsored by Yale Rubber Manufacturing Company—supplier of rubber parts to General Motors—is made up of Yale workers' sons, managed by Yale man James Hiner.

SOMETIME WELDER Lee Handley, regularly a Yale inspector, became a welder to help build plant where he now works.



SOMETIME STEELWORKER Louis Grimes now bosses Yale pressroom—was in charge of all steel erection for new plant.



SOMETIME MASON Cam Polley headed masonry work for new plant—here Yale's chief inspector checks Pontiac front-axle bumpers.

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How some Sandusky citizens helped their town and General Motors, too

MAYBE it's happened in your town—it's happened in hundreds of hamlets, villages, towns and cities all over the country.

Industry comes to town. With it come new jobs for the home folks. The cash they earn spreads around. And soon most everyone shares in the new prosperity the new industry has brought to town.

At least that's what happened in Sandusky, Michigan, soon after the Yale Rubber Manufacturing Company arrived back in 1949.

And that's why the whole town rallied round three years later when the plant caught fire—and burned to the ground.

Helping Yale

THE FIRE was still raging when phone calls started pouring in to Yale President Eldon Henderson. A half-dozen local leaders offered to bankroll a new plant—the town itself offered $20,000.

Cash wasn't needed—equipment and buildings were—but not for long.

While the ashes were still hot, bulldozers showed up to pile rubble. Farm trucks appeared to cart it away. Offers of office space in stores—warehouse space in barns—poured in. Later, when Yale tried to pay, there were almost no bills, just good wishes.

And as soon as plans for the new factory were completed, the rubber workers became steelworkers, bricklayers, riveters, carpenters—literally built, with their own hands, the new factory they work in today.

Helping General Motors

IN HELPING Yale Rubber bounce back, the good citizens of Sandusky were helping maintain the prosperity that came to town with Yale.

And, though Sanduskyites didn't know it, they were also helping GM.

Because Yale Rubber was—and still is—an important supplier to General Motors. In fact, General Motors purchases were one reason for Yale's success—and Sandusky's prosperity.

For during ten years of teamwork, Yale and GM's Pontiac Division have licked a lot of problems in making butyl rubber parts—Yale and GM's Saginaw Steering Gear Division have engineered product improvements by bonding rubber to metal.

As a result a lot of large and small companies have become Yale customers—including GM Divisions like Chevrolet, Cadillac, Buick and Detroit Diesel.

Today, Yale Rubber is a substantial part of the Sandusky landscape. On its payroll are 500 townsfolk making over 4,000 different parts for better than 600 customers. That includes over 250 different parts for seventeen GM Divisions. And its sales to GM are measured in the millions.

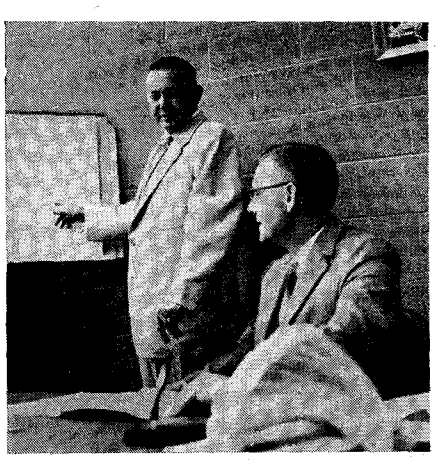
What has happened in Sandusky, Michigan, is typical of what has happened in hundreds of towns and cities all over the United States. Local manufacturers have found that, if they meet delivery dates with quality products that GM needs, at competitive prices, GM is interested in doing business with them. New business has flowed into their communities—and as a result, these communities in every state share in GM's success.

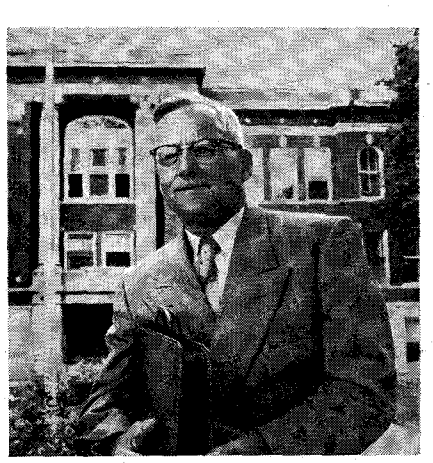
How much they share is shown by the fact that outside suppliers of materials and services receive, in total, close to 50¢ of every dollar that GM takes in from the sale of its products.

Michigan Small Business and General Motors

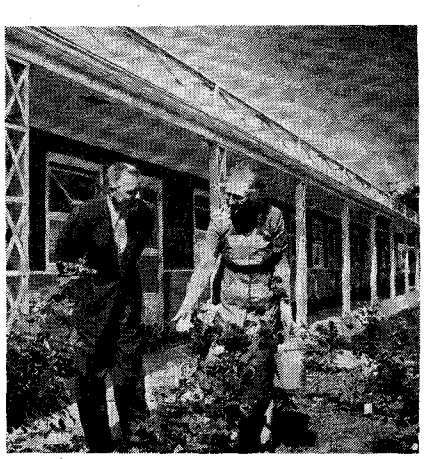
Of the 26,000 business firms from coast to coast supplying GM Divisions with goods and services—more than 6,000 are in GM's home state of Michigan. Of these, more than 4,500 are small firms—employing less than 100 persons—which, in total, have received as much as 350 million dollars in a year from General Motors.

GENERAL MOTORS—*Good People to Work for—Good People to Deal with*





CIVIC-MINDED CITIZENS—Many Yale workers are active in Sandusky affairs. (l.) Yale Treasurer Russell Henderson (seated), who is City Council President, discusses civic matters with Mayor Orval Finkbeiner. (r.) Stock cutter Jay Black is Sandusky's Health Supervisor.



SPREADING PROSPERITY—Purchases by Yale workers like Mildred Labor and Margaret McWilliams boost supermarket sales. New motel run by Mrs. O. J. Campbell houses many Yale visitors who get reservations through Yale man C. A. Nelson.

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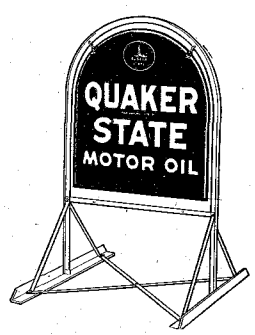

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORP., OIL CITY, PA.
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(*Continued from Page 92*) the rifle upward. He sighted through the telescope, where the ear no longer blocked the bullet's way. He put the sighting post low on the wrinkled declivity, where a thin foot of cellular skull defended the brain, and began to press the trigger.

Then a rifle cracked twice, sharp, on Jan's hilltop. Barton hesitated. The Crown Prince reared his head, bringing the rifle out of aim, then moved quickly away. Barton re-aimed for the heart, then at the spine for a nerve-center shot, but controlled himself and did not fire. The thick bush closed behind the mammoth bulk, muffling the crash of his escape.

Barton looked up at the rock pinnacle, bewildered. Jan and Nyoka were not visible. Jan would have fired the shots only to save human life. Maybe Nyoka had gone at him with a spear—but that would explain only one shot. Resetting the safety, Barton's hands shook. He motioned to Mando, and they turned back toward the large baobab, thinking of an angry leopard with kittens, or a lioness with cubs, or a mamba striking at Jan.

But near the base they saw Jan, his face angry-pale, prodding Nyoka toward them with his rifle.

Barton sagged with relief. "Good to see you alive," he said. "I thought you shot Nyoka."

"I did—almost. I'm sorry I had to shoot," said Jan. Then he reached his free hand toward Barton and spoke alternately in English and Swahili, "Give me your rifle. Take mine. If this hyena runs, shoot him. . . . Mando, run to the village. Get Nyoka's six elders. Tell the driver to meet us at Pyramid Hill with the hunting car, and we'll all have a ride to district headquarters. . . . Now let's walk, Fred. We've missed the Prince, but we've got a trophy."

Jan's paleness subsided and he began to smile. Obviously he did not want to explain, even in English, with the witch doctor listening. During the walk and the dusty ride, while Barton's curiosity seethed, Jan was grateful for the disciplined silence.

The district *boma* was sturdily built, a residue of the German East African empire. Jan parked the safari car, crowded behind with the elders, and trotted upstairs to the district commissioner's office. Barton and the tracker remained seated. Jan came back with the D.C. himself, a thin, efficient-looking Britisher in khaki shorts and a white shirt, typical of the Tanganyika administration. An African police constable, wearing a starched bush jacket, followed behind.

The D.C. strode to the car, speaking to the elders in a whiplike voice. "Go now with the police officer, and answer his questions truthfully." The elders tumbled out over the tailgate, their polished canes and wildebeest-tail fly whisks salvaging small dignity. The D.C. nodded to Jan, who picked Barton's rifle from the car rack and told Nyoka to get out. Nyoka followed a few paces to a place where two saplings grew together, facing the Kondoa River. A small crowd of *boma* clerks and loiterers was gathering nearby. Placing the rifle barrel between the two trees, so the firer could not swing it around, Jan spoke to Nyoka in a voice for all to hear:

"Here, sorcerer, some rifle practice. Shoot this *banduki* into the river, at one of your brother crocodiles."

Nyoka glared back, like a lion being driven off its kill. "No. You cannot make me do this. The law does not allow."

Jan grabbed the witch doctor's arm. "Here, Nyoka," he repeated, "show your skill. Aim and press the trigger."

"No. No." Nyoka quailed, his dignity ebbing.

Jan let go the arm to grab the necklace. He tore it loose, handed it to the D.C., and looked back at Nyoka with the eyes of a buffalo ready to charge.

"Where is the brass rod?" Jan shouted. "The one that boasted the ranger's death. You wore it three years on this empty knot. You said it had been sacrificed. Where is it?"

Nyoka looked tired and old. He scanned the crowd, and saw they no longer cowered under his eyes. Two village headmen even looked on curiously, their eyes against him. Barton, knowing at last, sat in the car and wiped his forehead.

"Look," said Jan, lifting the rifle for all to see. He opened and drew back the bolt slowly. The cartridge extracted stickily, its nose drawing strands of resinous material from the chamber. When it struck the ejector it fell to the ground, with sticky strands still clinging. Jan pressed the release, removed the bolt from the receiver, and tapped the rifle butt gently against the ground. Out came the long, heavy brass rod, pushing more of the resinous stuff before it. Jan picked up the rod and cartridge, keeping his fingers clear of the substance, and turned to the district commissioner.

"Here you are. Exhibits in a trial for attempted murder. See," Jan continued, waving the objects high, "this morning the rifle was clean. This afternoon Nyoka secretly put the rod in the barrel, with a wad of arrow poison on the end. He knew it would blow up when fired. The barrel would split and tear Bwana Barton's hand; the breech would give way and put out his eyes. The arrow poison would vaporize into the wounds. Nyoka planned it. Fifteen days ago he threatened that one of us would lose his eyes and the fingers of one hand. He said it was the curse of his grandfather's spirit."

Jan spat, brandishing the rifle. "Here you see whose curse it really was. Nyoka knew his false magic would work. Six years ago he lost his own fingers with an overcharged muzzle-loader. Other guns have blown up in the villages, have they not?"

Obviously they had. The crowd broke into a babble of accusations. The six elders, whose testimony had been written and thumbprinted, came back with the constable and joined the angry hubbub. One said that three muzzle-loading guns had exploded. The hunters in his village now thought their guns bewitched and used arrows and snares. Another spoke of the baboon poison and the unsolved deaths of Nyoka's enemies. A decade of accidents and disease was openly blamed on the witch doctor.

Nyoka's eyes slowly traced the rim of onlookers, seeing no fear, not even in the face of a street sweeper. The last light faded in his eyes as the handcuffs embraced his wrists. Barton sat in the car and lifted his left hand, moving the fingers. The crowd moved away, following the constable and Nyoka to the prison gate.

Driving toward camp along the Great North Road, with the dust red behind and the sunset glowing over the Congo, Barton looked out over the Masai Steppe, where the Crown Prince enjoyed his vast privacy. The wilderness peace of the trip and the search for the Crown Prince had been big. Ridding a tribe of a minuscule Mr. Hitler made it bigger. The death of the elephant now would be an anti-climax. Better to go south for greater kudu. Or north for forest bongo. Jan halted the car and leaned over the wheel, watching the sunset. The two men counted heartbeats while the disk eased its crimson diameter beneath the horizon.

THE END

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I'm a Football Mother (Continued from Page 35)

center at O.U. in 1954, he won the Philadelphia Sportswriters Association award as Lineman of the Year, and finished second in the voting for the Heisman Memorial Trophy, which probably is the greatest individual award in college football. Kurt came closer to winning the trophy than any guard, center or tackle in history.

Kurt's college degree was in geology. He was working for an Oklahoma mud-processing company until a few months ago, when he decided to go back into professional football with the Edmonton Eskimos in Canada.

My fourth son, Robert, is six feet tall. He is hard-muscled and lean, weighing about 190. His face is smaller, more sharply chiseled than the faces of my older boys. He was my first ball carrier. Bobby was only twenty years old when he played halfback as a senior on Oklahoma's 1955 national-championship team. He won an All-American honorable mention.

Some football experts say he'd have done even better if he hadn't been so young. His father insists, "Robert would have made the All-American first team if he'd had his full growth." You see, Robert skipped the fifth grade back in grammar school. My other sons have always teased him about that. They say, "Robert wasn't smart. He just had a woman teacher. Robert always could wrap the women around his finger."

They really know that learning came easy for him. Last year he went back to the university to get a degree in education and to assist with freshman football coaching. In the spring he got a job doing office work at the Oklahoma state capitol. But he still loves football, and late July found him reporting for training with the Green Bay Packers. He was in line to make the team this fall, then decided that he had better pass up pro football to take advantage of a good job opportunity in Oklahoma City.

Then there are my "baby" boys, twins Lyle and Lynn, who now are twenty years old. They're our latest contributions to the varsity football squad at Oklahoma. Lyle is a halfback and Lynn is a center. Both of them got into games as sophomores last year, when Oklahoma took the national championship. Lynn saw enough action to win his letter. In September the twins decided to drop out of football for a year and concentrate on their studies. This took their coaches and all the rest of us by surprise. Their father and older brothers hurried over to Norman to find out what was going on.

The family wound up satisfied. The twins expect to go back to football next year, and think they'll be better players with a year's added growth. They'll still have two years of eligibility left. Their course schedules now call for them to graduate after the 1959 season.

I think you'll be hearing more of each boy before his O.U. career is through. They're not identical twins. Lynn is dark and barrel-chested like his father, while Lyle is as blond as the sun shining on a haystack. The older boys all had brown hair.

Lynn was five-eleven and weighed 180 last year. This year he's two inches taller and twenty pounds heavier. When he gets down to snap the ball at center, he looks the very image of his big brother Kurt.

Lyle is lighter than Lynn, with a tightly knit body like Robert's. During his senior year in high school he averaged better than nine yards as a ball carrier. At Oklahoma last season he played at only 165 pounds, but he grew three inches during the summer, and he's still growing.

I'm convinced that one reason the children have grown so strong and healthy is the farm. We live in a one-story white frame house across a sandy dirt road from the rear of the county fairgrounds, on the edge of Muskogee, Oklahoma. Our farm stretches over the rich flat earth behind the east of the house. We farm eighty acres here, and 480 more in Wagoner County, Oklahoma.

Paul and I moved to Muskogee from Nowata, Oklahoma, in 1932. He had been a sawmill operator. We went to a farm because we thought that even in a depression we could raise enough food for our already growing family. My son Kurt once told a reporter, "With thirteen people to feed, we just couldn't afford to live in town. It took four fresh cows just to furnish enough milk."

The children helped with the farm- and housework. My oldest girl, Martha, was as much a mother to the little ones as I was. The girls helped me bake three times a week, and can 600 to 1000 quarts of fruits and vegetables every year. The boys cut, baled and put up the hay. They gathered corn and picked cotton.

Long before most farmers ever heard of modern soil conservation, my husband tried planting sorghum to enrich the soil. When it grew amazingly thick and heavy,

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MILDRED SILVER

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he didn't have the mechanical equipment to handle it. But we had the boys, and somehow they got it cut. The children grew up on sorghum molasses.

Their father swears that this home-grown molasses is foolproof for the raising of football stars. With the children and their school friends at our dinner table, Paul would watch the sorghum pitcher pass from one hand to another. When a boy tried to let it go by him, Paul would point his fork at him. "You take some of that, boy. Make you grow."

There was always food on the table, but sometimes we didn't have much else. Not long ago a reporter asked me, "Would you let me see the tackling dummy your All-Americans used? It ought to be plenty beat up."

I had to laugh, remembering that during the lean years we did well to finance a Christmas football for our sons. "They just practiced on each other," I said.

Summers, the boys from town came out to help on the farm. They slept in the barn loft, where the hay was fresh and soft and sweet-smelling.

One day all the boys went swimming in a neighbor's stock pond. They were trespassing. Paul and I didn't know they'd left the farmwork to go for a swim, but we heard about it later.

The boys rummaged a pile of our neighbor's lumber, picking out likely pieces for a raft. They had managed to haul a good portion of the lumber to the pond when the neighbor caught them. He told them to put all the lumber back.

Our son Kurt was about fourteen then. He saw another boy, who was about thirteen and a stranger to him, pick up a railroad tie, shoulder it and saunter easily back to the woodpile with it. He wasn't even straining.

Someone told Kurt that this was a new boy who'd just moved to Muskogee. Kurt immediately invited the newcomer to try out for the football team. The rugged little stranger dug his bare toe in the ground and blushed. "Aw, you fellers wouldn't want me," he said.

This turned out to be Bo Bolinger, who came to mean as much to us as if he were our own son. He was Oklahoma's All-American guard in 1955. Bo is coaching high-school football now in Miami, Oklahoma.

Kurt's classmate and best friend at O.U. was Max Boydston, a 1954 All-American end. Max also is like a member of our family. After he graduated, he played professional football for the Chicago Cardinals, and last year he married the 1955 Maid of Cotton, De Lois Faulkner. Max is back with the Cardinals this year after serving in the Army.

Another Oklahoma star we think of as one of "our boys" is Eddie Crowder, now an assistant coach under Bud Wilkinson. Eddie was one of the leading All-American candidates at quarterback in 1952.

All those years when we were raising football players, I never had a modern house. When I needed hot water, I filled my teakettle from the one cold-water tap at the kitchen sink, and put the kettle on the stove. I scrubbed football jerseys without the help of an automatic washing machine.

We've done all right without these things. It takes something besides material goods to raise good children. With most of the children grown now and financially independent, we have more money for ourselves than we ever had in our lives. A few months ago I got my first hot-water heater. I never regretted having to wait for it.

My boys and their friends ate well at our house. During football season I couldn't serve them pastries or rich foods, and the coach told me my soups were too rich for a training diet. So I used to bring canned vegetable soup home by the case. And I served them plenty of chicken or steak, along with salads, home-canned vegetables and fruits and home-baked bread with sorghum.

This kind of eating helped our boys to become husky enough to win football scholarships at O.U. Some people want to abolish football scholarships. I don't believe they really understand what a football scholarship means. Each of my All-Americans got his tuition, room, board and fifteen dollars a month. That fifteen dollars didn't even pay his laundry bill. We sent each of our college boys some money every month, because we knew they needed it. We had to cut our budget close. Without football scholarships, I doubt if all my sons would have made it through college.

I have overheard people saying, "Those football players get rich. All the best players get new cars. When one of them crosses the goal line, some oil-millionaire alumnus reaches in his pocket and digs out a hundred-dollar bill for him."

If that's true, my boys failed to get in line for the handouts. Robert made eleven touchdowns in 1955, and never saw a hundred-dollar bill. As for a new car, or even an old one, the very thought is ridiculous. You should see the Burris-family automobile. It's one of the low-priced ones, and more than a couple of years old. It was paid for with money we made here on the farm.

That's how things should be. My boys were never bribed to win. They won because they loved the game and the feeling of giving their best.

Many times one of my little boys has come home from school in tears, moaning

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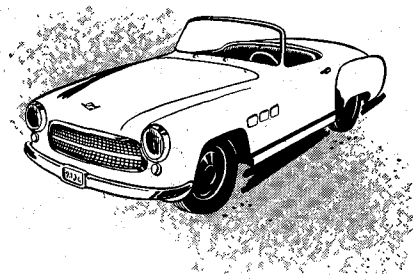

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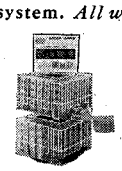

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as if his heart were breaking. Maybe the coach had told him that he wasn't trying hard enough, or that he wasn't as sensational as he thought he was. There'd be some punishment, like benching him at the next game.

I'd get so angry that I'd make up a long speech to deliver to that coach on the phone the next day. By morning I'd have all the things I wanted to say down pat. But somehow I never got around to making any phone call to a coach.

After a few days, it would be like sun breaking through the clouds. The boy would come home from practice and talk until he was hoarse, telling me how he found out exactly what the coach wanted him to do, and how the coach was right all the time. This same thing happened over and over.

The Oklahoma coach, Bud Wilkinson, has said that my sons have something in their characters that keeps them from giving up. He says that the more you ask of them, the better they play; the more difficult a situation seems, the higher their spirits rise.

A good example was the Orange Bowl game at Miami on January 2, 1956, when our Robert was playing right halfback for Oklahoma. This game gave me one of my greatest football thrills—and also my worst fright.

It was Maryland 6, Oklahoma 0, at the beginning of the third quarter. Paul and I were sitting on the east side of the stadium, and the sun was hot in our faces. Oklahoma had already tried almost all its new plays, and none of them had worked.

Our boys kicked off. Maryland ran two plays for a first down. The next play gained them five more yards. Then they fumbled and recovered, losing two. They tried to go through right tackle, and lost another yard. So they punted.

Our left halfback, All-American Tommy McDonald, got the ball and raced back thirty-three yards to Maryland's forty-six. Billy Pricer went for five more yards, and on the next play my son shot over the right side for four quick yards.

They were clicking now, breaking faster than I'd ever seen them. We were all standing up, excited by the speed. They huddled, ran to the line and snapped the ball so fast I could hardly catch my breath. Robert carried again, and this time he got nine yards on the same side. Then Tommy McDonald got three more.

Robert looked as fresh and spirited as if he hadn't even played that discouraging first half. On the next play, he caught Jimmy Harris' pass and got the ball down to Maryland's seven-yard line. Coach Wilkinson said later that he thought that pass was the turning point in the game. Two plays later, we had our first touchdown. Oklahoma was on its way to a 20–6 victory.

I couldn't enjoy the last part of the game, though, because of something that happened early in the fourth quarter. From the Oklahoma goal line, Jimmy Harris threw a forward pass. The teams were on the other side of the field, directly between me and the late-afternoon sun. I squinted and shaded my eyes, but I couldn't follow the action. Then I saw that a player was down, and I tried to make out who it was. Everyone had jumped up, and the sun was blinding. Someone said, "It's Burris."

I turned around to Paul, and he was gone from the seat. With his field glasses, he had seen Robert pluck that pass from the air, high above his head. As our boy was coming down from his jump, a Maryland tackler had hit him. Instantly, Robert had dropped the ball and doubled up on the turf with his hands clutching his face.

This was the first time Paul had ever left the grandstand. Usually, when a player doesn't get right up from a pile-up, it means he has had the breath knocked out of him. If a boy is well trained and coached, it isn't serious. When our sons began playing football, I used to poke Paul in the ribs and tell him to run out there every time we went to a game and saw one of our boys downed for a minute or two. I discovered long ago that Paul would not move from his seat for such minor injuries.

So when I saw my husband racing toward the Orange Bowl field as fast as he could move that big body of his, I began to shiver despite the heat. I stood up and made my way toward the ramp. I felt nauseated and dizzy. By the time I got to the dressing-room door, Paul and Robert were already inside. I couldn't go in, and I couldn't learn how badly my boy was hurt.

I went to the top of the stadium and let the wind blow on my face. I don't remember much about the rest of the game. Just before it ended, I saw Robert being helped to the Oklahoma bench. Both Paul and Kurt were with him. I rushed down to the field.

It had been a freak accident. Robert had put all his strength into that jump for the pass. He had come down with all his 190 pounds on one leg, and slightly off balance. In that fraction of a second, the tackler had hit the knee that was holding all his weight. Ligaments and cartilage were ripped. The injury was serious, but far from permanent. Robert's knee is completely healed now.

Right after the game the Maryland player who had tackled Robert rushed over to the Oklahoma bench and shook Robert's hand. This young man, Phil Perlo, must have been feeling great personal disappointment about losing that important game, and the injury to Robert had been unintentional. Yet Perlo came over to tell my boy that he was sorry about the injury. This is the kind of sportsmanship and character training that football can instill in young men.

In our family, most of the accidents our children have had came when they were playing or working on the farm. So I can't sympathize with the mothers who wail, "Not football! Not my little son!"

They really believe that a boy is in mortal danger on the football field. With modern equipment and medical checkups, and all the precautions that are taken today, I feel that a boy is much safer in a football game than in other places he might go to seek excitement and adventure. My boys had football, so they never looked for thrills in hot-rod races or gang fights or narcotics.

I know some mothers who won't go to watch their sons play football. They say they'd rather listen to the game on the radio, or see it on television, or hear about it later. I'm not that way. If I can't be at a game, I don't turn the radio on. The announcer might give the wrong name for an injured player, or overemphasize some minor injury. No, I want to be there.

And I've been there. Three football games a weekend has long been standard for Paul and me. We still go to the Muskogee junior-high games, which are played Thursday night. These little boys, just beginning, are fascinating to watch. The high-school boys play on Friday nights. We couldn't miss that either.

When we had boys of our own on the team, we went to the high school's out-of-town games too. Sometimes it would be three A.M. when we got back to Muskogee. We'd literally fall into bed. Then if O. U. was playing a Saturday-afternoon home game, we'd get up early enough to drive to Norman, about 150 miles west of our farm.

After a game in Norman, we have dinner at Jefferson House, the dormitory where our college sons live. Paul would be disappointed if he couldn't play the games over with his boys at the big dormitory table, gesturing with his fork between bites.

Oklahoma's out-of-state games generally are too far away for us to attend, but we always go down to Dallas to see them play Texas in the Cotton Bowl, and we wouldn't miss a New Year's Day bowl game.

My husband must be widely known by now. He has never been turned away from a dressing-room door. When a game is over, he just barrels in to talk to his son, and that's all there is to it. After that 1956 Orange Bowl game, when Robert got hurt, Paul was in the dressing room with the victorious team when he looked up and saw Oklahoma's president, Dr. George Cross, standing just outside the door. The guard had failed to recognize the college president. Paul rushed over and introduced the guard to the mild-mannered, pipe-smoking gentleman who had been too modest to insist on admittance.

But if football overshadows the scholastic side of college on Saturday afternoon, it wears off by Monday morning. My sons studied hard for their degrees, despite what the "de-emphasize football" critics would have you believe about the I.Q.'s of players. Oklahoma's athletes are scholastically and mentally above the university average.

Every year, the American Peoples Encyclopedia names an All-American scholastic team, chosen from those college football players who have the best grades. In 1955 and 1956, Oklahoma had more players on those teams than any other college. My son Kurt once took aptitude examinations for admittance to West Point, and although he later chose not to go there, he rated twenty-seventh among 378 men who were tested.

The textbooks are important, but Paul and I believe that football has been an equally important part of our boys' education for life. We're always glad to see other boys go from Muskogee to play football under Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson. My husband and the Muskogee high-school coach, Paul Young, have introduced a number of prospective players to Coach Wilkinson.

The Muskogee townspeople love football. In 1954 they donated money to a fund to send our championship high-school team to watch Oklahoma play in the Orange Bowl game at Miami. We collected enough money to charter a special bus for that game, and it was such a good idea that we did it again in 1956.

After that '54 game, Kurt and Max Boydston appeared on Ed Sullivan's television show with a telegram of congratulations signed by so many Muskogee citizens that the boys were told it was one of the longest telegrams in Western Union history.

My All-Americans come from a long line of pioneers and athletes. One of Paul's ancestors was Martha Washington. Then he has an athletic brother who's seventy-five years old. We haven't seen him in thirty years, but judging from the letters he writes from Idaho, he's still peppy and full of humor. The last letter he sent us closed with this: "I hear your boys have been playing a little football down there. Well, don't fret. At least the girls turned out all right."

If you came visiting our house, you'd find yourself surrounded by football. Drawers are crammed full of pictures and newspaper clippings. The bedroom walls are draped with Oklahoma pennants. There are various trophies won by our boys.

But their father has to take you into the dining room to show you the trophy that made him proudest of all. He'll open the buffet drawer and take out a tiny box. Inside is a silver cigarette lighter. He'll explain that he doesn't smoke—or drink anything stronger than milk—and neither do his boys. However, that little unused cigarette lighter is Paul's most prized possession, and he keeps it unscratched in its padded box.

It is engraved: PAUL BURRIS. OKLAHOMA UNIVERSITY FATHER OF THE YEAR. DAD'S DAY, 1955.

THE END

"How do you suppose we ever got together in the first place?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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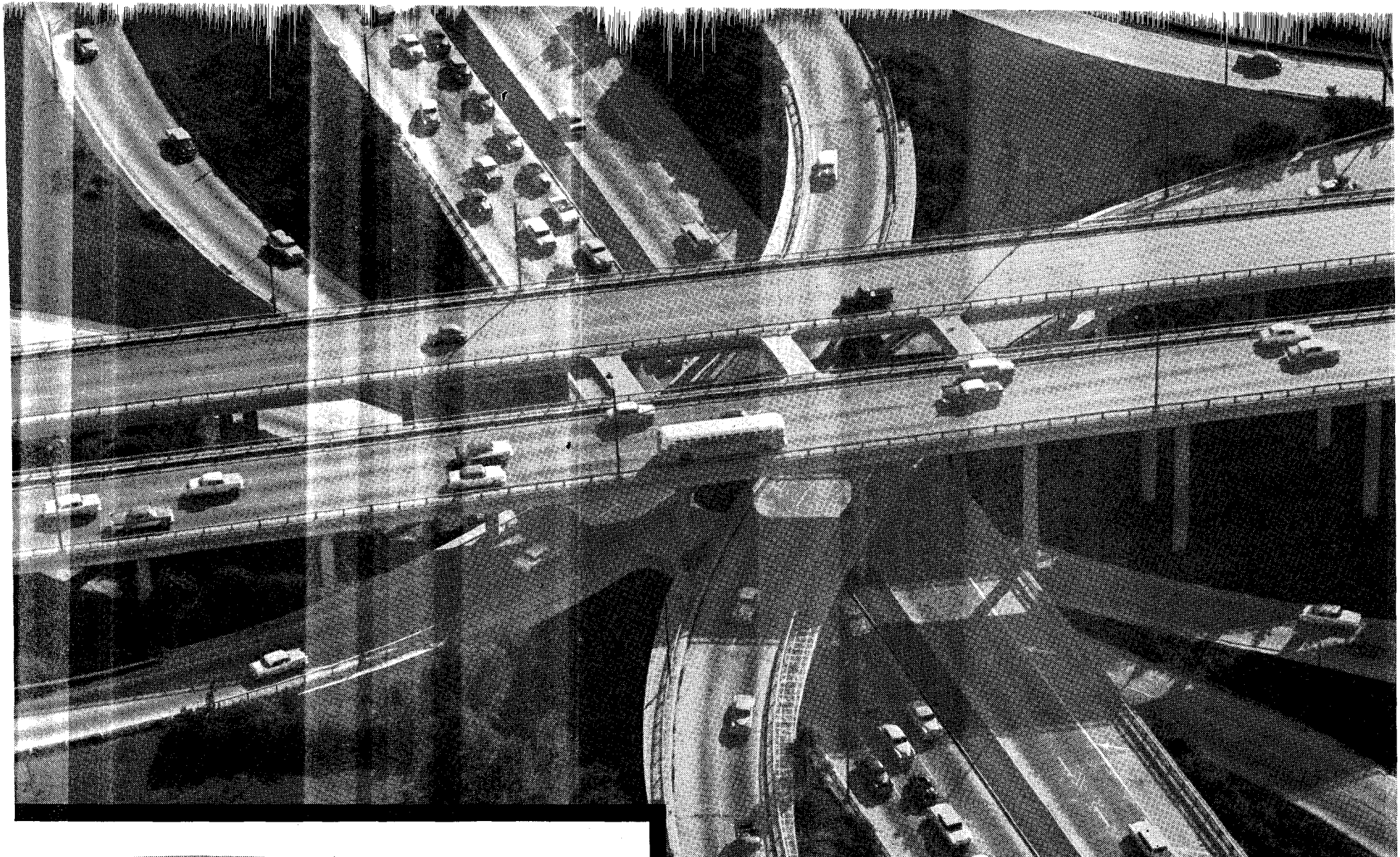

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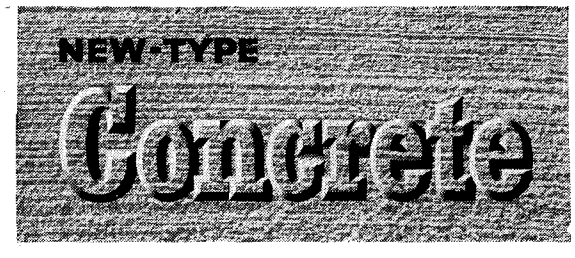

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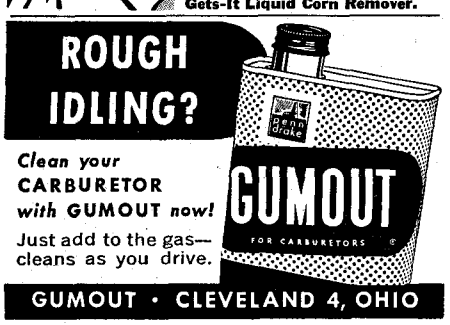
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Golf With No Holds Barred

(Continued from Page 31)

easy to believe that a golfer in his cups might confuse Times Square on New Year's Eve with one of New York's public links. Scattered from the northern edge of the Bronx to the green expanses of Staten Island, they indisputably are the most overburdened golf courses in the world. Last year a staggering total of 653,223 rounds were played on the ten city-owned courses. Over weekends and holidays they are invaded by as many as 10,000 golfers, and sometimes more.

At such times a New York municipal golf course takes on the characteristics of a combined lodge picnic, treasure hunt and street riot. Divots fly like grenades, balls come whizzing from all directions, rebounding off trees, rocks and sometimes heads. Players scream imprecations at one another, threatening violence with clubs and fists, while the park-department rangers dash hither and yon trying desperately to maintain a semblance of order.

All this is enough to strike pure terror into the heart of a golfer accustomed to the peaceful atmosphere of private courses, or even of most public courses. Yet this is the atmosphere in which the New York City municipal-links golfer thrives. For he does not play golf; he wages it. He sees the game as a challenge to all the stamina, fortitude and cunning he has developed in his years of battling his way on and off buses, through rush-hour sidewalk crowds and out of traffic jams. He views the etiquette and rules of golf with the same disdain an alley brawler has for the Marquis of Queensberry code. He is out to conquer one of his favorite foes, a System—in this case, the rules and regulations set up by the park department to control play on the courses.

I have suffered through the weekend ordeal of the New York City golfer more than once, and, being originally from out of town, I still haven't fully hardened myself to it. The first challenge is to get out of bed and head into the predawn chill early enough so that you can reasonably expect to get in eighteen holes before sunset. On a Saturday, Sunday or holiday there are often as many as 200 golfers lined up when the gates open at 5:30 A.M. This means that for those at the end of the line a five- or six-hour wait is in prospect even at this unearthly hour—foursomes tee off at an average of one every seven or eight minutes.

Battlewise New York golfers go to great lengths to win a place well up in the line. A husband and wife I know of get up at three A.M. in order to play golf at Staten Island's La Tourette course. They drive from mid-Manhattan, catch a ferry, eat breakfast near the course and tee off around seven A.M. A foursome nicknamed The Dawn Patrol has performed the superhuman feat of being first in line at the Dyker Beach course in Brooklyn every golfing weekend and holiday for the past five years.

The members of a foursome at the Forest Park course, in Queens, got the bright idea of bringing sleeping bags and staking out their places before midnight. This worked all right until one morning when they overslept. When the gates opened, later arrivals tiptoed around their inert forms, taking great pains not to disturb them. The slumberers finally opened their eyes at eight o'clock and stared in disbelief. The board by the cashier's desk showed that the waiting time had already reached four hours!

Golfers in some neighborhoods used to organize groups whose members took turns rushing over to the golf course—unshaven and wearing their pajamas under their coats—to sign up for their buddies. Finally, when it got to where individuals were acting as proxies for several dozen of their pals, the park department decreed that every man had to show up and sign for himself.

The golfers reacted with typical enterprise. They began pulling ringers off the street as stand-ins for missing foursome members—milkmen, garbage men, men out walking their dogs, drunks on their way home from parties. One man routed his wife and two grammar-school youngsters out of bed and had them sign in with him as a foursome. He thus staked out an earlier starting time than if he had waited for his tardy friends. An even more ingenious fellow brought along four different hats, several sets of glasses and a fake mustache. He signed in for himself and three partners in a series of quick changes, reappearing at the window each time in a different disguise.

Even New York golfers eventually arrive at the point where they have to admit that there is nothing to do but wait. This also is a well-developed art. They bring along books and newspapers. A woman knits golf socks. An artist sits and sketches. Another man gouges away at a wood carving. Some play checkers or chess. Often someone has a guitar or banjo with him, and leads the group in a community sing.

Certain golfers try to cajole the harassed starter into giving their numbers a boost up the waiting list. Their pleas run something like, "My wife's havin' a baby this afternoon. C'mon, give me a break!" Or, "I'm gettin' married this evening, and this will be my last round for mont's!" Or, "My grandmother died, and I'll just be able to get in eighteen before her funeral if I start right now."

Sometimes a man wants his number moved so that he can play with friends or with that nifty babe in the purple shorts. Occasionally bribes are offered to the starters—fifty cents, a dollar, a free lunch. But the starters, on the whole, are incorruptible and unyielding. They have to be, with a hundred or more wild-eyed golfers standing around just waiting for the System man to try to give them a quick shuffle.

Still other golfers come, sign up and then go home while their numbers are slowly working up to the top of the list. They may get in some more sleep, take their families for rides, attend church or go shopping. A man once drove almost seventy miles, to Bridgeport, Connecticut, played eighteen holes there and returned to Brooklyn before the foursome he had originally signed up with had gone more than a few holes.

At the first tee you see an infinite variety of golfing equipment, from hand-tooled leather bags stacked with $300 sets of clubs to tattered canvas sacks of rusting irons and battered woods. You also see a variety of contortions that pass for stances and swings. I have watched golfers grip the club cross-handed or even one-handed. Their feet are sometimes pressed together, sometimes spread as widely as Joe DiMaggio's were at the plate. Heads bob, arms bend, club heads pound into the ground.

One golfer forgot to take the cover off his driver, but hit a fair shot anyway. Another neophyte wasn't so fortunate. He took his covers off, but still required thirty-five strokes to reach the first green. At Forest Park it is an established fact that one out of every four golfers slices at least one ball into the pond bordering the first fairway. New York has its share of good public-links golfers, of course, but negative consistency is the rule rather than the exception.

People who come out by themselves are arbitrarily grouped into foursomes. You may wind up playing with a truck driver, a priest, a banker or all three. You may suffer the male golfer's nightmare—playing with three housewives. You run into all kinds of characters. I have heard about an old fellow who showed up at the first tee wearing a sailor's hat, a blue turtle-neck sweater and long socks pulled over his trousers. He was also said to have had a parrot on his shoulder that kept screaming, "Keep yer eye on the ball! Keep yer eye on the ball! Hit it, you blankety blank! Fore!"

Members of these "blind" foursomes always introduce themselves by their first names. They seldom ask what your last name is, what you do or where you come from. Some of the links enthusiasts are sensitive to prying. A member of one foursome, for example, turned out to be a convict on the lam. He spent three days playing around the course before the cops finally caught up with him.

Despite the prevailing reticence, a bond of silent friendship generally seems to develop among the members of a group venturing out on a strife-torn New York City course. Some of the "regulars" have organized themselves into clubs. On the whole, however, there is little love lost among the players. The average New York golfer feels that nobody loves him. He is painfully aware that his wife thinks he is crazy to spend up to twelve or fourteen hours just for the sake of knocking a little white ball around a field. He knows that his rivals for fairway space would just as soon he dropped dead, and he is convinced that the park-department employees are hoping he will walk into a trap filled with quicksand or topple into a water hole.

Given several hundred armed recreation seekers with this attitude, roaming a limited number of acres, a certain amount of friction is unavoidable. Everybody is intent on getting in eighteen holes in less

Requiem

By Herbert Merrill

Now that you are gone and sorrow
Waits tomorrow and tomorrow
And for all tomorrows after
Empty both of tears and laughter,
I shall move in sightless space,
Void of orbit or of place,
Praying that we somehow might
Find each other in the night.
Now that what is done is done,
Faith shall be my only sun,
God a promise like a star
Rising in the hope that far
From these boundaries of men
We may meet and love again.

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than the customary six hours' time, and the atmosphere begins to crackle when a group finds itself bogged down behind a slower foursome. This can be especially agonizing when the preceding foursome has just wandered in from the nearby picnic grounds, having decided to rent some clubs and see what golf is all about.

Sometimes a ranger, summoned out of desperation by the jammed-up golfers, tactfully suggests that since this is their first time around, the experimenters take four swings and then carry the ball to the green, take four putts and then drop the ball into the hole. Often the excursionists are happy to co-operate, and frequently adopt this system for the rest of their golfing days. When they don't co-operate, New York golfers resort to their favorite technique for prodding slower foursomes—an artillery barrage of golf balls driven into the midst of the dalliers.

The accepted golfing practice, of course, is for a slower foursome to let a faster foursome through. On New York's crowded courses, however, each golfer has endured the tortures of the damned just to get a chance to play, and is therefore downright belligerent about yielding his hard-won place. You ask people if you can play through, and the chances are they will tell you where you can go, but it won't be to the next tee. I have seen every member of a preceding foursome hunting hopelessly lost balls in the woods. Yet when you made a move to play through, they would come dashing out of the underbrush, drop new balls and go off lickety-split ahead of you. Should a foursome by some outside chance yield its place, its members often turn on their tormentors, shell them with golf balls.

So much of this goes on, and so many errant shots come flying from other fairways, that it is a wonder more people are not skulled on New York's courses. Surprisingly few are hit each year, and the victims usually are back in action in a day or two. Actually, more park-department employees than golfers get bopped by flying pellets. This might lead you to suspect that the golfers were aiming at the employees, except that when a New York golfer aims at something he seldom hits it.

However, he is sensitive about being used as a target himself. If your ball drops too close, he dashes toward you waving his club and shouting wildly. It is smart to keep your distance. But occasionally the fellow who hit the ball stands his ground, an argument develops, fists fly and a little riot is under way.

The New York courses seem to run heavily to certain types of pests. One might be called the "lesson giver." He slows up play by taking time to instruct his girl friend or his wife, or even a new acquaintance in his foursome. I remember one who told me, "You got a fine natural swing, but the way you're holdin' the club, you're sure to slice." He obligingly turned my hands for me. I sliced. Then he stepped to the tee, turned his hands, and sliced too.

"Commentators," "club throwers" and "ball hawks" are other typical scourges. The commentator sees to it that all the world knows about your mistakes, even though they are painfully obvious, especially to you. You top your drive, and he announces, "Oh-oh, fella, ya topped it!" You pull an iron, and he says loud and clear, "Oh-oh, pal, ya pulled it!" He is silent when he flubs one himself.

The club throwers are real menaces. One is so dangerous that he has to play as a single; the regulars won't even play behind him, ahead of him or on either side of him. Another notorious thrower once hurled his iron into a tree when he missed an approach shot. Climbing up to get it, he slipped, fell and, to everybody's relief, broke his leg.

The ball hawk keeps score according to the number of balls he finds, not the number of strokes he takes. I played one time with a man who would make his shot, march at right angles to the fairway, then turn again and plod, head down, through the rough. We hardly saw him all day, but he found seven balls.

The trouble with some ball hawks is that they don't limit their activities to balls in the public domain—those discovered in the rough with no golfer around. Instead, their eyes and fingers tend to be attracted to the ball you just hit. A woman picked up my ball once, and before I caught up to her she had put three cuts in it with her seven iron.

Even a rolling ball is fair game, and it is not only other golfers you have to worry about. Ball scouting is a major occupation with some children, old men and dogs. There are legitimate ball scouts, to be sure. Working on concession with the club pros, they reclaim hundreds of balls a week from ponds and elsewhere. But there are others, like the kid I encountered at Van Cortlandt Park. I hit a ball out of bounds and had to pay him seventy-five cents to hand it through the fence to me. On some courses your ball is a goner if it gets near a fence where "scouts" are waiting to scoop it up.

In keeping his score down, the average New York City golfer goes well beyond such ordinary accomplishments as foot shots out of the rough and hand shots out of sand traps. Just the other day I watched an ingenious player whose ball had landed in the underbrush. Deftly he built a little mound of earth, set the ball on it and hit one of the prettiest wood shots I have ever seen come out of the rough.

One of my golfing partners seemed to take considerably more shots than I did, yet reported a lower score on every hole. When I broached the subject to him, he explained it quite matter-of-factly. "Oh," he said, "I only put down what I ought to have made on the hole!"

This is comparable to the technique employed by certain golfers in qualifying for the tournaments sponsored by city firms and newspapers. The sponsors provide fine trophies for the winners. But this is not what appeals to our men. They are more interested in the fact that tournament participants get a free round and a reserved starting time. This is their idea of heaven. To reach it, they merely fill out three consecutive score cards in the low sixties, sign them and drop them in the tournament box. The tournaments are packed with these "cafeteria qualifiers." The eventual winners seldom shoot better than the mid-seventies.

About the only stabilizing factor on the New York public links is a thin green line of courageous men who work for the Department of Parks. They do an amazing job of keeping the courses playable and protecting the golfers from one another. Leading these intrepid men at each course is a civil-service employee with the title of Golf Course Supervisor. Besides being straw boss of twenty or thirty men, including greens and fairways workers, rangers, starters, clerks and cashiers, he is also a combined chaplain, judge and constable in his relations with the golfers. These latter functions, needless to say, are the most trying of his duties.

As S. E. (Manny) Klauser, supervisor of the adjacent Split Rock and Pelham courses, in the Northeastern Bronx, puts it, "It could be that if you met some of these golfers on the outside, they maybe wouldn't be so bad. But as soon as they come through that gate and put down their money, they change into holy terrors!"

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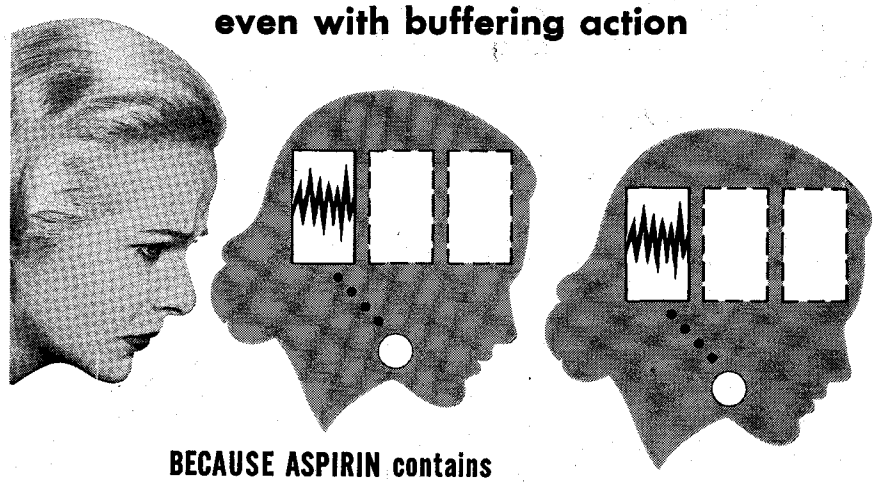

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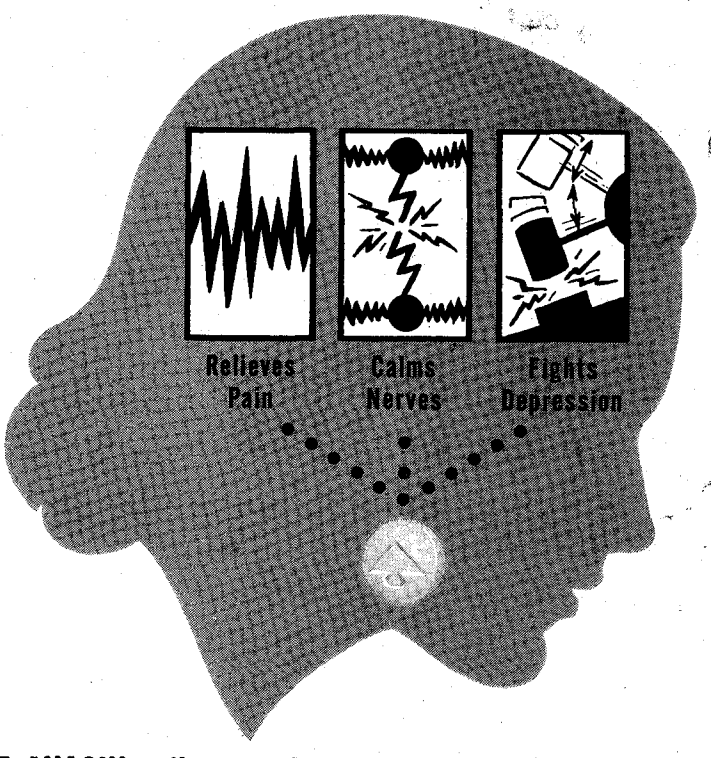

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You don't have to spend much time in Klauser's office, or the office of any of the other supervisors, to find out what he means. The litigants and beseechers come in an endless stream. One man complains that the grass on the greens is too short; another beefs that it is too long. Still another wants to know whether the office has the putter he left on the seventeenth green three years before. Two men representing disputing foursomes want the supervisor to decide who has the right to tee off first on the tenth hole. Another righteously indignant citizen claims he is entitled to a rain check, because his wife thought it was going to rain and made him quit after two holes.

Klauser, an ex-accountant who originally had the idea that golf-course work would be better for his nervous stomach, handles all petitioners with patience and tact. Usually he suggests that a protester bring the starter or ranger to support his claims. Nine out of ten times they never come back.

Out on the course the supervisor and the rangers have to deal with a myriad of violations. Foursomes cut in ahead of one another, and a rhubarb sprouts. Other golfers zigzag, skipping holes rather than playing them consecutively, or they gang up into sixsomes and sevensomes.

Probably the biggest sources of trouble are the "practicers" and the "free loaders." Klauser tells of catching one fellow practicing on the sixteenth fairway at Split Rock. He had brought along a bag of several dozen balls and was nonchalantly hitting them up to the green as a procession of golfers played around him.

The free loaders go even further. One group, for example, used to sign in at the Split Rock desk. Then, instead of waiting until their starting time, they went around to a side gate and played several "free" holes before coming back and teeing off. One ingenious fellow would sneak through a hole in a far fence early in the morning and begin playing the course backward from the eighteenth, crisscrossing and teeing off from the fairways. He would continue until he ran head on into the day's first foursome coming out. He would then turn around and play the holes in the regulation manner and order.

Supervisors have to deal with all sorts of wacky situations. One risked his life by jumping into his car and chasing a drunken driver over the fairways at forty miles an hour. He finally rammed into the fleeing car just as it was about to run down three golfers. Another supervisor had to capture a runaway horse, while a third had to evacuate his golfers during a flood. Supervisors have to deal, too, with overenthusiastic hunters who come out every fall to bag rabbits and pheasants along the fringes of some of the courses.

To enforce their rulings, supervisors rely as much as possible on their own persuasiveness. If that fails, they sometimes tear up a golfer's ticket and eject him for the day. Once in a while supervisors have to call in the cops. On still rarer occasions they revoke or suspend season permits, a penalty that for a New York golfer is equivalent to losing his citizenship.

Each municipal links has a clubhouse, most of them elaborate edifices with gaily decorated lounges, snack bars, locker rooms and pro shops. These buildings serve as unofficial headquarters for the clubs which have sprung up among some of the patrons. One such club at Split Rock is made up entirely of taxi drivers. Dyker Beach has three clubs—the Shoreview, the Brooklyn and the Ladies Brookridge.

Members of these clubs are qualified to participate in Metropolitan Golf Association tournaments. They also run their own tournaments, register handicaps and throw dances and parties to award their trophies. One club puts out a regular news sheet reporting births, deaths, anniversaries and golfing accomplishments among the membership.

It is remarkable that these oases of good fellowship have survived, considering the increasing strain under which the municipal courses have had to operate since World War II. Before the war, New Yorkers averaged about 350,000 rounds of golf a year on their city links. Now the number of pay-as-you-play courses in the area—including commercially operated layouts—has been reduced by two thirds through the onslaught of housing developments. The load has almost doubled at the ten city-owned courses—Van Cortlandt, Mosholu, Split Rock and Pelham, in the Bronx; Clearview, Kissena and Forest Park, in Queens; Dyker Beach, in Brooklyn, and La Tourette and Silver Lake, on Staten Island.

Traffic has become so heavy that the locations of holes on greens sometimes have to be changed several times on busy days to reduce wear. However, the courses at least are a paying proposition. Last year the city took in $929,692 from its golf operations, and had a surplus of $249,629. In addition to the hordes of occasional customers, more than 10,000 New Yorkers bought fifteen-dollar season golfing permits entitling them to play for fifty cents on weekdays and a dollar on weekends and holidays—a dollar less than the regular rates.

As many as 800 people have gone around one course—Dyker Beach—in a single day. Dyker Beach handled a total of 102,246 rounds last year, more than are played in ten years on many private courses. Even in the wintertime—December through March—local linksmen play 50,000 rounds on the four courses that remain open, and many sneak in to play on the courses that are closed, despite the absence of cups and flags. People even have to be chased off a new twenty-seven-hole layout being built at Marine Park, in Brooklyn, although it will not be completed for some time, and still has little resemblance to a golf course.

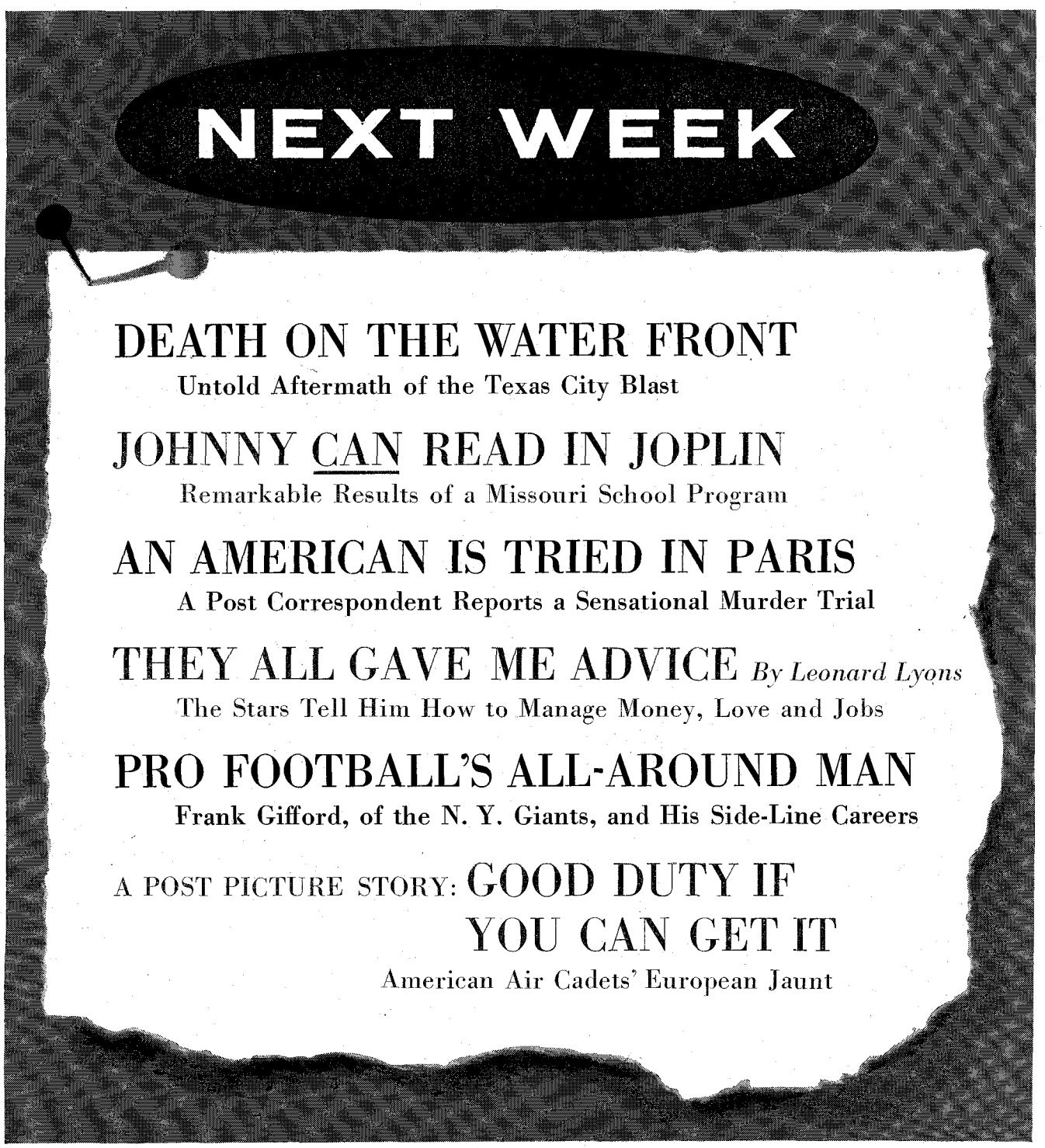
In self-defense, Westchester County, to the north, has barred outsiders—meaning New Yorkers—from two of its better courses, Saxon Woods and Dunwoodie. There have been hints from on high that the day may come when New York golfers will see their own municipal courses turned into picnic grounds, the better to serve a greater number of residents. The mere idea is enough to send the average city golfer into paroxysms of anguish. "Let the Giants and Dodgers go," the cry seems to be, "but don't take away our golf courses!"

What would these people do without golf as an outlet for blowing off steam? They would be unlikely to find the same release in the other recreational activities offered by the Department of Parks, such as archery, bocce, bicycling, cricket and kite flying. They are just plain bugs about golf, and show no signs of getting over their addiction.

Some city golfers, myself included, have tried to escape the batterings on the home grounds by joining private clubs outside of town. They are apt to find it, as my wife and I did, too calm and sedate. No guitar strummers, no quartets on the first tee, no arguments, no errant clubs and balls flying through the air. The peace and quiet were unnerving. We soon went back to Father Knickerbocker's teeming fairways and the many challenges they present.

The greatest challenge is the crowds. I envy a certain erect, dignified, pencil-thin old lady who solves the problem simply by ignoring it. She gets off the bus promptly at nine-thirty, dressed in Victorian sporting togs and clutching rusty irons and a battered ball. Without a word to anyone, she marches through the assembled golfers and goes straight to the first tee. There she sets her ball up, takes her stance, hits the ball and marches off down the fairway. The onlookers are always so stunned that they just stare, open-mouthed, and let her go without a protest.

THE END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Hornblower and the Star of the South

(Continued from Page 29)

Gerard had his telescope pointing to windward. "There she is! Coming down fast, right enough. Look at the rake of those masts! Look at the cut of those tops'ls! My lord, she's no island schooner."

It would not be a very remarkable coincidence if she should be a slaver; he had brought Clorinda here to the windward of San Juan in the full expectation that slave cargoes would be hurrying here. Spain was meditating joining in the suppression of the slave trade, and every slaver would be tempted to run cargoes and take advantage of enhanced prices before the prohibition should take effect. The main slave market for the Spanish colonies was at Havana, a thousand miles to leeward, but it could be looked upon as certain that Spanish slavers, making their passage from the Slave Coast, would touch first at Puerto Rico to refill with water if not to dispose of part of their cargo. It had been only logical to station Clorinda to intercept them.

Hornblower took the telescope and trained it on the fast-nearing schooner. He saw what Gerard had spoken about. Hull up now, he could see how heavily sparred she was, and how built for speed. With those fine lines it would only pay for her to carry highly perishable cargo—human cargo.

As he looked he saw the rectangles of her square sails narrow vertically; the small distance between her masts widened greatly. She was wheeling away from the waiting Clorinda—a final proof, if any was needed, that she was what she appeared to be. Laying herself on the starboard tack, she proceeded to keep at a safe distance, and to increase that distance as fast as possible.

"Mr. Sefton!" shouted Fell. "Fill the main tops'l! After her, on the starboard tack! Set the royals!"

In an orderly and disciplined rush, some of the hands hurried to the braces while others scurried aloft to set more sail. It was only a matter of moments before Clorinda, as close-hauled as she would lie, was thrashing to windward in pursuit. With everything braced up sharp, and carrying every inch of sail that the brisk trade wind would allow, she lay steeply over, plunging through the sea, each wave in turn bursting on her weather bow with the spray flying aft in sheets, and the taut weather rigging shrieking in the wind. It was a remarkable transition from the quiet that had reigned not so long ago.

"Hoist the colors," ordered Fell. "Let's see what she says she is."

Through the telescope Hornblower watched the schooner hoist her colors in reply—the red and yellow of Spain.

"You see, my lord?" asked Fell.

"Pardon, cap'n," interposed Sefton, the officer of the watch. "I know who she is. I saw her twice last commission. She's the Estrella."

"The Australia?" exclaimed Fell, mishearing Sefton's Spanish pronunciation.

"The Estrella, sir. The Estrella del Sur—the Star of the South, sir."

"I know about her, then," said Hornblower. "Her captain's Gomez; runs four hundred slaves every passage, if he doesn't lose too many."

"Four hundred!" repeated Fell.

Hornblower saw a momentary calculating look pass over Fell's face. Five pounds a head meant two thousand pounds; a quarter of that was five hundred pounds. Two years' pay at one swoop. Fell darted glances aloft and overside.

"Keep your luff, there!" he shouted at the helmsman. "Mr. Sefton! Hands to the bowlines there, forrard."

"She's weathering on us," said Gerard, the glass to his eye.

It was really only to be expected that a well-designed schooner would work to windward more efficiently than even the best of square-rigged frigates would be able to.

"She's forereaching on us too," said Hornblower, gauging the distances and angles. She was not only lying closer to the wind but traveling faster through the water. Very little faster, it was true—a knot or perhaps two knots—but enough to render her safe from Clorinda's pursuit.

"I'll have her yet!" said Fell. "Mr. Sefton! Call all hands! Run out the guns on the weather side. . . . Mr. James! Find Mr. Noakes. Tell him to start the water. . . . Hands to the pumps, Mr. Sefton! Pump her dry!"

Hands came pouring up through the hatchways. With the gun ports opened, the guns' crews flung their weight on the gun tackles, inch by inch dragging the guns on the weather side up the steep slope presented by the heeling deck. The rumble of the wooden wheels over the seams of the planking made a stirring sound; it had been the preliminary of many a desperate fight in the old days. Now the guns were merely being run out in order to keep the ship on a slightly more even keel, giving her a better grip on the water and minimizing leeway.

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Hornblower watched the pumps being manned; the hands threw their weight on the handles with a will, the rapid clank-clank proving how hard they were at work, pumping overside the twenty tons of drinking water which might be thought of as the life blood of a cruising ship. But the slight reduction of draft that would result might, combined with the running out of the weather guns, add a few yards to her speed.

The call for all hands had brought Mr. Erasmus Spendlove on deck, Hornblower's secretary. He looked round him at the organized confusion on deck with that air of Olympian superiority which always delighted Hornblower. Spendlove cultivated a pose of unruffled calm that exasperated some and amused others. Yet he was a most efficient secretary, and Hornblower had never once regretted acting on the recommendation of Lord Exmouth and appointing him to his position.

"You see the vulgar herd all hard at work, Mr. Spendlove," said Hornblower.

"Truly they appear to be, my lord." He looked to windward at the Estrella. "I trust their labors will not be in vain."

Fell came bustling by, still looking up at the rigging and overside at the Estrella.

"Mr. Sefton! Call the carpenter. I'll have the wedges of the mainmast knocked loose. More play there may give us more speed."

Hornblower caught a change of expression on Spendlove's face, and their eyes met. Spendlove was a profound student of the theory of ship design, and Hornblower was a man with a lifetime of experience, and the glance they exchanged, brief as it was, was enough for each to know that the other thought the new plan unwise. Hornblower watched the main shrouds on the weather side taking the additional strain. It was as well that Clorinda was newly refitted.

"Can't say we're doing any better, my lord," said Gerard from behind his telescope.

The Estrella was perceptibly farther ahead and more to windward. If she wished, she would run Clorinda practically out of sight by noon. Hornblower observed an odd expression on Spendlove's face. He was testing the air with his nose, sniffing curiously at the wind as it blew past him. It occurred to Hornblower that once or twice he had been aware, without drawing any conclusions from the phenomenon, that the clean trade wind had momentarily been tainted with a hint of a horrible stench. He himself tried the air again, and caught another musky whiff. He knew what it was—twenty years ago he had smelled the same stench when a Spanish galley crowded with galley slaves had passed to windward. The trade wind, blowing straight from the Estrella to the Clorinda, was bearing with it the reek from the crowded slave ship, tainting the air over the clean blue sea far to leeward of her.

"We can be sure she's carrying a full cargo," he said.

Fell was still endeavoring to improve Clorinda's sailing qualities. "Mr. Sefton! Set the hands to work carrying shot up to wind'ard."

"She's altering course!" Half a dozen voices made the announcement at the same moment.

"Belay that order, Mr. Sefton!"

Fell's telescope, like all the others, was trained on the Estrella. She had put her helm up a little, and was boldly turning to cross Clorinda's bows.

"Damned insolence!" exclaimed Fell.

Everyone watched anxiously as the two ships proceeded headlong on converging courses.

"She'll pass us out of range," decided Gerard; the certainty became more apparent with every second of delay.

"Hands to the braces!" roared Fell. "Quartermaster! Starboard your helm! Handsomely! Handsomely! Steady as you go!"

"Two points off the wind," said Hornblower. "We stand more chance now."

Clorinda's bows were now pointed to intercept the Estrella at a far-distant point, several miles ahead. Moreover, lying a little off the wind as both ships now were, it seemed probable that Estrella's fore-and-aft rig and fine lines might not convey so great an advantage.

"Take a bearing, Gerard," ordered Hornblower.

Gerard went to the binnacle and read the bearing carefully.

"My impression," said Spendlove, gazing over the blue, blue water, "is that she's still forereaching on us."

"If that's the case," said Hornblower, "then all we can hope for is that she carries something away."

"We can at least hope for it, my lord," said Spendlove. The glance he directed upward was indicative of his fear that it would be the Clorinda whose gear would give way. Clorinda now had wind and sea very nearly abeam. She was lying over very steeply under every inch of canvas she could carry, and lifting unwillingly to the seas which came rolling in upon her, swirling in through her open gun ports. Hornblower realized that he had not a dry stitch of clothing on him, and probably no one else on board had either.

"My lord," said Gerard, "you've had no breakfast as yet."

Hornblower tried to conceal the discomfiture he felt at this reminder. He had forgotten all about breakfast, despite the cheerful anticipation with which he had once been looking forward to it.

"Quite right, Mr. Gerard," he said, jocular, but only clumsily so, thanks to being taken by surprise. "And what of it?"

"It's my duty to remind you, my lord," said Gerard. "Her ladyship ——"

"Her ladyship told you to see that I took my meals regularly," replied Hornblower. "I am aware of that. But her ladyship, owing to her inexperience, made no allowance for encounters with fast-sailing slavers just at meal times."

"But can't I persuade you, my lord?"

The thought of breakfast, now that it had been reimplanted in his mind, was more attractive than ever. But it was hard to go below with a pursuit being so hotly conducted.

"Take that bearing again before I decide," he temporized.

Gerard walked to the binnacle again. "Bearing's opening steadily, my lord," he reported. "She must be drawing ahead fast."

"Clearly so," said Spendlove, telescope trained out toward the Estrella. "And it looks—it looks as if she's hauling in on her sheets. Maybe ——"

Hornblower had whipped his telescope to his eye on the instant. "She's jibing over!" he pronounced. "See how she comes round, by George!"

Estrella must have a bold captain and a well-trained crew. They had hauled in on her sheets and had stood ready at her topsail braces. Then, with the helm hard over, she had spun round on her heel. Her whole beautiful profile was now presented to Hornblower's telescope. She was headed to cross Clorinda's bows from starboard to port, and not too far ahead either.

"Damned insolence!" said Hornblower, but full of admiration for the daring and skill displayed.

Fell was standing close by, staring at the impertinent schooner. He was rigid, even though the wind was flapping his coattails round him. For a few seconds it seemed as if the two vessels were heading toward a common point, where they must meet. But the impression soon passed. Even without taking a compass bearing, it became apparent that Estrella must pass comfortably ahead of the frigate.

"Run the guns in!" bellowed Fell. "Stand by to wear ship! Clear away the bow chasers, there!"

It might be just possible that the schooner would pass within range of the bow chasers, but to take a shot at her, at long range and on that heaving sea, would be a chancy business. Should they score a hit, it might as likely take effect in the hull, among the wretched slaves, as on the spars or rigging. Hornblower was prepared to restrain Fell from firing.

The guns were run in, and after another minute's examination of the situation, Fell ordered the helm to be put astarboard and the ship laid right before the wind. Hornblower through his telescope could see the schooner lying right over with the wind abeam, so far over that, as she heaved, she presented a streak of copper to his view, pinkish against the blue of the sea. Clearly she was drawing across the frigate's bows, as Fell tacitly acknowledged when he ordered a further turn of two points to port. Thanks to her two-knots superiority in speed, and thanks also to her superior handiness and weatherliness, the Estrella was literally making a circle round the Clorinda.

"She's built for speed, my lord," said Spendlove from behind his telescope.

So was Clorinda, but with a difference. Clorinda was a fighting ship, built to carry seventy tons of artillery, with forty tons of powder and shot in her magazines. It was no shame to her that she should be outsailed and outmaneuvered by such a vessel as the Estrella.

"I fancy she'll make for San Juan, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower.

Fell's face bore an expression of helpless fury as he turned to his admiral; it was with an obvious effort that he restrained himself from pouring out his rage, presumably in a torrent of blasphemy.

"It's—it's ——" he spluttered.

"It's enough to madden a saint," said Hornblower.

Clorinda had been ideally stationed off San Juan; Estrella had run practically into her arms, so to speak, and had yet dodged neatly round her and had won for herself a clear run to the port.

"I'll see him damned, my lord!" said Fell. . . . "Quartermaster!"

There was now the long reach ahead to San Juan, in what was practically a race with an even start. Fell laid a course for San Juan; it was obvious that Estrella, comfortably out of range on the starboard beam, was heading for the same point. Both ships had the wind practically abeam; this long reach would be a final test of the sailing qualities of the two ships, as though they were a couple of yachts completing a triangular course in a race in the Solent. Hornblower reminded himself that earlier this morning he had compared the present voyage with a yachting excursion. But the expression in Fell's face showed that his flag captain by no means looked on it in the same light.

"About that breakfast, my lord?" said Gerard.

An officer was touching his hat to Fell with the request that it might be considered noon.

"Make it so," said Fell. The welcome cry of "Up spirits!" rang through the ship.

"Breakfast, my lord?" asked Gerard again.

"Let's wait and see how we do on this course," said Hornblower. He saw something of dismay in Gerard's face and laughed. "It's a question of your breakfast, I fancy, as well as mine. You've had nothing this morning?"

"No, my lord."

"I starve my young men, I see," said Hornblower, looking from Gerard to Spendlove; but the latter's expression was peculiarly unchanging, and Hornblower remembered all he knew about him. "I'll wager a guinea that Spendlove hasn't spent the morning fasting."

(*Continued on Page 107*)

"It's all right now, dear, everyone's out of the bathroom."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 104*) The suggestion was answered by a wide grin. "I am no sailor, my lord," said Spendlove. "But I have learned one thing while I have been at sea, and that is to snatch at any meal that makes its appearance. Fairy gold vanishes no faster than the opportunity of eating food at sea."

"So, while your admiral has been starving, you have been walking this deck with a full belly? Shame on you."

"I feel that shame as deeply as the situation merits, my lord."

Spendlove obviously had all the tact that an admiral's secretary needed to have.

"Hands to the main brace!" bellowed Fell.

Hornblower looked over at Estrella. "I fancy we're falling behind," he said.

"I think so, too, my lord," said Gerard, after a glance in the same direction. He walked over and took a bearing, and Fell glared at him with irritation before turning to Hornblower.

"I hope you will agree, my lord," he said, "that Clorinda has done all a ship can do?"

"Certainly, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower.

"That schooner sails like a witch," said Fell. "Look at her now, my lord."

Estrella's lovely lines and magnificent sail plan were obvious even at this distance. "She's a beautiful vessel," agreed Hornblower.

"She's head-reaching on us for sure," announced Gerard from the binnacle.

"And there goes five hundred pounds," said Fell bitterly. Assuredly he was in need of money. "Quartermaster, bear up a point! Hands to the braces!"

He brought Clorinda a little closer to the wind and studied her behavior before turning back to Hornblower.

"I'll not give up the chase until I'm compelled, my lord," he said.

"Quite right," agreed Hornblower.

There was something of resignation, something of despair, in Fell's expression. It was not only the thought of the lost money that troubled him, Hornblower realized. The report that Fell had tried to capture the Estrella, and had failed, almost ludicrously, would reach their lordships of the Admiralty, of course. Even if Hornblower's own report minimized the failure, it would still be a failure. That meant that Fell would never be employed again, after his present two years' appointment had expired. For every captain with a command in the Royal Navy now there were twenty at least hungry for commands. The slightest lapse would be seized upon as reason for ending a man's career; it could not be otherwise. Fell was now looking forward apprehensively to spending the rest of his life on half pay. And Lady Fell was an expensive and ambitious woman. No wonder that Fell's usually red cheeks had a gray tinge.

The slight alteration of course Fell had ordered was really a final admission of defeat. Clorinda was retaining her windward position only at the cost of seeing Estrella draw more rapidly ahead.

"But I fear she'll beat us easily into San Juan," went on Fell, with admirable stoicism. Right ahead, the purple smear on the horizon that marked the hills of Puerto Rico was growing loftier and more defined. "What orders have you for me in that case, my lord?"

"What water have you left on board?" asked Hornblower in return.

"Five tons, my lord. Say six days at short allowance."

"Six days," repeated Hornblower, mostly to himself. It was a tiresome complication. The nearest British territory was a hundred miles to windward.

"I had to try the effect of lightening the ship, my lord," said Fell, self-exculpatory.

"I know, I know." Hornblower always felt testy when someone tried to excuse himself. "Well, we'll follow Estrella in if we don't catch her first."

"It will be an official visit, my lord?" asked Gerard quickly.

"It can hardly be anything else with my flag flying," said Hornblower. He took no pleasure in official visits. "We may as well kill two birds with one stone. It's time I called on the Spanish authorities, and we can fill up with water at the same time."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

A visit of ceremony in a foreign port meant many calls on the activity of his staff, but not so many as on him, he told himself with irritation.

"I'll have my breakfast before anything else comes to postpone it," he said. The perfect good humor of the morning had quite evaporated now.

When he came on deck again, the failure to intercept Estrella was painfully obvious. The schooner was a full three miles ahead, and had weathered upon Clorinda until the latter lay almost in her wake. The coast of Puerto Rico was well defined now. Estrella was entering into territorial waters and was perfectly safe.

All hands were hard at work in every part of the ship, bringing everything into that condition of perfection—really no more perfect than invariably prevailed—which a British ship must display when entering a foreign port and submitting herself to the jealous inspection of strangers.

"Very good, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower approvingly.

"Authority in San Juan is represented by a captain general, my lord," said Spendlove.

"Yes. I shall have to call upon him," agreed Hornblower. "Sir Thomas, I shall be obliged if you will accompany me."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

"Ribbons and stars, I fear, Sir Thomas."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

Fell had received his knighthood of the Bath after a desperate frigate action, back in 1813. It had been a tribute to his courage if not to his professional abilities.

"Schooner's taking a pilot on board!" hailed the masthead lookout.

"Very well!"

"Our turn shortly," said Hornblower. "Time to array ourselves for our hosts. They will be grateful, I hope, that our arrival will take place after the hour of the siesta."

It was also the hour when the sea breeze was beginning to blow. The pilot they took on—a big, handsome quadroon—took the ship in without a moment's difficulty, although, naturally, Fell stood beside him, consumed with anxiety.

Hornblower, free from any such responsibility, was able to go forward to the gangway and examine the approaches to the city; it was a time of peace, but Spain had been an enemy before and might perhaps be an enemy again, and at least nothing would be lost if he knew as much as possible about the defenses firsthand. It did not take very long to perceive why San Juan had never been attacked, not to speak of captured, by the numerous enemies of Spain during the long life of the city. It was ringed by a lofty wall of stout masonry, with ditches and bastions, moats and drawbridges. On the lofty bluff overlooking the entrance, Morro Castle covered the approaches with artillery; there was another fortress—which must be San Cristobal—and battery succeeded battery along the water front, with heavy guns visible in the embrasures. Nothing less than a formal siege, with a powerful army and a battering train, could make any impression on San Juan as long as it was defended by an adequate garrison.

The sea breeze brought them up the entrance passage; there was the usual momentary anxiety about whether the Spaniards were prepared to salute his flag, but the anxiety was speedily allayed as the guns in the Morro began to bang out their reply. Hornblower held himself stiffly to attention as the ship glided in, the forecastle saluting carronade firing at admirably regular intervals. The hands took in the canvas with a rapidity that did them credit—Hornblower was watching unobtrusively from under the brim of his cocked hat—and then Clorinda rounded-to and the anchor cable rumbled through the hawsehole.

A deeply sunburned officer in a fine uniform came up the side and announced himself, in passable English, as the port medical officer, and received Fell's declaration that Clorinda had experienced no infectious disease during the past twenty-one days.

"All right, Spike. We know you're in there!"

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Now that they were in the harbor, where the sea breeze circulated with difficulty, and the ship was stationary, they were aware of the crushing heat; Hornblower felt instantly the sweat trickling down inside his shirt under his heavy uniform coat, and he turned his head uncomfortably from side to side, feeling the constriction of his starched neckcloth. A brief gesture from Gerard beside him pointed out what he had already observed—the Estrella del Sur in her gleaming white paint lying at the pier close beside them. It seemed as if the reek of her still reached his nostrils from her open hatchways. A file of soldiers, in blue coats with white cross belts, was drawn up on the pier, standing somewhat negligently under command of a sergeant. From within the hold of the schooner came a most lamentable noise—prolonged and doleful wailings. As they watched, they saw a string of naked Negroes come climbing with difficulty up through the hatchway. They could hardly walk—in fact, some of them could not walk at all, but fell to their hands and knees and crawled in that fashion over the deck and onto the pier.

"They're landing their cargo," said Gerard.

"Some of it at least," replied Hornblower. In nearly a year of study he had learned much about the slave trade. The demand for slaves here in Puerto Rico was small compared with that at Havana. During the Middle Passage the slaves he saw had been confined on the slave decks, packed tight "spoon fashion," lying on their sides with their knees bent up into the bend of the knees of the next man. It was only to be expected that the captain of the Estrella would take this opportunity of giving his perishable cargo a thorough airing.

A hail from overside distracted them. A boat with the Spanish flag at the bow was approaching; sitting in the stern sheets was an officer in a brilliant gold-laced uniform that reflected back the setting sun.

"Here comes Authority," said Hornblower.

The side was manned and the officer came aboard to the trilling of the pipes of the bos'n's mates, very correctly raising his hand in salute.

Hornblower walked over to join Fell in receiving him. He spoke in Spanish, and Hornblower was aware that Fell had none of that language.

"Major Mendez-Castillo," the officer announced himself. "First and principal aide-de-camp to his excellency the captain general of Puerto Rico."

He was tall and slender, with a thin mustache that might have been put on with grease paint; he looked cautiously, without committing himself, at the two officers in their red ribbons and stars, and glittering epaulets, who were receiving him.

"Welcome, major," said Hornblower. "I am Rear Admiral Lord Hornblower, commander in chief of His Britannic Majesty's ships and vessels in West Indian waters. May I present Captain Sir Thomas Fell, commanding His Britannic Majesty's Ship Clorinda?"

Mendez-Castillo bowed to each of them, his relief at knowing which was which faintly apparent.

"Welcome to Puerto Rico, your excellency," he said. "We had, of course, heard that the famous Lord Hornblower was now commander in chief here, and we had long hoped for the honor of a visit from him."

"Many thanks," said Hornblower.

"And welcome to you and to your ship, captain," added Mendez-Castillo hastily, nervous in case it should be too apparent that he had been so engrossed in his meeting with the fabulous Hornblower that he had paid insufficient attention to a mere captain. Fell bowed awkwardly in reply—interpretation was unnecessary.

"I am instructed by his excellency," went on Mendez-Castillo, "to inquire if there is any way in which his excellency can be of service to your excellency on the notable occasion of this visit?"

In Spanish, the phrasing of the pompous sentence was even more difficult than in English. And as Mendez-Castillo spoke, his glance wavered momentarily toward the Estrella; obviously all the details of the Clorinda's attempted interception were already known—much of the unavailing pursuit must have been visible from the Morro. Something in the major's attitude conveyed the impression that the subject of the Estrella was not open to discussion.

"We intend to make only a brief stay, major. Captain Fell is anxious to renew the water supply of his ship," said Hornblower, and Mendez-Castillo's expression softened at once.

"Of course," he said hastily. "Nothing could be easier. I will give instructions to the captain of the port to afford Captain Fell every facility."

"You are too kind, major," said Hornblower. Bows were exchanged again; Fell joining in, although unaware of what had been said.

"His excellency has also instructed me," said Mendez-Castillo, "that he hopes for the honor of a visit from your excellency."

"I had hoped that his excellency would be kind enough to invite me."

"His excellency will be charmed to hear it. Perhaps your excellency would be kind enough to visit his excellency this evening. His excellency would be charmed to receive your excellency at eight o'clock, along with the members of your excellency's staff, at La Fortaleza, the Palace of Santa Catalina."

"His excellency is too good. We shall be delighted, naturally."

"I shall inform his excellency. Perhaps your excellency would find it convenient if I were to come on board at that time to escort your excellency and your excellency's party?"

"We shall be most grateful, major."

The major took his leave after a final reference to the captain of the port and the watering of the ship. Hornblower explained briefly to Fell.

"Aye, aye, my lord."

Here came another visitor, up the port side of the ship—a squat, heavily built man in dazzling white linen, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, which he took off with scrupulous politeness as he reached the quarter-deck. Hornblower watched him address himself to the midshipman of the watch, and saw the latter hesitate and look round him while trying to make up his mind as to whether he should grant the request.

"Very well, midshipman," said Hornblower. "What does the gentleman want?"

He could guess very easily what the gentleman wanted. This might be an opportunity of making contact with the shore other than through official channels—something always desirable, and peculiarly so at this moment. The visitor came forward; a pair of bright quizzical blue eyes studied Hornblower closely as he did so.

"My lord?" he said. He at least could recognize an admiral's uniform when he saw it.

"Yes. I am Admiral Lord Hornblower."

"I fear to trouble you with my business, my lord." He spoke English like an Englishman, like a Tynesider, perhaps, but obviously as if he had not spoken it for years.

"What is it?"

"I came on board to address myself to your steward, my lord, and to the president of the wardroom mess, and to the purser. The principal ship chandler of the port. Beef cattle, my lord, chickens, eggs, fresh bread, fruits, vegetables."

"What is your name?"

"Eduardo Stuart—Edward Stuart, my lord. Second mate of the brig Columbine, out of London. Captured back in 1806, my lord, and brought in here as a prisoner. I made friends here, and when the Dons changed sides in 1808, I set up as ship chandler, and here I've been ever since."

Hornblower studied the speaker as keenly as the speaker was studying him. He could guess at much of what was left unsaid. He could guess at a fortunate marriage, and probably at a change of religion—unless Stuart had been born a Catholic, as was possible enough.

"And I am at your service, my lord," went on Stuart, meeting his gaze without flinching.

"In a moment I'll let you speak to the purser," said Hornblower. "But tell me first, what impression has our arrival made here?"

Stuart's face crinkled into a grin. "The whole town was out watching your chase of the Estrella del Sur, my lord."

"I guessed as much."

"They all rejoiced when they saw her escape you. And then, when they saw you coming in, they manned the batteries."

"Indeed?"

The Royal Navy's reputation for prompt action, both daring and highhanded, must still be very much alive, if there could be even a momentary fear that a single frigate would attempt to snatch a prize from out of the shelter of a port as well guarded as San Juan.

"In ten minutes your name was being spoken in all the streets, my lord."

Hornblower's keen glance reassured him that he was not being paid an idle compliment.

"And what is the Estrella going to do now?"

"She has only come in to land a few sickly slaves and renew with water, my lord. It's a poor market for slaves here. She sails for Havana at once, as soon as she can be sure of your movements, my lord."

"At once?"

"She'll sail with the land breeze at dawn tomorrow, my lord, unless you are lying outside the port."

"I don't expect I shall be," said Hornblower.

"Then she'll sail without a doubt, my lord. She'll want to get her cargo landed and sold in Havana before Spain signs the convention."

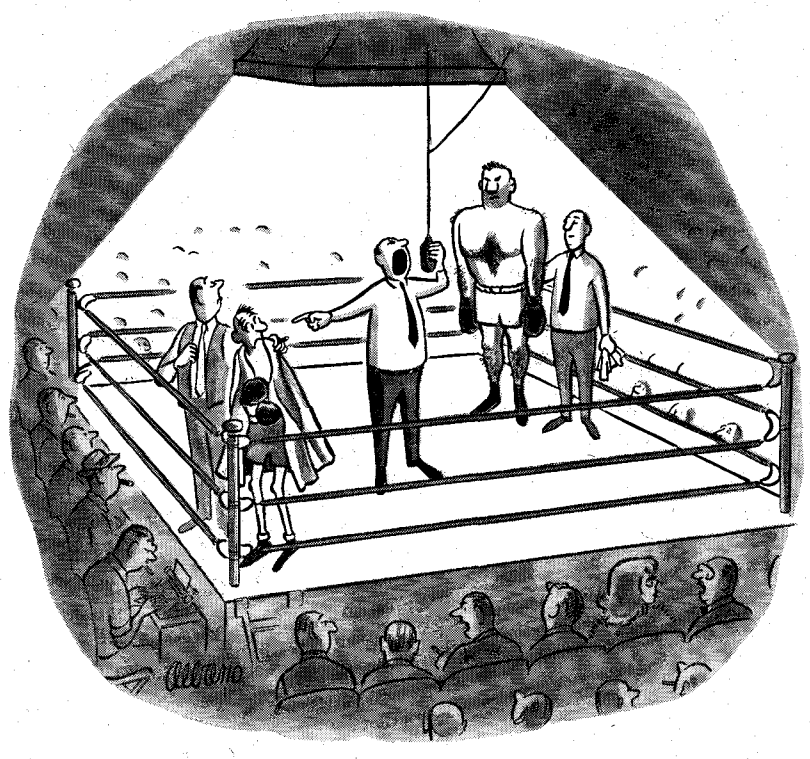
"I understand," said Hornblower.

Now what was this? Here were the old symptoms, as recognizable as ever—the quickened heartbeat, the feeling of warmth under the skin, the general restlessness. There was something just below the horizon of his mind, some stirring of an idea. And within a second the idea was up over the horizon, vague at present, like a hazy landfall, but as certain and as reassuring as any landfall. And beyond, still over the horizon, were other ideas, only to be guessed at. He could not help glancing over at the Estrella, sizing up the tactical situation, seeking further inspiration there, testing what he already had in mind.

It was all he could do to thank Stuart politely for his information, without betraying the excitement he felt, and without terminating the interview with suspicious abruptness. A word to Fell made certain that Stuart would receive the business of supplying the Clorinda, and Hornblower waved away Stuart's thanks. Hornblower turned away with as great an appearance of nonchalance as he could manage.

There was plenty of bustle over there by the Estrella, just as there was round the Clorinda, with preparations being made for filling the water casks. It was hard to think in the heat and the noise. It was hard to face the cluttered deck. And darkness was approaching, and then would come eight o'clock, when he would be making his call upon the captain general, and obviously everything must be thought out before that. And there were complications. Successive ideas were arising, one out of another, like Chinese boxes, and each one in turn had to be examined for flaws. The sun was down into the hills, leaving a flaming sky behind, when he came to his final resolution.

(*Continued on Page 111*)



". . . and in this corner, completely refuting the rumors that he wouldn't show up . . ."

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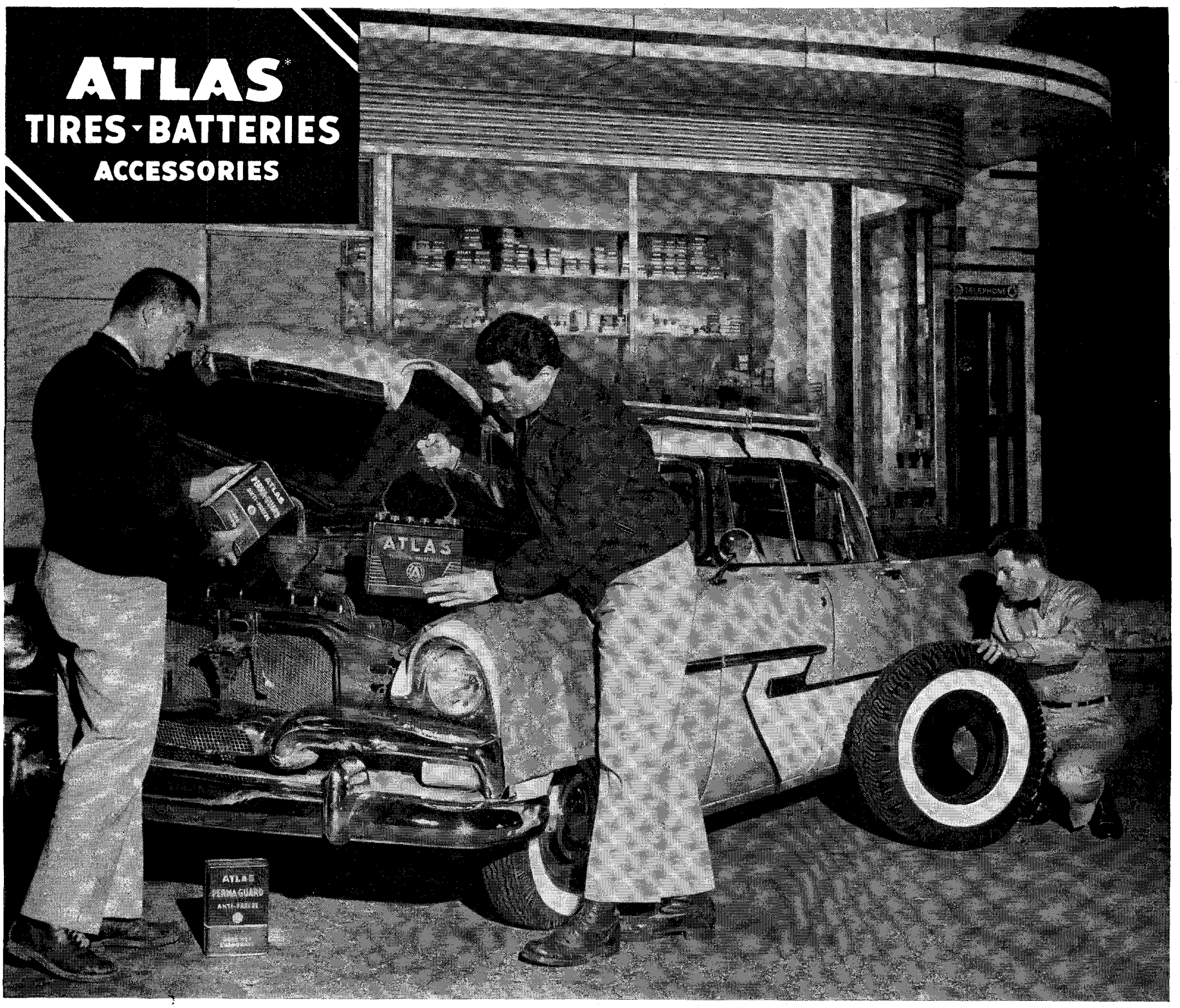

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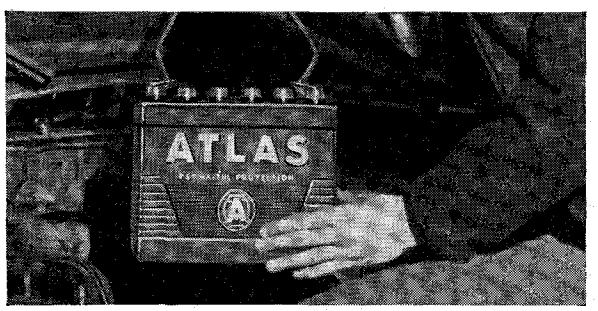

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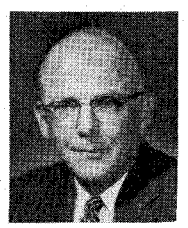

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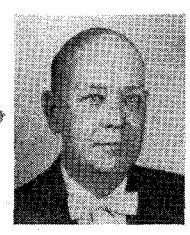

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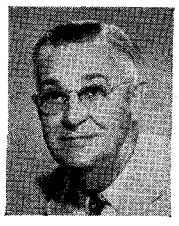

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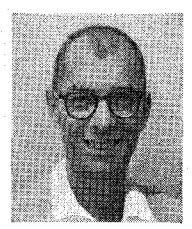

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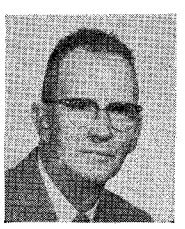

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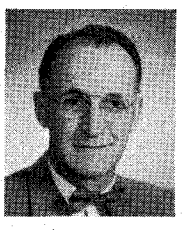

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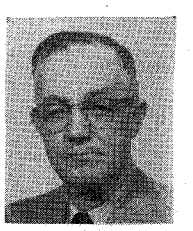

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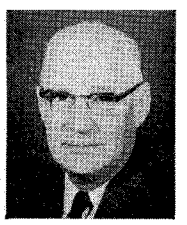

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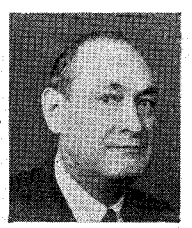

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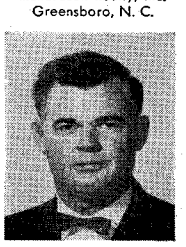

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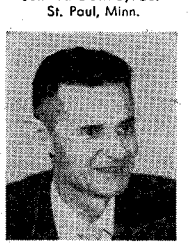

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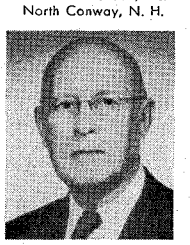

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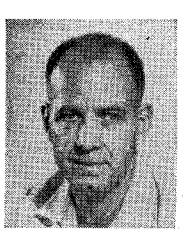

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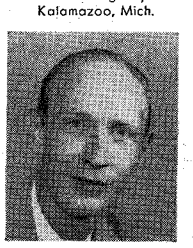

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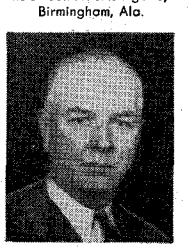

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(*Continued from Page 108*) "Spendlove!" he snapped; excitement made him curt. "Come below with me!"

Down in the big stern cabin it was oppressively hot. The red sky was reflected in the water of the harbor, shining up through the stern windows; the magnificent effect was dissipated with the lighting of the lamps. Hornblower threw himself into his chair; Spendlove stood looking at him keenly, as Hornblower was well aware. Spendlove could be in no doubt that his temperamental commander in chief had much on his mind. Yet even Spendlove was surprised at the scheme that was sketched out to him and at the orders he received. He even ventured to protest.

"My lord ——" he said.

"Carry out your orders, Mr. Spendlove. Not another word."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

Spendlove left the cabin, with Hornblower sitting there alone, waiting. The minutes passed slowly—precious minutes; there were few to spare—before the knock came on the door that he expected. It was Fell, entering with every appearance of nervousness.

"My lord, have you a few minutes to spare?"

"Always a pleasure to receive you, Sir Thomas."

"But this is unusual, I fear, my lord. I have a suggestion to make—an unusual suggestion."

"Suggestions are always welcome, too, Sir Thomas. Please sit down and tell me. We have an hour at least before we go ashore. I am most interested."

Fell sat bolt upright in his chair, his hands clutching the arms. He swallowed twice. It gave Hornblower no pleasure to see a man who had faced steel and lead and imminent death apprehensive before him; it made him uncomfortable.

"My lord ——" began Fell, and swallowed again.

"You have all my attention, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower gently.

"It has occurred to me," said Fell, growing more fluent with each word, until at last he spoke in a rush, "that we still might have a chance at the Estrella."

"Really, Sir Thomas? Nothing could give me greater pleasure, if it were possible. What do you suggest?"

"Well, my lord, she'll sail tomorrow. Most likely at dawn, with the land breeze. Tonight we might—we might fix some kind of drogue to her bottom. Perhaps to her rudder. She's no more than a knot or two faster than we are. We could follow her out and catch her at sea ——"

"This is brilliant, Sir Thomas. Really ingenious, but nothing more than could be expected of a seaman of your reputation, let me add."

"You are too kind, my lord." There was a struggle only too perceptible in Fell's expression, and he hesitated before he went on at last, "It was your secretary, Spendlove, who put the idea in my mind, my lord."

"Spendlove? I can hardly believe it."

"He was too timid to make the suggestion to you, my lord, and so he came to me with it."

"I'm sure he did no more than set the wheels of your thought turning, Sir Thomas. In any case, since you have assumed the responsibility, the credit must be yours, of course, if credit is to be awarded. Let us hope there will be a great deal."

"Thank you, my lord."

"Now about this drogue. What do you suggest, Sir Thomas?"

"It need be no more than a large sea anchor. A bolt of Number One canvas, sewn into a funnel, one end larger than the other."

"It would have to be reinforced, even so. Not even Number One canvas could stand the strain with Estrella going at twelve knots."

"Yes, my lord, I was sure of that. Bolt ropes sewn in in plenty. That would be easy enough, of course. We have a spare bob-stay chain on board. That could be sewn round the mouth of the drogue ——"

"And could be attached to the Estrella to take the main strain."

"Yes, my lord. That was what I thought."

"It would serve to keep the drogue under water out of sight as well."

"Yes, my lord."

Fell found Hornblower's quickness in grasping the technical points vastly encouraging. His nervousness was now replaced by enthusiasm.

"And where would you propose to attach this drogue, Sir Thomas?"

"I was thinking—Spendlove suggested, my lord—that it might be passed over one of the lower pintles of the rudder."

"It would be likely to tear the rudder clean away when exerting its full force."

"That would serve our purpose equally well, my lord."

"Of course, I understand."

Fell walked across the cabin to where the great cabin window stood open wide.

"You can't see her from here as we lie now, my lord," he said, "but you can hear her."

"And smell her," said Hornblower, standing beside him.

"Yes, my lord. They're hosing her out at present. But you can hear her, as I said."

Over the water came very plainly to them, along with the miasma of her stench, the continued wailing of the wretched slaves; Hornblower fancied he could even hear the clanking of the leg irons.

"Sir Thomas," said Hornblower, "I think it would be very desirable if you would put a boat overside to row guard round the ship tonight."

"Row guard, my lord?" Fell was not very quick in the uptake. In the peacetime navy it was unnecessary to take elaborate precautions against desertion.

"Oh, yes, most certainly. Half these men would be over side swimming for the shore as soon as night falls. Surely you understand that, Sir Thomas. We must restrain their passion to desert from this brutal service. And in any case a guard boat will prevent the sale of liquor through the gun ports."

"Er—yes, I suppose so, my lord." But Fell clearly had not grasped the implications of the suggestion, and Hornblower had to elaborate.

"Let us set a boat rowing guard now, before nightfall. I can explain to the authorities why it is necessary. Then, when the time comes ——"

"We'll have a boat ready in the water!" Enlightenment had broken in on Fell at last.

"Attracting no attention," supplemented Hornblower.

"Of course!" The red sunset showed Fell's face lit up with animation.

"It would be best if you gave that order soon, Sir Thomas. But meanwhile there's little time to spare. We must have this drogue in the making before we go ashore."

"Shall I give the orders, my lord?"

"Spendlove has figures at his finger tips. He can work out the measurements. Would you be kind enough to send for him, Sir Thomas?"

TO BE CONCLUDED

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Lulu walked out on her farmer husband Oscar in a huff. Then she came back. Oscar agreed to her return, provided she lived in the hired hands' quarters until he felt her worthy of forgiveness. At that, Lulu walked out in a fresh huff. Oscar later sued for a divorce on grounds of desertion.

"I didn't desert him until he drove me to it," Lulu protested. "I made a sincere offer of reconciliation. Instead of taking my word, he wanted me to camp out with the hired hands. Actually, I was entitled to live in the main house."

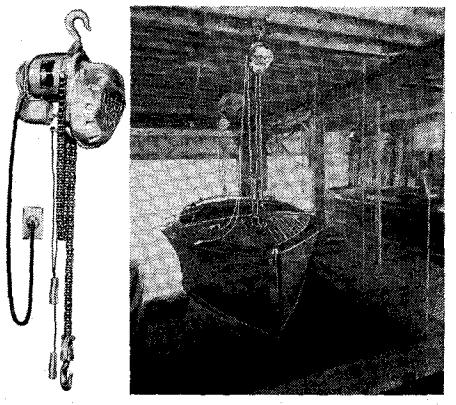
"I had a right to test her sincerity," Oscar argued. "After all, I had to make sure she wouldn't return and make life hell for me again."

If you were the judge, would you grant Oscar the divorce?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Oscar did not get the divorce. The court said that "when a repentant wife sincerely proposes reconciliation, she is entitled to be taken back on terms consistent with her self-respect and to live in her husband's home, as is her right, not with the hired hands."

Based upon a 1944 New Jersey decision.



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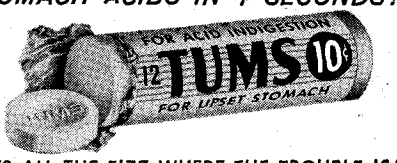

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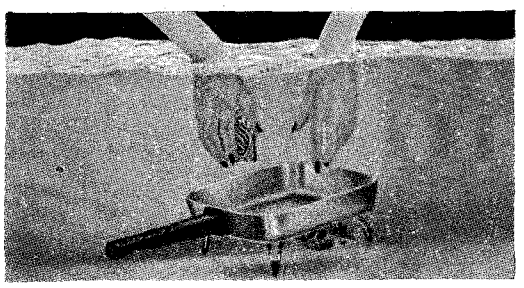

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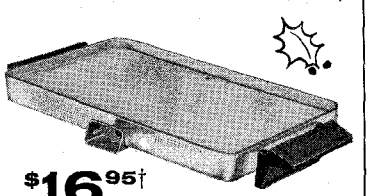

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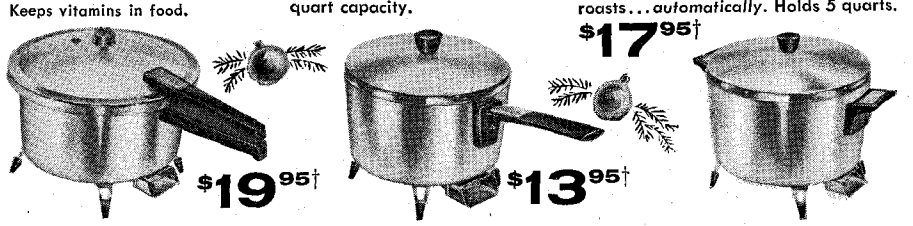

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Does England Really Need a Queen?

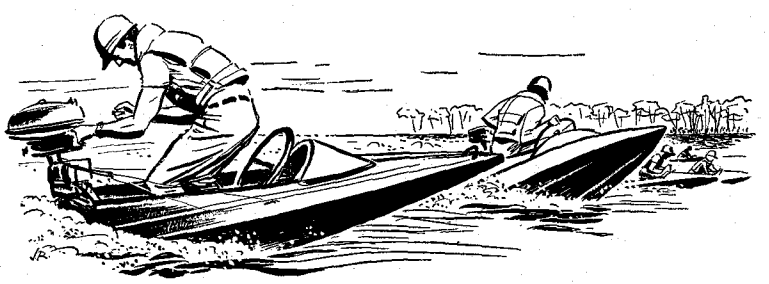
(Continued from Page 25)

position to make an even more fabulous claim: "*Le peuple, c'est moi*"—I and the people are one and the same.

If King George V and Queen Mary found themselves the unexpected objects of authentic popular affection, their eldest son, the Prince of Wales, later to become the forlorn, itinerant Duke of Windsor, was idolized as few men outside the Orient ever have been. For millions of his father's subjects he was more than the heir to a beloved monarch and a splendid throne. He represented their own hopes of a better, kinder, more glamorous way of life than they had hitherto known. His personality became a part of the utopian hopes which characterized the years after the 1914–18 war. His fame and his times were indissolubly connected. Like so many of his contemporaries, he was apt to confuse aspiration and achievement, to assume that human ills would all dissolve in the sunshine of good intentions. When he said, in the course of a visit to the depressed areas in South Wales, that "something" must be done, everybody fallaciously assumed that something would be done. He might have made a popular American President in times of prosperity, but he lacked the humility to be a king, who, like the king in chess must at all costs be preserved or the game ends, but whose own moves are correspondingly restricted.

In his memoirs, A King's Story, this man speaks of having a rendezvous with history. The rendezvous turned out to be an ambush. Many, including the Duke of Windsor himself and his Duchess, have described the circumstances which led up to his abdication before he had even been crowned. These accounts differ in certain particulars, and in their judgments of individuals concerned, like Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister, and Doctor Lang, the Archbishop of Canterbury. What, however, is irrefutable is that the abdication was inevitable. The Duke of Windsor was a man born not to be king. Those who knew him in the days of his youthful popularity will not easily forget his good looks, his charm, his gallantry, his unaffected yet moving eloquence, all of which conspired to make him the very image of human felicity. Yet even then inward doubts were gnawing at him. As he has put it himself, he felt a "vague apprehension that he might . . . one day upset the Royal apple cart."

Upset it he certainly did. In leaving his people and relinquishing the destiny so dazzlingly embarked upon, he confronted the monarchy with what seemed at the time an insoluble problem of how to transfer to a retiring, nervous brother, with an unhappy impediment in his speech, the fabulous popularity which the Duke of Windsor, first as Prince of Wales, and then as King Edward VIII, had so notably enjoyed. To the surprise of many and the satisfaction of most, the transfer was achieved without difficulty. The new King, it was said, was just like his father. He became, instead of Albert I, King George VI, and adjusted his birthday celebrations to coincide, not with his own, but with the late King's birthday. By the time his coronation took place, the beloved Prince of Wales and the tragically romantic Edward VIII had equally been lost in the shadowy, rapidly aging playboy figure of the Duke of Windsor. King George VI, with his able wife and two charming daughters, held the center of the stage. His Christmas broadcasts, though funereal in tone, seemed to equal his father's in the satisfaction they gave. Through the somber war years he played the part assigned to him with courage and dignity. Despite the withdrawal from the cast of a leading actor, the show went on playing to packed houses. Thenceforth, the Duke of Windsor's rare visits to London passed



What Would You Have Done?

The five-minute gun for the big outboard race had been fired. Racers churned the river, tuning up their motors and jockeying for starting positions. Suddenly the starter saw two boats headed for each other at fifty miles per hour. Both drivers, busy adjusting their carburetors, were unaware of the impending crash. While the stands watched, horrified, officials tried in vain to hail the drivers. The noise of the outboards drowned all calls.

If you were faced with this crisis, what would you have done?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The starter instantly fired the starting gun ahead of time. Its boom caused the endangered drivers to look where they were going and thus averted a serious collision.

—D. C. BELLOWS

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almost unnoticed. He belonged to a past which everyone wanted to forget, and his ghostly presence was embarrassing. He just did not matter any more.

When King George VI's daughter ascended the throne as Elizabeth II, it was as though champagne were suddenly and unexpectedly to be served at a vicarage tea party. Pens which had wearied of animadverting upon the late King's devotion to duty and impeccable home life found a new and attractive theme in the gaiety and charm of the young wife and mother who was now to reign. How slender were the shoulders upon which so heavy a burden of responsibility had inexorably fallen! How sweet and unaffected was the smile which ambassadors, ministers and adoring subjects might equally expect! England, it was pointed out, always did well under a queen. Elizabeth I, Anne and Victoria had each presided over epochs glorious alike in letters and the arts and in military prowess. A new Elizabethan age might be expected. Such a prospect, in the circumstances of dwindling imperial influence and John Foster Dulles, was highly alluring.

The Queen's consort fitted well into this expectation of a new springtime in public affairs. He was handsome, high-spirited, fond of sport, and elegant in his naval uniform—the very prototype of the dream husband upon whom women's magazines thrive. His interests were mechanical, his practical jokes uproarious, and his chosen companions more notable for fun and frolics than for elevated conversation. At the same time, he could, when required, deliver a serious address to bodies like the British Association, and his television appearances were widely praised, though possibly not so widely viewed.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, their family and their doings came, in fact, to constitute a kind of royal soap opera, whose interest seemed never to flag even though the successive installments might be somewhat monotonous. Sophisticated observers might marvel at the appeal of so invariable a theme, but the general public continued to be delighted—more especially so since, as is the case with all good soap opera, there was a problem figure in the person of Princess Margaret. The Townsend affair and other rumored romances have helped to sustain viewers' interest at a peak level. Each time that the Princess acquires a new escort the gossip writers set to with a will. Commander Colville, a genteel figure responsible for the palace's press relations, has to withstand their assaults as best he may. Once more the cameras click, the typewriters tap, the wires hum, until order is restored by means of yet another official denial that the Princess is contemplating matrimony.

Such is popular monarchy. It has its charm and its utility. A largely materialistic society like ours has a natural propensity to hero worship, and the image of a royal family is no bad way of satisfying it. The monarchy, that is to say, provides a sort of substitute or *ersatz* religion. In the days when monarchs ruled as well as reigned, they claimed a divine right, whereby they were not accountable to human laws or institutions. Their ministers and their parliaments might advise, but in the last resort the monarchs, as the anointed representatives on earth of the divine will, took the decisions. The monarch was God's viceroy, and, as such, not susceptible to interference by mortal men. When, as in the case of Queen Elizabeth II, a monarch only reigns, with no ruling powers whatsoever, it is inevitable that the focus of interest should be transferred from the office to the person.

It is the Queen herself, her family, her associates, her way of life, which hold the public attention. The role she has inherited is purely symbolic, and the functions that go with it are purely ceremonial. Because she has no power, she must be, in herself, wondrous. If she were ordinary she would be nothing. No one ever found it necessary to suggest that Queen Anne was other than a fat, rather stupid, bad-tempered and fickle woman. Her *raison d'être* was to rule. Queen Elizabeth II is not called on to rule. Her sole *raison d'être* is to be queen, and as such she must exemplify all the qualities which, in the popular estimation, are queenly. That is to say, she must be alluring, removed from the necessities and inadequacies of ordinary men and women—a creature of this world in the sense that she has a home, a husband and children, and yet not quite of this world in that she is a queen.

Thus it is that when the B.B.C.—that serene temple of contemporary orthodoxy—deals with the royal family, the voices of its announcers and commentators become hushed and reverent. The whole atmosphere suddenly changes, as when, at a church social, in the midst of festivities, a word of prayer is offered. Then faces which were smiling grow suddenly grave, and all switch their attention from mundane to sacred things.

The high priest of this cult of royalty as presented on the air is unquestionably Mr. Richard Dimbleby, who, from the coronation onward, has undertaken the bulk of the B.B.C. television commentary on all royal occasions. He is a large individual, with a luscious manner of speaking and a flow of eloquence which not

When you notice the days start to shorten

And the leaves begin shedding their trees

Don't wait to get set

(Winter never has yet)

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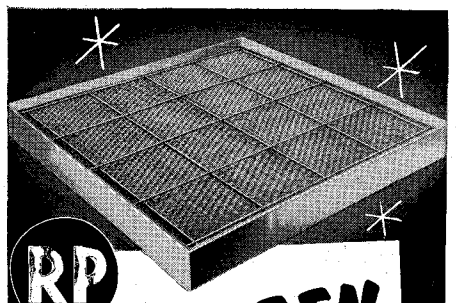

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even technical hitches can impede. He just goes on and on, in rich, full-throated ease. Whenever the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh make an important public appearance, he describes the scene—their movements, attire and observations, as well as all accompanying genuflections and ceremonial. His manner is priestly and, at the same time, in a portly sort of way, jaunty. It is no exaggeration to say that without his ministrations the impact of the monarchy on the public would be appreciably less. As Voltaire said of God, if he did not exist it would have been necessary to invent him.

What Mr. Dimbleby manages to convey, by the intimacy of his observations, by his lush imagery and sedate bearing, is that the subject of his commentary combines being a queen with being enchantingly "human." Seen through Mr. Dimbleby's eyes, she is girlishly radiant, as well as imperiously dignified; gay and spontaneous, as well as conscious of her duties and responsibilities. All this would have seemed to the Queen's forebears so much gibberish. Confronted with Mr. Dimbleby, her great-great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, would, we may be sure, not have been amused. As for the four Georges, they would have found Mr. Dimbleby unnecessary, bewildering and absurd. To reign by courtesy of B.B.C. Television would have seemed to them preposterous.

In a welfare state, at the high tide of the century of the common man, it is quite otherwise. By one of those strange ironies in which history abounds, the acceptance of equalitarianism as a political theory has produced, in practice, not a diminution, but rather an intensification, of social distinctions. Who would ever have believed that, after six years of Socialist government, the crowds ready to pay two shillings and sixpence for the privilege of being shown round the stately residences of impoverished aristocrats would have grown to almost unmanageable proportions? Or that schools like Eton, Winchester and a host of lesser establishments, which specialize in turning out an authentic upper-class product, would have longer waiting lists than ever before, even though their fees have increased to between £400 and £500 a year—in taxable income the whole salary of a middling civil servant or a secondary-school teacher? Yet so it has turned out. "All men are equal, but some are more equal than others"—the great Orwellian proposition applies as aptly to a welfare state as to Animal Farm.

The monarchy likewise has grown more glamorous in circumstances which, theoretically, should have reduced it to the proportions of a Scandinavian dynasty. Bicycles have not, as might have been expected, replaced the glass coach drawn by splendid grays in which the Queen rides on state occasions. Debutantes throng more numerously and eagerly than ever to be presented at court. Mayors and other local dignitaries proudly rustle up gray toppers for the Buckingham Palace garden parties. Labor ministers lay aside their red ties and delightedly attire themselves in knee breeches to attend upon Her Majesty.

Indeed, in so far as there is criticism of the monarchy, it comes from the higher rather than the lower social echelons. When, occasionally, I have consorted with those who mix socially with the royal family, I have been interested in the contemptuously facetious tone with which they are apt to refer to members of the family. It is duchesses, not shop assistants, who find the Queen dowdy, frumpish and banal. The appeal of monarchy is to the gallery rather than to the stalls. Those whose wealth or birth brings them into its orbit are inclined to turn up their noses at a show so obviously designed to pull in the masses. Their attitude is rather like that of a cultivated Anglican divine toward Billy Graham.

A case in point is Lord Altrincham, a youthful, amiable and earnest peer who recently aroused a furor by writing an article, The Monarchy Today, in an obscure monthly he owns and edits called the National and English Review. In the course of this article Lord Altrincham complained, among other things, that the Queen's personality had so far shown little sign of developing, that her voice was "a pain in the neck," that her associates were all the "tweedy sort," and that her speeches were platitudinously drafted and monotonously read, so that phrases like "My husband and I have been deeply moved" were highly unconvincing. "The personality conveyed by the utterances which are put in her mouth," he writes, "is that of a priggish schoolgirl, captain of the hockey team, a prefect and a recent candidate for confirmation."

Unquestionably, there is an element of truth in Lord Altrincham's observations. The Queen is not, and does not set up to be, other than a rather simple person. Given her upbringing, it is difficult to see how she could be otherwise. I remember one of her cousins telling me that on VE Day she was allowed, as a special treat, to walk along the Mall. This was the first—and probably the only—occasion in her life that she experienced what the rest of us take for granted—just strolling anonymously along a street, part of a crowd, with other human faces passing by like shadows, unknown, and yet fellow humans, in like case to oneself. A monarch has to be cut off, aloof. The mystique of monarchy requires it. How, in such circumstances, is it possible not to live in a kind of limbo or no man's land, in which there is a certain sleepwalking quality about the gestures, movements and ceremonial that constitute, not the trappings, but the substance of a popular monarch's life?

The more astute among the Queen's entourage are well aware of this dilemma. They are fully conscious of the difficulty of striking a balance between soap opera and dignity, of keeping the monarchy both popular and respected. On the one hand, human-interest stories and Mr. Dimbleby are necessary to insure that the Queen's presence should be immediate to her subjects. On the other, the exigencies of the monarchy require, in Bagehot's words, that a monarch "should not be brought too closely to real measurement; he should be aloof and solitary."

Queen Elizabeth's children have been front-page news from birth. Here they inspect the visiting Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

An interesting exchange on this subject took place in 1919 between the Duke of Windsor, when he was Prince of Wales, and Sir Frederick Ponsonby, the Keeper of the Privy Purse. The Prince of Wales had asked how Sir Frederick thought he was getting along. "If I may say so, sir," Sir Frederick replied, "I think there is risk of your making yourself too accessible. The monarchy must always retain an element of mystery. A prince should not show himself too much. The monarchy must remain on a pedestal." The youthful heir to the throne did not agree with the sagacious courtier who had served his royal house for three generations:

"I maintained otherwise, arguing that because of the social changes brought about by the (1914–19) war, one of the most important tasks of the Prince of Wales was to help bring the institution nearer to the people."

This exchange expresses the whole problem of monarchy in our time. Monarchy is based on the symbolization of authority, with (*Continued on Page 116*)

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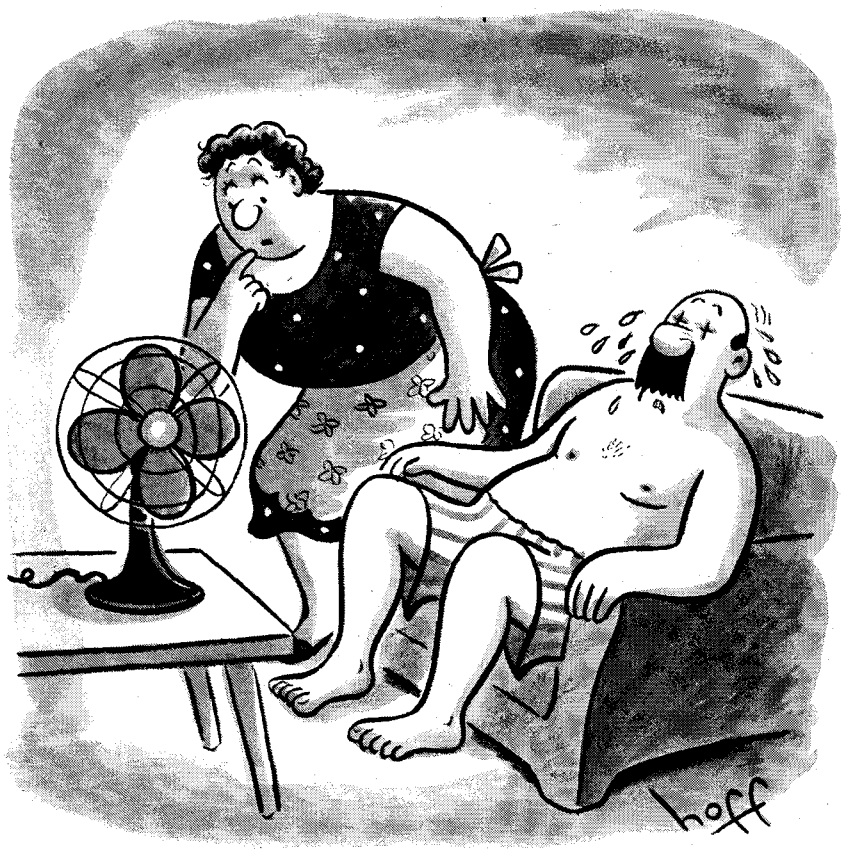

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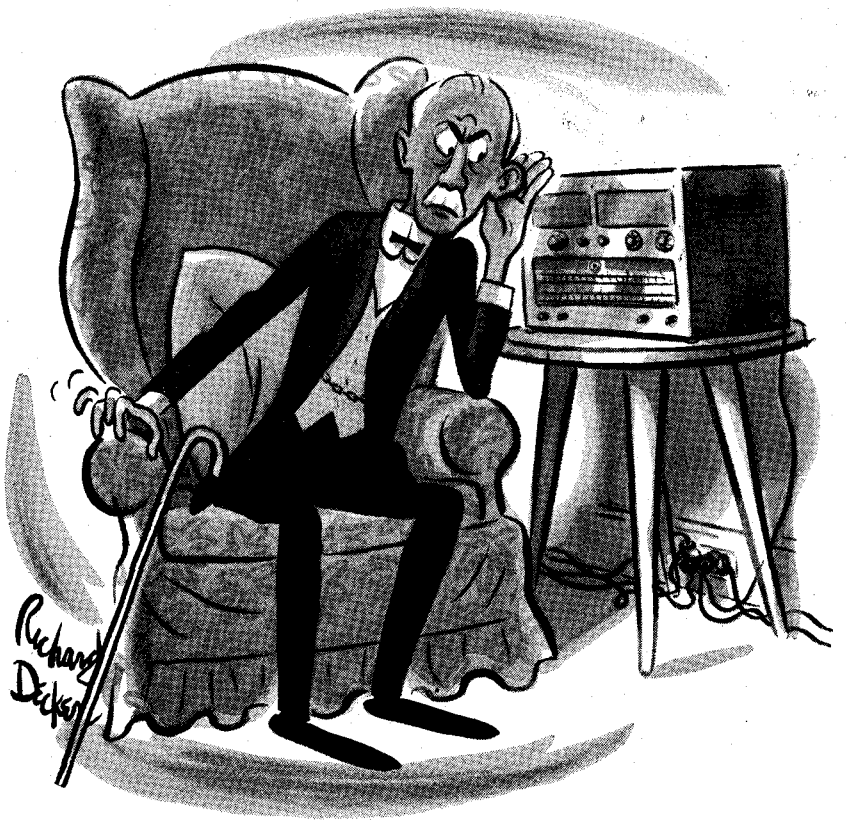
Dazed by a wiring maze?

Lights dim when appliances start?



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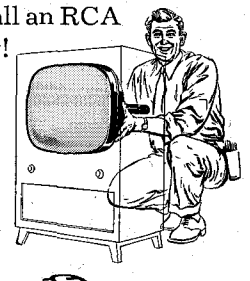

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(*Continued from Page 114*) roots going back to the remote beginnings of tribal life, and nurtured on the sacramental concept which has been Christianity's great and unique contribution to the everlasting problem of how mortal men may build enduring societies. It provides a bridge between what is fluctuating and what is everlasting in human affairs. Kings come and go, but their enthronement and their passing are alike greeted with the cry, "God save the King!"

The question is: Can monarchy continue to perform this function today, when its powers have atrophied and it is subjected to the hysterical, if not morbid, adulation of the masses? In many formerly monarchial European countries—Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain, and so on—the question has been answered in the negative. Only in the Scandinavian countries, Holland, Belgium, and in Greece fitfully and precariously, has monarchy survived these last turbulent decades. Its survival in Britain, and, in a shadowy way, throughout most of the British Commonwealth, has been a most remarkable feat of adaptation. In order to survive, however, it has had to divest itself of all save its purely symbolic functions. The former Empress of India is glad to invite to dinner the Prime Minister of the Indian Republic, Mr. Nehru. As recently as the time of the present Queen's grandfather, the King exercised a considerable influence on public affairs. Correspondence recently published indicates that George V took quite a hand, before the 1914–18 war, in the Irish question, and that he was an important factor in inducing Ramsay MacDonald to form a National Government in 1931. It is inconceivable that Elizabeth II should likewise use her still theoretically valid royal prerogatives. In principle she retains the right to dissolve Parliament; actually, she would never do so except on the advice of her minister. When, at the time of Sir Anthony Eden's resignation, the decision had to be taken whether to summon Mr. Butler or Mr. Macmillan to form a new government, it was her advisers—notably Lord Salisbury—who led her to choose Macmillan. Nothing in her temperament or training would have induced her to exercise her own judgment, even assuming—which is unlikely—that she herself had any particular preference or opinion.

The monarchy, then, has become a pure show. It exists ceremonially, as a constitutional convenience, but would no more be able to make itself felt politically than the guardsmen in their bearskins and red coats on sentry duty outside Buckingham Palace would be able to defend it against a serious attack. An objection which is occasionally raised even in the House of Commons is that, this being so, the monarchy is too expensive; that it ought to be trimmed down to conform with Britain's reduced circumstances in the world. Those sour-faced journalists who specialize in being thought independent, but who are often, in relation to their own employers, among the most sycophantic of men, are likely to write in such a strain. We just can't afford, they suggest, to provide the Queen or the Duke of Edinburgh with a ship like Britannia, which cost nearly £2,000,000 to build, and whose annual maintenance puts between a third and a half million pounds onto the naval estimates.

As a matter of fact, it is extremely difficult to find out just what the monarchy does cost. The following table shows the various items which go to make up the Queen's annual allowance of £475,000 under the Civil List, as well as the allowances to other members of the royal family:

ANNUITIES TO THE ROYAL FAMILY

Her Majesty's Privy Purse	£ 60,000
Salaries of Household	185,000
Expenses of Household	121,800
Royal Bounty, alms and special services	13,200
Supplementary Provision	95,000
	£475,000

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother	£ 70,000
The Duke of Edinburgh	40,000
The Duke of Gloucester	35,000
The Princess Margaret	6,000
The Princess Royal	6,000

The Queen has no income tax to pay. Princess Margaret, the Duke of Edinburgh and others do pay tax, but, of course, they can, like everyone else, put in for expenses. It would be surprising if, in their cases, the Inland Revenue were not inclined to indulgence. At the same time, the Queen has a large private fortune inherited from her father, King George VI, and from her grandmother, Queen Mary—how large no one knows, because the wills of royalty are never published, nor are their estates subject to death duty. It should also be noted that the Ministry of Public Works looks after the maintenance of the royal palaces. All this leaves out of account the stupendous value of the Queen's collection of jewels and of other unspecified bequests which have come to her. She is certainly a very rich woman in her own right. If her large allowance under the Civil List is inadequate to meet her very considerable outgoings, she is in a good position to supplement it from her private fortune.

Compared with the cost of atomic submarines or guided missiles, the monarchy cannot be considered expensive, though there are those who find the ostentation of life at Windsor or Buckingham Palace little to their taste. A more valid criticism of the monarchy is that it is a generator of snobbishness and a focus of sycophancy—both unattractive sides of human nature. The Queen is, of course, theoretically the fount of honors. It is she who knights superannuated politicians who have been unable to make the grade even for minor office—she who translates a Mr. into an Earl Attlee.

Strangely enough, people are still clamorous for these baubles, which constitute an inexpensive form of political patronage. Happy the government which can

... ...

Let's Face It

By Leonard K. Schiff

Each morning he arrived so grim
We wondered what was ailing him;
And, when he left, we wondered why
His countenance was just as wry.

No longer are we so concerned,
For through acquaintance, we have learned:
It's not the time, the work, or place—
He simply has that kind of face.

... ...

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bribe with knighthoods, baronetcies and peerages rather than with jobs and money. It is so much cheaper and less complicated. The Queen would seem to be essential to this procedure. If the honors were conferred by a president or a prime minister, the odds are that they would lose some of their allure. The worthy alderman kneels ecstatically with creaking joints before the Queen to receive the accolade; the aged party hack finds one more canter in him when it is a question of being elevated to the peerage by Her Majesty in person.

The whole hierarchical social system, which has so mysteriously survived political and economic changes incompatible with it, has for apex the throne. The Queen sits on the top of the pyramid. It is not surprising, therefore, that her entourage is exclusively upper class, and that even her press-relations officers must be out of the top drawer—a circumstance which makes them quite exceptionally incompetent; capable, for instance, of putting out a communiqué at the time of the Townsend affair to the effect that no statement could be expected "at present," thereby, inevitably, giving the story a huge new shot in the arm.

The impulses out of which snobbishness is born descend from the Queen, at the apex of the social pyramid, right down to the base. Social distinctions, at the lowest as at the highest level, are given a validity. The effulgence of royalty shines upon them. If it is considered—as I consider—that such a social setup is obsolete and disadvantageous in the contemporary world, then the monarchy is, to that extent, undesirable. If it is considered—as most of my fellow-countrymen consider—that social distinctions and aspirations are a cement making for social cohesion rather than a ludicrously outmoded and ultimately disintegrating expression of social disunity, then the monarchy is a most valuable element in such stability as we now enjoy.

There is no republican party in England today, though there was in the last century, and it included eminent figures like Joseph Chamberlain. When the Queen goes on her travels—to the Commonwealth, to France and Denmark and Portugal, and now to the United States—the vast bulk of the population rejoices in the acclaim which her charming personality is invariably accorded. And we others, who enter a mild dissent, do so more because we are at times nauseated by the unctuous manner in which her welcome is described in the press and on the air in this country than because we consider her other than a highly successful ambassadress.

Yet it would be a mistake to assume from her popularity the security of the throne. The Czar and Czarina were never the object of such fantastic manifestations of adulation as in 1914. Four years later they were shot like dogs in a cellar, and no one in Russia seemed to care much. The Cairo crowds turned out with wild enthusiasm on the occasion of King Farouk's wedding. When, shortly afterwards, he left Egypt for good, every eye was dry. King George VI and his Queen were received in Paris in 1938 with the same rapture as Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh this year. This did not prevent the bulk of the French population from being sullenly anti-British behind Marshal Pétain in 1940. It was Cromwell who remarked to Fairfax as they rode into a cheering town, "They'd turn out with the same enthusiasm to see us hanged."

Popularity, like patriotism, is not enough. History shows that institutions survive only to the degree that they fulfill an authentic purpose. The British monarchy does fulfill a purpose. It provides a symbolic head of state transcending the politicians who go in and out of office, who, as Lear so wonderfully said, "ebb and flow by the moon." It expresses that continuity which has enabled Britain to survive two great revolutions—the French and the Russian—and two ruinous and destructive world wars, without being torn by civil conflict. But this function must not only be fulfilled. It must be seen to be fulfilled. The Queen, in other words, must be put across, not only as a charming wife and mother who dresses pleasingly, if not always elegantly, who wins hearts wherever she goes, and who presides gracefully over a lunch or dinner table even when her guests include politicians, dons, writers and Commonwealth statesmen, rather than her own intimates, sharing her own simple, unintellectual tastes. She must be put across, as well, as a useful unifying element in a society full of actual and potential discord.

Are her present advisers and courtiers capable of doing this? Frankly, I doubt it. In my opinion, she needs new men around her—men who understand what the mid-twentieth century is about, and what is the role of a constitutional monarch at such a time; men who can deal with the ink and television side of her existence subtly and sensibly, without losing sight of the great symbolic utility of the institution she embodies; men who are living in the present rather than in terms of a social order which, if it notionally still exists, disappeared forever when power ceased to reside in a hereditary elite grouped round a hereditary monarch.

THE END

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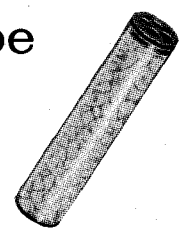

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The Bachelor's Kids (Continued from Page 33)

At one time he had three. Each one was catalogued by Mrs. O'Brien. Each one received the same indictment: "He's the worst of the lot, he is."

David always said, "He may be the best."

"If he's the best, then the saints preserve us. He'll murder us all in our beds." She then proceeded to treat the boy as if he were one of her own—scolding, bullying, cajoling, fussing over him, and cooking as if each meal would be his last.

The boys were those whom Judge Robson had placed in private homes rather than send them to reform school. In the year just past, he had placed eighty-three boys in homes throughout the county. Only two of the eighty-three ran away. David still heard from every one of those who had stayed with him.

Now, David came out of the house and went to the garage. He peered at the engine of the hybrid car. One boy, as preoccupied as an atomic scientist, was carefully polishing the intake ports. Another was working over the carburetor. Two others were meticulously balancing pistons, rings, wrist pins and connecting rods. The three others were listening to the engine of the Lancia, which they had just finished tuning.

"How is it?" David said.

"I dunno," one lanky lad said. "Seems a little rough."

"I still think it was better with that other carburetor," another boy said.

David listened to the engine. He grinned at the boys. "You characters," he said, "are never satisfied. She sounds as sweet as syrup."

"You got a tin ear, Mr. Hardy," the third boy said. "She's rough."

"A-a-a-h!" David said. "Your brains are all in your toolbox."

The boys grinned at the insult. David climbed behind the wheel and backed out of the garage. He drove into town, up Broadway, swung around the Turnaround and then saw Julie Reynolds' car parked in front of Art's Coffee Shop.

He parked and pushed open the door. Julie was having a cup of coffee. She was a blonde, as lovely as the sound of a jury foreman saying "Not guilty." She was wearing a sweater and Bermuda shorts, which must have been designed for a chassis such as hers. She greeted David with a minimum of warmth.

Art put a cup of coffee in front of David. "If this is too cold, it's on account of one of my customers."

"I thought you were going to pick me up for golf," David said.

"I tried," Julie said. "I stopped out in front and nearly wore out my horn. Naturally, you didn't hear me. It would take a thermonuclear blast to cut through that racket."

"Basketball game," David said.

"Honestly," Julie said. "How much longer are you going to put up with that?"

"I think basketball's here to stay," Art said.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, David," Julie said, "what makes you think you're responsible for every kid in town? They have parents; they have the school ground; they have the beach. But these kids know a good thing when they see it. And you even make it worse by taking in those young criminals that Judge Robson dumps on you."

"They aren't criminals, Julie. They're just kids who got a little mixed up, that's all."

"Mixed up! Oh, really. Can you imagine that?"

Art leaned on the counter. "Matter of fact, I can. One time when I was sixteen, I ——"

"I might have known you'd have been a juvenile delinquent," Julie said.

"Not me," Art said. "I was just 'that crazy, no-good, Hannant brat.' In those days they didn't have fancy names for raising hell."

Julie stood up and went to the door. "Well, David, when you can spare the time after saving the youth of the nation, give me a call." She went out the door, got into her car and drove away.

David gloomily sipped his coffee.

"Look, you been going around with Julie for about two years," Art said.

"Yeah."

"Looks like you gotta stop raising kids before you start raising your own."

"You're right, Art. It has come to the point now where it's Julie or the neighborhood kids. I'll just tell them firmly but kindly that they have to go."

"There's only one thing," Art said. "Lots of dames latch onto a guy just so they can reform him. Instead of finding some character who meets their specifications, they take a man—any man—and after the honeymoon's over, start a rebuilding job."

"Are you suggesting that Julie's like that?"

"Me? Why, I wouldn't think of it. Anyone can see that she loves kids."

David peered at Art suspiciously, but the man seemed as guileless as a man stopped for speeding. "It's ridiculous to have my home turned into a sort of Y.M.C.A., come to think of it."

"Sure, send 'em out on the town. Besides, you need all that acreage and a four-car garage."

"Never mind the sarcasm. A man's home is his castle, you know."

"That's an idea. Dig a moat around the place and fill it with water."

"Wise guy," David said.

He left Art's, got into his car and drove over to the golf course. On the way, he made up his mind to explain to the kids that he was going to get married, that his wife had plans for the garden, the tennis court, the rest of the grounds, and that they'd have to find some other spot.

During his round of golf, he rehearsed speeches to the Cam Twisters and the other boys. As a result, he shot an eighty-two and lost three dollars. He took a shower and drove home. There were several cars in the driveway. The garage was full of youngsters. The basketball game had had a change of personnel, but no decrease in bedlam was apparent.

Well, Hardy, there's no time like the present. The whole town seems to be here, so now's the time to tell them to get lost.

He parked his car and climbed out. The youngsters all said, "Hi, Mr. Hardy."

He waved at them and then said, "Fellows, I have an announcement to make."

"Yessir," they said, collectively.

Then he stiffened and stared. The girl was wearing a pair of white pedal pushers and an old sweat shirt, which looked vaguely familiar. She had a smudge of grease on her nose, and a black streak on one cheek. She had hair the color of polished maple, her eyes were dark, enormous and slanting. The planes in her face were a cameraman's dream. She walked toward him, moving like a young panther.

"Holy Hannah!" David said.

The girl peered at him. "Something wrong?"

"Where did you come from?" David asked.

"Well, I was born in Philadelphia, my parents moved to New York when I was three, then ——"

"I don't mean that," David said, louder than he intended.

"Would you like to rephrase your question, counselor?"

"What are you doing here?"

"If you mean how does it happen that I am here on your grounds at this particular time, I'll explain. You see, Judge Robson ——"

"Oh, no!" he moaned. Not this, Hardy. Not a girl juvenile delinquent. He'd just go in and call the judge and tell him that he couldn't take a girl—not at this particular time anyway. And not this particular girl, above all.

"To continue," she said, "Judge Robson said you took care of strays. I'm friendless, alone, cast aside like an empty tin can. The judge drove me over, Mrs. O'Brien gave me a delightful bedroom on the west side, said that Saturday night was her night off and that she wouldn't be back until around ten. She then took off, saying that you might be persuaded to take me to dinner."

"Oh," David said weakly. He looked around him at the boys. This, somehow, did not seem the time to tell them that they were through around here. "Well, let's go inside."

They went into the house. "I don't suppose you brought any clothes with you," he said. "I notice that you're wearing my sweat shirt."

"I hope you don't mind. Is it your best sweat shirt?"

"No, it isn't my best. What I mean is ——"

"If you're trying to ask me whether I have any clothes suitable for going out for dinner, the answer is 'yes.'"

David wanted to ask what sort of trouble she was in, but he did not want to pry right away. When she was dressing, he'd call the judge and find out the score. He would also tell the judge that keeping the girl here was impossible. He did not particularly want to take the girl anywhere for dinner, but he was a poor cook, and in addition, Mrs. O'Brien let the larder get barren over the weekend.

"Well, we have to eat, I suppose, Miss ——"

"McMillan," she said; "Nan McMillan. I'll just go up and get out of this grease. Do I have time for a shower?"

"Certainly, Miss McMillan."

"Since we're practically living here together, you may call me Nan, and I'll call you David."

"We are not living here together," David yelped.

"Let's say that we're here under the same roof, then. Will that be all right?"

"Because of circumstances over which I had no control," David amended.

"Well, I guess that cleans it up. Now I'll go and clean myself up."

David waited until he heard the shower running, then dialed Judge Robson's residence. There was no answer, although he let the phone ring for half a minute. Frowning, he went into his downstairs bedroom off his study, quickly showered and changed into a gray flannel suit. He then tried to phone the judge again. Still there was no answer.

The doorbell rang. He went to the door and opened it. Julie Reynolds stood there, wearing a white cotton dress in which she looked as if she had been scissored out of a fashion magazine.

"Oh—hello, Julie," David said. "What can I do for you?"

"What can you do for me?" Julie said.

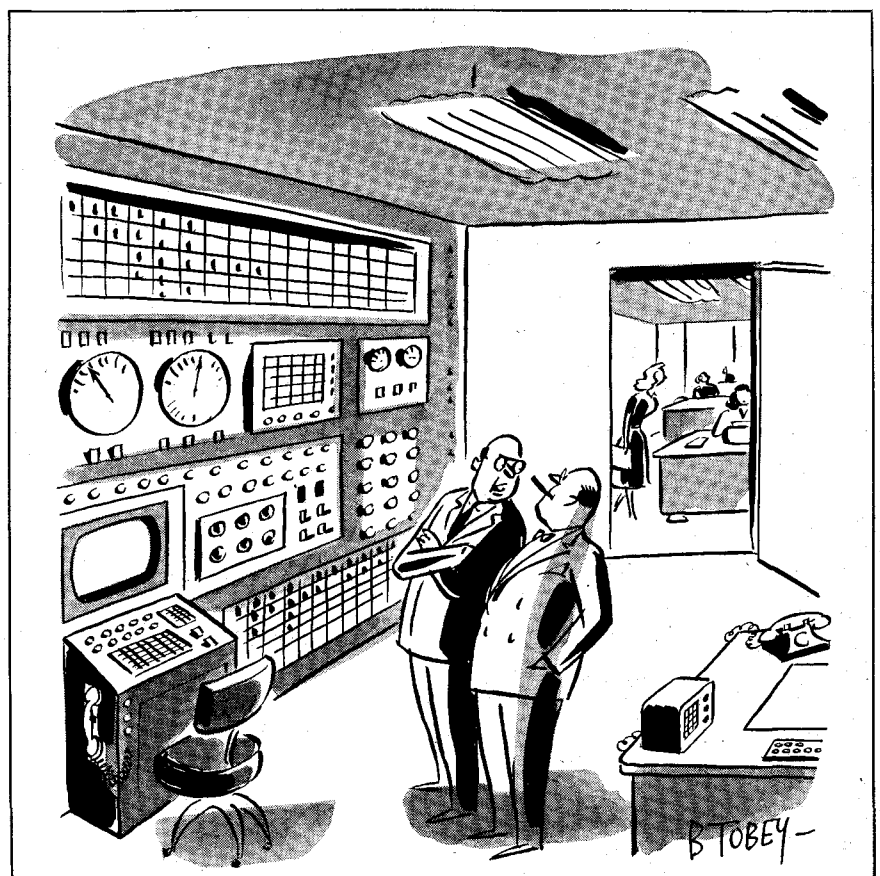
"I mean—is there anything special? I ——"

"I thought you might fix me a martini. I was caustic and short-tempered today, started thinking it over, and cooled off."

"Why, certainly. But why don't we drive over to the Driftwood Room for our martini?"

"Way over there? For one martini?"

Maybe, David thought, they could have a drink and he could get Julie out of the house before that juvenile delinquent came downstairs. Julie would, he knew, take a pale view of a wayward girl. She was disenchanted with the male contingent already. Any distaff delinquents, particularly since Mrs. O'Brien was gone, should, David felt, be kept discreetly upstairs—unheard, unseen.



"Another big advantage. It will never come prancing in, starry-eyed, one morning and announce it is leaving to get married."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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He opened the door wide, and said, "Guess it is a little far. Fix you one in a hurry." He went into the kitchen, stirred up a quick pitcher, picked two glasses out of the refrigerator and went back into the library.

He handed one to Julie, who said, "Apologies, David."

"Accepted, Julie," he said.

Then from upstairs he heard a feminine voice. "David!"

Julie stopped in the midst of tasting her martini. Her eyes widened. "That isn't Mrs. O'Brien."

"Why, no; that's Miss McMillan."

"David!" Nan McMillan shouted. "Are you there?"

"I'm here," he said.

"What's she doing here?" Julie hissed.

"I don't really know," David said.

"You don't know!"

"David," Nan McMillan shouted again, "are you about ready?"

"Yes, I'm about ready." He looked at Julie helplessly. "Judge Robson sent her over. I think she's some sort of juvenile delinquent."

"You think!" Julie said.

"I tried to call the judge. He isn't home. She was here when I got back from golf."

"Oh, really, David," Julie said. "This is ridiculous."

"I think so too. You see, I ——"

He heard clicking heels coming downstairs, turned as Nan McMillan walked into the room. David gulped. In those pedal pushers, sweat shirt, and with grease on her face, she had looked like a youngster. But now, a gloomy understatement of the girl's appearance would be that if you turned her loose in the streets, there'd be a full-scale riot. She was wearing a raw-silk, off-the-shoulder dress, simple in line so that the complicated lines which filled it were more apparent. She carried a matching jacket, and she made all the other girls whom David had seen look as if they had forgotten to put on their makeup.

"Juvenile delinquent," Julie muttered. "Ha!"

"That shower was marvelous, David," Nan said. "I feel like a new woman. I put your sweat shirt back where I found it."

"Fine," David gulped. "Great. This is Julie Reynolds—Nan McMillan."

Julie said, frostily, that it was nice meeting Nan.

Nan smiled sweetly at Julie and said, "Martinis? I'll get a glass. No, don't bother, David, I know where they are—refrigerator." She left the room.

"Well, David," Julie said, "some wayward child the judge sent over."

"In pedal pushers and a sweat shirt, she looked different."

Julie lifted her glass. "*Vive la difference*, eh, David?"

"Look, Julie, I never saw the girl until an hour ago. Don't make a Federal case out of it."

"Me? I'm making no case at all."

Nan came back with a glass, David poured her a martini, she sipped it and said, "Well, I must say the judge did right by our little Nell."

"Yard full of kids, house full of juvenile delinquents," Julie said. "It's the story of David's life."

"Yes, the judge told me about that. By the way, David, those Cam Twisters have a nice little project going out there. That's going to be a hot car when they finish."

"They're already finished," David said. "Tomorrow they go."

Nan lifted her eyebrows. "Tomorrow they go where?"

"Anywhere," David said.

"Why, David," Julie said, "aren't you sweet? You see, Miss McMillan, David and I are engaged, but I told him I did not intend to run a youth center. Why, this place is a madhouse most of the time. Every kid in Oceancrest uses David's yard for a hangout."

"So you're cleaning them out tomorrow, eh, David?"

"Right. Let 'em find some other place."

Julie stood up. "Well, I have to be running along. There's a cocktail-dinner thing at the Carrolls'. Maybe I'll see you again, Miss McMillan."

"It's possible," Nan said, "unless I get thrown out with the Cam Twisters."

"I suppose that's possible too," Julie said. "Don't come to the door, David. I know the way." She walked out of the room.

David looked at Nan McMillan, who was looking at him intently. Her beautiful expressive eyes were far too disconcerting for objective thinking. "Those kids are going to be disappointed," she said.

"Well, I can't help that."

"No, I don't suppose you can." She tilted her head and looked closely at David.

"What," he said, "are you looking at?"

"I'm trying to see the man that the judge told me you were. Frankly, I'm a bit disappointed."

"You're disappointed!" David yelped.

"Yes; the judge told me that you were stable, kind, the best influence on the kids around town that he had ever seen. He said that you were unselfish, and sincerely devoted to youngsters. He also said that it was a shame that you didn't have any of your own."

"First," David said, "I have to get married."

"Uh-huh. And anyone can see that that frozen-faced blonde will make a wonderful mother."

"Don't run down Julie."

"I don't have to," Nan said. She finished her martini and then stood up. "You go ahead and have dinner. Or go to that cocktail-dinner thing that your Julie spoke about. I seem to have lost my appetite. I'll stay here and watch the hockey game on television."

"For a wayward girl," David said hotly, "you seem extremely critical of my actions. This is my home, my yard, and I'll have in my home and my yard the ones I want to have."

"Or the ones that Julie wants to have. This wayward girl would rather be thrown out with the Cam Twisters. Television set in the library?"

"Yes."

"Have a nice dinner. Good night." She walked into the library.

David sat quite still for a few moments, then swiftly got out of his chair, got into his coat, put on a hat and left the house. He was several blocks down the street before he realized the ridiculousness of the situation. Here was a girl whom Judge Robson had sent over to stay, presumably because she had been in some sort of trouble. In just a short time, she had made Julie disenchanted, had tried to tell him what to do about the youngsters in his yard, and had made him feel that he was acting in a much less creditable manner than she had expected. What did he care what she thought? When he got hold of the judge in the morning, she'd be gone, and forgotten.

Nevertheless, he was not in the mood for the Carrolls' cocktail-dinner party. He drove over to Art's, parked, went inside. He ordered a cup of coffee, Art put it in front of him and he sipped it morosely.

"Something wrong, counselor?" Art said.

"No."

"I see. You look like that all the time? Trouble with Julie, eh?"

"No; it's this girl that's staying at my place."

"Oh, then I suppose ——" Art stopped. "This what?"

"Girl."

"That's what I thought you said. What's she doing there?"

"I don't really know."

Art poured himself a cup of coffee, took a sip. "Well, if I were you, counselor, I'd find out."

"I can't. Judge Robson sent her over while I was playing golf this afternoon. It's Mrs. O'Brien's night off, and I can't locate the judge."

"Well, what does the girl say?"

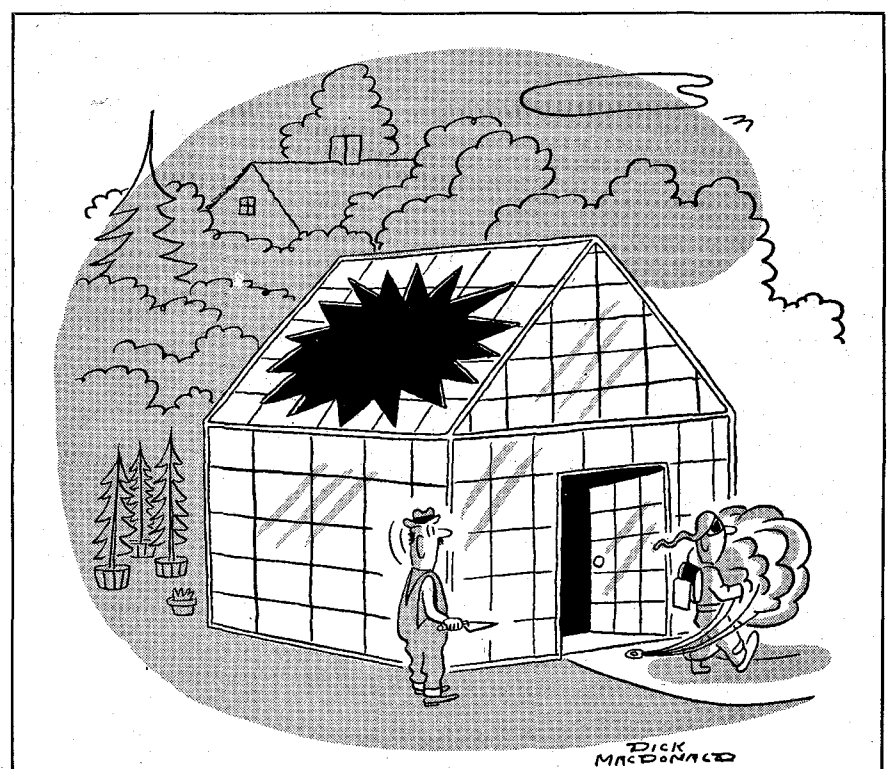
"I didn't ask her."

"Oh, brother!" Art moaned. "Well, what does she look like?"

"None of your business."

"Taking the Fifth Amendment, eh? Well, I can't say I blame you. Telling me that she looks like an earth-bound angel might incriminate you, at that."

David stiffened. "How do you know what she looks like?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Art inspected his fingernails. "You know, counselor, I missed my calling. I should have been an attorney. So that is what she looks like, huh?"

"Go soak your head," David said. He dropped a dime on the counter and stood up.

Art grinned. "You did very well today. You not only didn't kick the kids out, you acquired a dame who'll be more trouble than all the kids put together. I don't suppose Julie knows about this juvenile delinquent?"

"Well, yes, Julie came by to apologize for being peeved this afternoon."

"And this dame was there?"

"Yes."

"Looking like an earth-bound angel?"

"Yes."

Art sighed. "You suppose Julie believed your story?"

"It's no story, and certainly Julie will believe it."

"Don't count on it."

David walked down the street to the Times Theater. He sat in the back row and watched the hero get himself into a horrible mess involving several women, killers who were stalking him, and cops intent on putting him in the bastille. The hero solved the whole problem in two minutes by shooting the killers, explaining to the cops, then kissing the girl who had been running around with him, ducking cops and killers' bullets, when she should have been home in bed.

Logically, David thought, driving home, the picture just wouldn't work out that way. And logically, David again thought, there were several things he could do. First, of course, sit down and have a talk with Nan McMillan, since the judge wasn't available. Find out how seriously she was in trouble, then arrange for her removal to a more suitable home. Next, move out the youngsters in the morning. After that, send Julie a dozen roses, wait until she called to thank him for them, and then set a date for their marriage. Those were logical steps. He wished that he felt better about the logical steps.

Mrs. O'Brien was in front of the television set, watching the wrestling matches. "Hello," she said; "you should see this. The Hooded Monster just clobbered the referee for trying to unhood him."

"Mrs. O'Brien, where's Nan McMillan?"

"Gone."

"Gone! Why?"

"Said she didn't like it around here. Did that Reynolds dame come over and make some nasty remarks?"

"Mrs. O'Brien, she isn't ——"

"O.K.; did Miss Julie Reynolds come over and ——"

"She made no nasty remarks," David yelped. "Where did Miss McMillan go? Since the judge sent her over, I'm responsible, and I'd better notify the authorities."

Mrs. O'Brien tore her eyes away from The Hooded Monster. "The authorities? Why?"

"Because when the judge sends over a delinquent, I'm supposed to notify the authorities when that delinquent takes off, that's why."

Mrs. O'Brien stared at her employer. "Are you kidding?"

"No, I'm not kidding. Since the judge sent her over, she is obviously ——"

"You mean she didn't explain?"

"Explain what?"

Mrs. O'Brien turned off the television set. "Mr. Hardy, that girl is the judge's niece."

"The judge's what?" David screamed.

"Niece. The judge and his wife invited her out here for the summer, but the judge had to go to San Francisco for a bar convention (*Continued on Page 122*)

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The planet Venus is the brightest object in the sky, next to the Sun and the Moon. Photograph by Bert Stern.

Fairest planet, love's proud light Brilliant Venus, goddess of love and beauty,
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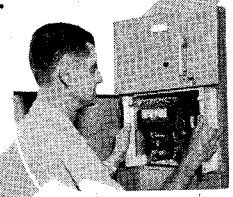

A-B QUALITY

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(*Continued from Page 120*) and he was having all his downstairs rooms repainted, so she couldn't stay there. Rather than send her to a hotel, he sent her over here."

"Oh, no!" David moaned.

"Oh, yes. Where did you get the idea that she's some juvenile delinquent?"

"Why, I don't know. I just assumed that she was, and she didn't explain. When I got home, she was outside with the Cam Twisters; she was smeared with grease and wearing an old sweat shirt of mine. Then she went upstairs to change clothes and clean up, and when she came down, Julie was here. Things sort of snowballed along."

"I'll bet. With that Reynolds da— I mean Miss Reynolds, sitting there like a frozen custard. Not that I blame her. The looks of that McMillan girl would make any dame take half a dozen good looks in the mirror, and then make an appointment at a beauty parlor."

"She isn't that beautiful," David said. "Is she?"

"Face it, Mr. Hardy. The girl is sensational."

David sat down. "Yeah, I guess you're right. But whether she is or isn't, I have to get hold of her and explain. I can't have the judge think that I thought she was some wayward girl, sent over because she stuck up a service station or something."

"Yeah, the judge would probably bust his hernia, laughing."

"That is not the point!" David shouted. "Where did she go?"

"The Carter Blakes, I think."

David went to the phone and dialed the Blakes' residence. Their maid answered the phone. "They all gone out to some party," she said. "I don't know when they's comin' home."

"Thank you," David said. He looked at Mrs. O'Brien. "Oh, this is great. I can see it now. All of them arriving at some party and telling everyone that I thought Judge Robson's niece was a juvenile delinquent." He hung up the phone.

"They'll all probably bust their hern——"

"Stop saying that!" David shouted.

"Well, won't they?"

"You don't have to act so pleased about it."

"Why not? I think it's hilarious."

"Yeah. I hope I don't get hysterical laughing." David stood up. "I'm going to bed."

He stalked into his bedroom, undressed, put on his pajamas and got into bed. He stared at the ceiling and did not explain to himself why his thoughts stayed on Nan McMillan, and not on Julie. Finally, after tossing and turning for some time, he slept.

He awakened at eight o'clock, showered, put on some slacks and a sweater and went out to the kitchen. Mrs. O'Brien was not up yet, so he made coffee and read the Sunday papers. Outside, twin exhausts muttered in the driveway and gentle laughter mingled with the song of the meadowlarks. He opened the back door and stepped out. It was really a day—windless and soft, with a few harmless cumulus clouds for contrast against the blue of the sky. He walked to the garage. Two of the Cam Twisters were staring at the engine of their car.

"How's it going?" David said.

"All finished except for the final assembly," Jimmy Blakely said.

"It'll go like a bomb," Danny Uzelac said.

"Looks like it," David said. "You've done a nice job."

"Danny located a foreign job," Jimmy said. "It was rolled and the body's a mess. We can get it cheap. Figured we'd try one of those plastic bodies when we can raise the dough."

"How much do you need?"

"Around three-hundred-fifty, with freight and all."

"Well," David said, "you characters have saved me more than that by keeping the Lancia running like a sewing machine. Tell you what. I'll put up the three-fifty. You boys pay me back a hundred and fifty, at ten bucks a month. O.K.?"

Danny and Jimmy stared at him. Then broad grins spread over their faces. "No kidding?" Danny shouted.

"No kidding," David said, grinning.

"Holy catfish!" Jimmy yelped. "Let's go tell the guys. Gee, Mr. Hardy, we heard that you weren't even going to let us hang around here any more."

"Be kind of lonesome without you," David said.

The boys hopped into their car, started the engine, yelled, "Thanks, Mr. Hardy. Thanks a lot."

David waved at them as they backed out of the driveway and then took off. He went back into the house, got another cup of coffee and sat at the kitchen table, looking out the window.

Now just why, Hardy, did you do that instead of sending them on their way? Last night you had made up your mind, or rather Julie had made up your mind for you, that all the kids were going.

There was no mystery. He knew why. He looked at his watch. Too early to call Nan. He'd call her after church. He got up from the table, started whistling, then went in and dressed for church.

When he came out, still whistling, Mrs. O'Brien was fixing breakfast. "What you so happy about?"

David grinned. "I just gave away two hundred dollars."

"Well, tell me about it and then I'll call the wagon."

David told her about the car the boys wanted to rebuild.

"Why did you do it?"

"Be lonesome without 'em," David said.

"M'm'm'm," Mrs. O'Brien muttered. "Here's your breakfast."

David didn't see Nan until after church. He was standing outside, visiting with Dorothy and Pete Rodgers, when she came out. He said good-by to the Rodgerses and walked toward her, his heart thundering.

"Hello, David," she said.

"Hello, Nan."

"Now I'm not disappointed, after all."

"Why not?"

"The kids spread it all over town in about fifteen minutes. I mean about you putting up the money. Why didn't you kick them out?"

"I don't know. I guess I'm just not built that way. It was such a beautiful morning, and the kids were so enthusiastic about the car that I just couldn't do it."

"I see."

"Did you know that I thought you were a juvenile delinquent the judge had sent over?"

"I suspected it."

"Nan, want to go over to Blakes' place, get your luggage and move back?"

"Uh-huh. But I didn't take my luggage."

"You didn't?"

"No; I knew I'd be back."

They got into David's car and drove home.

He pulled into the driveway. Another basketball game was in progress. Some other kids had a pepper game going on the lawn. The Cam Twisters were tuning a V-8. Twin exhausts barked.

"Listen to that racket," Nan said.

"Yeah," David said. "Wonderful, isn't it?"

THE END

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Yellow Jack is Back (Continued from Page 39)

the United States this year or next. And whereas the virus was once thought to be the exclusive possession of man and a single species of mosquito, the *Aëdes aegypti*, research scientists now know that the virus has additional tricks of locomotion and survival, utilizing other mosquito species, as well as monkeys and perhaps even opossums and rodents, all of which makes the fight against it more complicated and difficult.

The resurrection of a plague once counted out is not necessarily cause for renewed panic. It should not interfere with vacation trips to the delightful lands that ring the Caribbean, for the yellow-fever vaccine available to travelers today gives firm protection. The situation does, however, call for a stepped-up defense throughout the Western Hemisphere; for there is still no specific cure for yellow fever, and when it strikes a community the mortality may be very high.

Just such a defense is now being organized under the prodding of Dr. Fred L. Soper, director of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau and a veteran of large-scale victories over both malaria and yellow fever. The P.A.S.B. is the Western Hemisphere arm of the World Health Organization. Its consultants and funds are assisting fourteen American republics and several islands of the West Indies in a preventive war upon the *aegypti* mosquitoes. And a "sentinel service" is being maintained by the P.A.S.B., the Gorgas Memorial Laboratory in Panama, and the Trinidad Regional Virus Laboratory. Physicians, entomologists and technicians—like Doctor Boshell and his team—are constantly cruising the jungles and swamps, by canoe, jeep, horseback or on foot, keeping close watch on the movement of the elusive virus so that communities can be warned in time to start vaccination programs or take quarantine measures. Their assignment is rugged and often lonely, but it is cloaked in the atmosphere of a tropical murder mystery and it partakes of the drama that has always surrounded research on this deadly disease.

It will be recalled that several of the early research workers in yellow fever were killed by the disease they were studying, and all research on yellow fever remained highly hazardous until a vaccine was developed in the late 1930's. Doctor Boshell began his own adventures in this field before such protection became available. His first contact with the disease was in 1934, when, as a country doctor in his native Colombia, he investigated a report from a town on the Meta River that the people were dying "in an abnormal way."

"When I walked into the little hospital there, I saw the dead stacked like sardines—twelve bodies in one small room," he said. Examining their livers, he concluded they had died of yellow fever. "But I said to myself, 'This can't be. There aren't any *Aëdes aegypti* mosquitoes around here. And yet I'm sure this is yellow fever.' So I sent the liver specimens and the blood samples to the minister of health, and the Rockefeller Foundation people came out on the double. They confirmed my diagnosis of yellow fever and together we began to look for the responsible mosquitoes."

It was on that occasion that Doctor Boshell first met Doctor Soper, then regional director in South America for the Rockefeller Foundation's International Health Division. Soper had been in Rio de Janeiro when yellow fever broke out there in 1928 and had participated in the mosquito-eradication campaign that finally checked it. But the mosquito in Rio had been the familiar "urban" species, *Aëdes aegypti*, which breeds mainly in man-made receptacles—rain barrels, flower vases, water jars and old tin cans. In the Meta River outbreak of 1934, which the two men now tackled, Boshell found that the disease was being carried by treetop mosquitoes of the genus *Haemagogus*—literally "blood-eater."

Boshell and Soper worked together in several South American yellow-fever outbreaks and contributed much important information on the newly recognized forest phase of the disease, to which Soper gave the name "jungle yellow fever."

The present wave of yellow fever began in 1948, when the virus escaped from a more or less permanent jungle reservoir in Colombia and popped up in Panama. Panama doctors were so unfamiliar with it, after a thirty-year absence, that five patients died before anyone woke up to the fact that the "yellow jack" was back.

The Panama patients, woodcutters who had been bitten when they chopped down trees harboring the *Haemagogus* mosquito, had died during November and December. But the pathologists who examined their livers, post-mortem, were not sure until mid-January that they were seeing yellow fever. It is an unfortunate fact that neither the symptoms nor the pathology of yellow fever is as easily recognizable as the textbook description suggests. Mild cases, with fever, headache and a stuffy nose, may be confused with influenza; the more serious cases, marked by jaundice, backache and prostration, resemble dengue, certain forms of malaria or hepatitis. The notorious "black vomit" of yellow fever appears rather late, and then only in the more severe cases. Moreover, specimens of yellow-fever liver, seen under the microscope, are sometimes confused with "yellow atrophy of the liver," a quite different condition. Consequently, an epidemic may be well under way before even the most experienced public-health officer is aware, from hospital reports, that the virus has struck. Hence the importance of the jungle outposts to keep tab on the approach of the virus in animals and mosquitoes.

When the papers in Panama City on January 19, 1949, did headline the news that yellow fever had returned, health workers quickly mobilized to combat it. Vaccination teams inoculated everyone—or nearly everyone—in the Canal Zone and the Republic of Panama. And mosquito-eradication crews did such a thorough job that the Gorgas Memorial Laboratory was soon able to offer $150

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to anyone who could lead their entomologists to a breeding place of the *Aëdes aegypti*. "So far," says Dr. Carl M. Johnson, the laboratory's director, "no one has claimed the reward."

Nevertheless, in August of 1956, the Santo Tomas Hospital received another case, the most recent to be reported in the disease's current revival. This was just a few weeks before my wife and I arrived in Panama on our tour of Pan American Sanitary Bureau health activities in Central America and the Caribbean. A man named Juan Ovidio Villarreal, who lived in the small village of Tocumen, at the edge of the Panama City airport, had entered the hospital on the evening of August fourteenth, complaining of headache and fever. With him was his twelve-year-old son, José, also feverish. Both had just spent four or five days working a small rice patch the father had planted some forty miles northeast, near the headwaters of the Chagres River. The doctors found the boy only mildly sick and sent him home. But the father rapidly became worse and died the next morning. An examination of his liver proved he had been a victim of yellow fever.

It was assumed that Juan Villarreal had been infected by mosquitoes on his Chagres River farm and not in the urban area. In any event, no publicity was given his case in Panama City, which at the moment was playing host to a Pan American conference of mayors.

"How did it happen," I asked, "that this man hadn't been protected by the vaccination program in 1949?"

"He was living at that time in Boquete, in the cordillera of Western Panama," Doctor Johnson told me. "The vaccination crews came through there all right, but he had been away from home and they missed him."

Nor had the control program, intensive as it was, prevented the "yellow jack" from crossing the canal in 1949 or 1950 and starting its slow but inexorable journey along the isthmus and northward. Traveling at an estimated average speed of thirteen miles per month, it moved through Costa Rica, Nicaragua and, as we have said, Honduras. It struck hundreds of men, women and children in those three Central American republics, and killed upwards of seventy. (These were only the deaths in hospitals; authorities believe many others occurred back in the forest settlements, remote areas from which the Indian inhabitants never emerge from one generation to another.)

With the Honduras patient's death in September, 1954, many experts concluded that the current march of yellow fever had reached its northernmost limits. A "natural barrier," a broad cleared valley planted intensively to bananas, lay in its path, and they doubted the forest-loving *Haemagogus* mosquitoes could carry the virus across this valley into the neighboring republic of Guatemala. Bets were even placed on this prediction, with 50-to-1 odds against the mosquitoes.

For more than a year the yellow-fever front in Central America remained quiescent. In the meantime, far across the Caribbean to the east, in the still, dark rain forests of Trinidad, another chapter of the story began to unfold. During our trip last fall we visited the locale of that chapter and heard its details from many of the principal figures.

Dr. Wilbur G. Downs, an American specialist in tropical medicine, had been sent there in 1953 by the Rockefeller Foundation to help the island's government establish the Trinidad Regional Virus Laboratory at Port of Spain. Its purpose was to study viruses and fevers in general. Yellow fever was not on the program, for Trinidad had seen none since 1914. Nor had the flare-up in Panama and Central America disturbed the ordered British atmosphere of this lovely green island.

"We started out by examining patients with all kinds of fevers," Doctor Downs explained. "We saw lots of them, and collected some 700 blood samples from various parts of the island, to find out what viruses or immune antibodies were present in the population. Then we sent the samples to Dr. Max Theiler at the Rockefeller Foundation's laboratories in New York City." (Doctor Theiler won the Nobel Prize in 1951 for his work in the development of the yellow-fever vaccine now so widely used.)

In the fall of 1953 Theiler sent back the surprising report that the serum from nine young people, age fifteen to twenty, contained antibodies against yellow fever. This meant that they had been infected, however mildly, at some time during their lives. And since the youngest was only fifteen and none had ever been off the island, yellow fever must have been present in Trinidad, though unrecognized, within the previous fifteen years. The notion that it had been absent for forty years thus had to be drastically revised.

Theiler's report created much stir in the Virus Laboratory in Port of Spain and put Downs and his colleagues, Drs. Thomas H. G. Aitken, Charles Anderson and Leslie D. Spence, on the alert. They realized the virus might still be lurking in the forests, ready to break out at any moment in a real epidemic. Their task, then, was to go out and find the virus before the virus found the people in any dangerously large numbers.

"All through the winter of 1953–54 and on into the spring we continued to take blood samples from patients with 'nondescript' fevers," Doctor Downs said. "We tested these samples on white mice, watching for mouse symptoms that would indicate the nature of any virus present. So far as yellow fever was concerned, nothing happened."

Then one day early in May, 1954, something did happen. The virologist in charge of the testing called Doctor Spence into his laboratory.

"What about this patient named Theodore Houllier?" he asked. "What did he have?"

Doctor Spence checked his file, found he had seen the patient at the Arima Hospital on April twenty-third. "But he wasn't very sick," he said. "I almost didn't bother to take a blood sample, although I finally did so. There's nothing of special interest about his case, though. He seems to have recovered and gone home."

"Well," said the virologist, "there is something here in his blood that is killing mice."

To make sure they knew what this something was the scientists repeated the tests several times. Then they notified the Health Department of Trinidad that they had isolated the virus of yellow fever from a human patient.

The Health Department immediately put new pressure behind its urban-mosquito-control program, which had become rather desultory during the forty-year absence of a known threat. It also cabled the Pan American Sanitary Bureau for a big supply of vaccine and organized a program which before the end of the summer reached 75 per cent of the island's population.

Meanwhile Doctor Downs and his men stepped up their activities in three directions. First, they increased the scope of their fever studies, examining as many patients and taking as many blood samples as personnel and laboratory equipment permitted. Second, they packed up their collecting gear and plunged into the densely wooded mountains around Cumaca, where Ted Houllier lived, to look for the virus in the mosquitoes.

"That's very rough country up there," Doctor Downs remarked, "with few roads, but we made five or six all-day expeditions in May and June, tramping through the virgin forest after monkeys and climbing trees to trap the canopy mosquitoes. We established a collecting station there, with half a dozen boys catching mosquitoes eight hours daily from early May until the end of July in the forest surrounding Houllier's home. We collected a total of a hundred and eighteen thousand mosquitoes, but so far as yellow-fever virus was concerned, we didn't, at that time, get a doggone thing."

The third phase of their virus hunting was the search for sick and dying monkeys. As early as 1938 Doctor Soper, the P.A.S.B. director, had reported that certain species of monkeys, notably the red howlers, "die in large numbers at the time human infections (of yellow fever) are occurring in the forest." The spider monkeys and the Cebus are also susceptible, but they don't take it as hard as the unfortunate howler, or Alouatta, a large auburn-haired variety with a curiously overdeveloped throat and voice box. They are the alarm clocks of the forest, waking the woodcutters at dawn with their loud calling. But where yellow fever has swept through those forests, the howler is no longer heard.

When Downs and his associates went out looking for monkeys in the early summer of 1954, he said, they soon began to pick up promising leads. First a town official of Sangre Grande reported finding clusters of monkey skulls in the manzanilla thickets at the eastern edge of the island. This suggested the monkeys were dying in large numbers, presumably from yellow fever.

From deer hunters came other clues. A group which had been on a New Year's Day hunt in the Nariva Swamp reported they had "run into hundreds of dead monkeys." The stench of the dead bodies had been so bad it had thrown the dogs' noses off and had forced the abandonment of the hunt. Dozens of other hunters told similar tales of finding dead monkeys in the swamps or jungles, although in smaller numbers.

These were all, however, accounts of past experiences, occurring in the early months of 1954, and Downs began to suspect the outbreak of jungle yellow fever had already "burned itself out" before he had had an opportunity to gather useful information about it. As a matter of fact, many local doctors were beginning to doubt the whole yellow-fever story. Nevertheless, the scientists continued their search for infected monkeys. They even offered a reward of $35, British West Indian—about $21 in United States money—for any sick monkeys brought in alive to the laboratory, or $20, B.W.I., for recently dead monkeys which showed no sign of having been shot.

This offer, surprisingly enough, brought in six recently dead and authentically diseased monkeys, most of them howlers. The first one, although badly decomposed, yielded yellow-fever virus from its liver.

Doctor Downs related some of these events as we accompanied him, early one morning, on a jungle-patrol trip into the Melajo Forest, a remarkable pure stand of mora trees, great hardwoods 150 feet high. With us were his East Indian assistant, Jit Birsingh, and his two Negro hunters, James Thomas and Simon Patterson, experienced woodsmen who have played important roles in tracking yellow-fever and other viruses through the forest. On this morning they were to shoot some birds and small animals, from which Downs would obtain blood samples in his search for fever viruses.

We had hiked about a half mile into the forest, along a muddy logging trail, when Downs pointed to a spot off to the right of the path. "A monkey fell out of that tree in 1954," he said, "and hit a woodcutter on the head. The man wasn't hurt and he picked up the animal and brought him into our laboratory. The monkey died en route, but his liver clearly indicated yellow fever. The woodcutter said he had seen two more sick monkeys in the tree, and we came right back out here and set up a mosquito collecting station. We tested sixty-four hundred (*Continued on Page 126*)

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(*Continued from Page 124*) mosquitoes trapped here, and this time we found yellow fever. Nine batches of mosquitoes were positive."

A few steps farther along we came upon such a collecting station, still in operation. It was a tree ladder that would have made Jack-of-the-beanstalk envious. Built by Thomas and others of the Virus Lab staff, it was a three-sided tower 100 feet high. One side was formed by the trunk of a giant mora. The other two sides were log-rung ladders facing each other at an angle. We crawled into the tower at the bottom and climbed up to visit the mosquito collectors, stationed on platforms at the twenty-five-, fifty-, seventy-five- and ninety-five-foot levels. Their job, they told us, was to sit there hour after hour, picking mosquitoes off their bare arms and legs with a suction tube and popping them into bottles.

The man at the top platform had collected ten times as many mosquitoes as the fellow at the twenty-five-foot level, which illustrated the value of building the tower so high. Had the mosquito hunt been confined to the ground level there would have been much less chance of finding and tracking the yellow-fever-carrying *Haemagogus*. For it spends most of its life in the treetops. In lumbering or clearing operations, of course, "when a tree comes crashing down, it brings its whole mosquito population with it," as Doctor Downs has remarked. And any infected mosquitoes can then slip a slug of virus into the unsuspecting woodcutter or hunter.

The dying monkeys and infected mosquitoes proved beyond a doubt that the yellow-fever virus was floating through the Trinidad forests. But up to this time—midsummer of 1954—the only human case reported had been that of Theodore Houllier, back in April. Downs and his associates began to wonder if the epidemic had been checked before it really got under way.

But Trinidad wasn't quite that lucky. Around August first, the Director of Medical Services telephoned Downs about a death in the Colonial Hospital in San Fernando, a city in the southern part of the island. The patient, an oil-field worker, had died of what the hospital authorities called "typhoid fever with jaundice." The Director of Medical Services was not fully satisfied with that diagnosis. A few days later a sugar-cane supervisor, taken ill while hunting in the Piparo Forest, died in the same hospital. Reported cause: "malaria with jaundice." In September, a third and fourth death occurred there. One was put down as "acute yellow atrophy of the liver," the other as "infectious hepatitis with possibility of yellow fever." When, on October first, a fifth patient, a boy of eight, died after a similar illness, the hospital doctors called the Virus Laboratory and said, "We think we have had a yellow-fever death."

By this time the previous four deaths in the San Fernando hospital had been investigated, and pathological evidence and virus isolation showed that all patients had been victims of yellow fever's surprise return visit to Trinidad.

So here again the yellow jack had fooled the doctors, as it had in Panama in 1948, and as it had in so many other outbreaks. Doctor Downs commented upon this with some vigor at a yellow-fever conference called by the Pan American Sanitary Bureau in Washington in December, 1954. "It took five hits in the same place," he pointed out, "with the same men seeing every one of the patients, with the presence of the disease notified on the island, and the medical men alerted, before a positive diagnosis was made by anyone other than our own personnel."

Talking to us in his laboratory, Doctor Downs was even more emphatic. "Our experience here," he said, "shows how easily a dangerous situation could develop in other places, even the United States, provided enough *aegypti* mosquitoes are present. If a series of cases can be misdiagnosed in one hospital, think how much more difficult it would be to recognize them if they were scattered among a dozen hospitals in a large city. We could just hope there would be an alert health officer in such a city to raise the question of yellow fever when several cases were reported as 'typhoid with jaundice,' 'acute yellow atrophy' and 'malaria with jaundice.' Otherwise you could have plenty of yellow fever in a city before you knew what you had."

The five deaths in San Fernando were the only reported fatalities in the 1954 outbreak. Only fifteen cases were proved by virus isolation, although hundreds of other serious "fever" cases were probably yellow fever, and Doctor Downs estimates that thousands of mild cases occurred. But Trinidad suffered in other ways. In spite of local efforts to play down news of the epidemic in the papers, word of it got to England and the United States. Shipping and airplane traffic were seriously affected, and Trinidad lost an estimated $23,000,000 in tourist business and trade during 1954.

That Trinidad did not have a more disastrous encounter with the yellow jack should almost certainly be credited to the Virus Laboratory and its "sentinel service," which had detected the first signs of the virus' presence on the island. Alerted by these warnings, the Health Department had got its vaccination and mosquito-spraying programs rolling before the epidemic could take heavy toll. The jungle patrol is still on the job, as we saw during our visit, keeping a lookout for the many viruses, some still unidentified, which pester the residents with aches and fever. It has found no more signs of yellow fever, fortunately, since 1954.

Dr. Carl Johnson, director of the Gorgas Laboratory in Panama, feeds monkeys captured in a disease-ridden jungle. Yellow fever killed nearly an entire species.

But what of the wave of virus we left stranded, in that same fateful year, at the edge of a "natural barrier" in Honduras? For more than a year it appeared those experts were correct who predicted that it would never cross this barrier. In a report completed early in January, 1956, Harold Trapido and Pedro Galindo, of the Gorgas Memorial Laboratory, two of the most widely experienced entomologists working in this field, wrote: "For the purposes of this discussion we will adopt the working premise that we have seen the last of the recent yellow-fever episode." They then proceeded to give possible explanations of why the virus apparently stopped on the north coast of Honduras. One impressive reason was the severe drought there in 1955.

But before the Trapido-Galindo article went to press the authors received news from the Pan American Sanitary Bureau's zone office in Guatemala City that compelled them to attach an addendum. The events reported from Guatemala City, they wrote, "invalidate the working premise adopted in the last part of our epidemiological discussion." For dead howler monkeys had been found during December and January, in the lower part of the Motagua River Valley, in Guatemala, near Lake Izabal. Specimens of their livers were flown to Doctor Johnson at the Gorgas Laboratory, who made the diagnosis of yellow fever. A few weeks later, Doctor Trapido and his tree climbers trapped mosquitoes in the same area and isolated yellow-fever virus from them. There was no mistake about it. The virus had survived the drought and had either crossed the supposed "barrier" or crept around it, although no human cases have yet appeared in Guatemala. The 50-to-1 wager on this event, by the way, was won by Doctor Soper, who cleaned up ten dollars on a twenty-cent bet.

The same experts, with a new respect for the mobility of the virus, are now speculating on its chances of reaching the Gulf Coast of Mexico. Just this past summer the virus gained another 150 miles in its northward migration. Between May seventeenth and June eighth P.A.S.B. fieldmen found eight dead monkeys near the British Honduras village of Mountain Cow, in the district of Cayo. Most of the animals were too decomposed for analysis, but the virus of yellow fever was isolated from one of them. This places the disease about seventy miles south of the Mexican state of Campeche, in the Yucatán peninsula. In this vast forest, which extends across the Péten to the Mexican Gulf coastal plain, the howler and spider monkeys are abundant. The *Haemagogus* mosquitoes are also present. If the virus gets as far as the Gulf Coast, the experts assert, it could easily travel on into the Southern United States, where it would find plenty of the old standard brand of mosquitoes to support an outbreak. The United States Public Health Service has actually classified thirteen Southern states as a "receptive area" because of the presence of the *Aëdes aegypti*. A recent check of one large Southern city, for example, revealed it was breeding profusely in fire-protection water barrels and in stacks of old tires in junk yards.

What does the return of the yellow jack add up to, then, in terms of a clear and present danger? In the opinion of Doctor Soper and Doctor Boshell and others charged with protecting the health of the Western Hemisphere, it calls for countermeasures on a greatly increased scale. As Doctor Soper told his colleagues at the yellow-fever conference following the Trinidad outbreak, "the evidence is clear and definite that this problem is not one that the United States is going to cease being interested in during the lifetime of anyone here present."

But maintaining a scientific watch on the whereabouts of the virus as it floats through the forest has proved so valuable, as witness the Trinidad experience, that expansion of the "sentinel service" is strongly advocated.

Finally, our main defense, says Soper, must be an offense, a concentrated attack upon the *Aëdes aegypti* mosquito, in the United States, for without this "domestic" variety no outbreak of yellow fever can get very far in large centers of population. The Public Health Service has just included a $200,000 item in its 1958 budget estimate to make studies of the possibilities of eradicating the *aegypti*. But until the campaign actually gets under way, our southern border is wide open to an invasion from the jungle.

THE END

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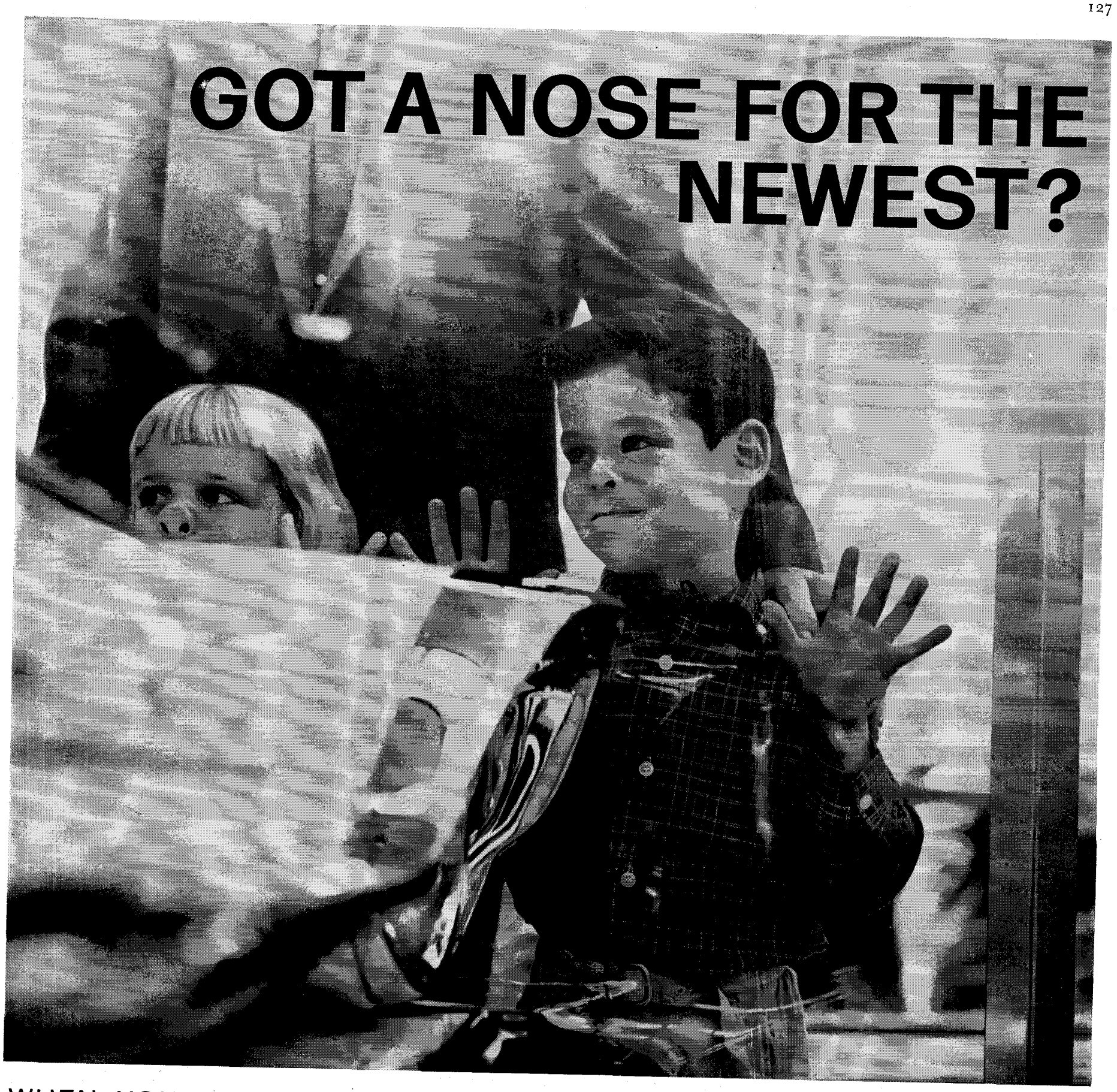

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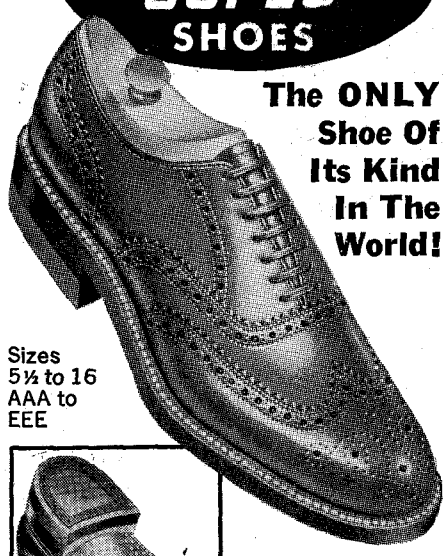

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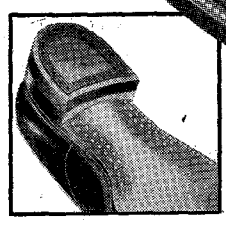

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FUTURO SACRO BRACE

Out of My Past

(Continued from Page 36)

alive. I'm afraid of it. All the bad news I've ever had came over a wire, and when it rings I tighten up like a rusty spring.

If the phone rings now, I'll jump right out the window. I pace through my silent rooms, turning on a light here and there. Lights are warm and friendly, like people. I take some medicine and I wait for my lungs to clear. My mother had asthma, and it killed her as I sat beside her bed in New York, twenty years ago tonight. Some night it will kill me too.

My mother was proud of me as a Hell's Kitchen kid who had only one year of school and made $10,000,000 playing gangsters on the screen. She knew that I had been a thief, an alley fighter, an armed bodyguard for real-life gangsters. She knew I had a violent temper and that I had been stabbed, cut or bruised many times. She knew I had worked for Owney Madden, once the gang boss of New York, and she didn't like the company I kept. But I was her son, good or bad, the only one of her six children who lived long enough to grow up, and she stuck with me even after I went to court and legally changed my name from Ranft to Raft.

The last time I walked into her apartment, at Audubon Avenue and 173rd Street in New York, she was losing her fight for life and could not speak a word. But I noticed that the walls in her bedroom were covered with photographs of me in my many movie roles, and she pointed at them with a tired little smile, as if to say: "You see, Georgie; I know you best of all." She used to wander around the neighborhood, trading autographed pictures with the druggist or the grocer or anyone else who had poses that were not in her collection. If she found a shop that didn't have a George Raft photo on the counter, she would scold the owner, hand him two or three prints and say, "Sammy, you put these up right now."

None of my friends in the movie business asked about the funeral, but when I went to the undertaking establishment on Broadway I found Owney Madden and his former partner, Big Frenchie DeMange, sitting beside the casket.

"Georgie," Madden said, "Frenchie and I figured you might need someone around."

No matter what Madden had done during his violent life with the gangs, his appearance at the funeral parlor that June day in 1937 was enough to square the past with me. The mob had exiled him to Hot Springs when Prohibition ended, and he had agreed to stay out of New York, where, at one time or another, rival gangsters had given him twenty-seven bullet wounds. He had risked his life to make that secret visit, and I was grateful.

The day after the funeral I got a phone call from an uptown banker who asked me to come in and sign the papers for my mother's estate. She had saved about $8000 from money I had sent her over a period of years.

I called a cab and drove to the bank with my companion, Mack Gray. Both of us were wearing dark glasses and long trench coats, and our hats were pulled down low. I didn't want any fuss or any autograph seekers that morning, and I asked the cab to wait. The instant we got inside the swinging doors I could see customers and tellers stiffening up and I could hear buzzers going all over the place. As we stood there, waiting to see the banker, four cops busted in with drawn guns.

"Get 'em up!" they said.

Mack and I raised our hands and I said, "What the hell is this?"

One cop snatched off my hat and the dark glasses. "Well, I'll be ——" he exclaimed. "It's George Raft."

When the excitement died down, I blew up at the bank manager, and told him to take the measly $8000 and give it to charity.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Raft," he said, "but you walked in here like a gangster and we rang the holdup alarm." I guess he was right, at that. I had made similar entrances on camera many times, and I just couldn't shake the habit.

It sometimes has been difficult for me to separate fact and fancy. Frank Tuttle, who directed me in I Stole a Million, has a classic story about me which always seems to get a laugh at my expense.

This was a slam-bang action story and Tuttle explained the scene to me, "You're on this main street, George, and you walk into the post office with a gun and say, 'This is a stick-up.'"

I asked him to hold off for a moment while I thought it over, and then I said, "Sorry, Frank. Get that post office out of there."

He looked at me in amazement. "What for?" he asked.

"I'm not sticking up a post office," I said. "It's a Federal rap."

They thought I was kidding, but I made Tuttle change the post-office set into a tourist bureau. In my youth I had learned that no gunman in his right mind monkeys around with Uncle Sam.

During the past twenty-five years some of my critic friends on the newspapers have generously called me the leading interpreter of gangster roles on the screen. Since there are no Oscars on my mantel, I can't agree, but I think I played more gun-toting hoodlums than any other star. Some of these newspaper people must have known about my underworld connections and realized that in many pictures I was re-creating personal experiences or mimicking the habits of some real mob man. But none of them knew—until I decided to tell my story—how I have been punished in many ways for this guilt by association.

I remember a picture named Each Dawn I Die, for instance, in which I was costarred with Jimmy Cagney. About that time a pudgy, ruthless union racketeer named Willie Bioff was extorting huge sums from producers, actors and other important leaders of the industry by threatening strikes. Willie and his boss, George Browne, controlled what was then called the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, and they were backed up by thugs imported from Chicago.

Willie showed up on our set several times, and watched Cagney with obvious dislike. I saw Willie staring at the big lamps overhead and exchanging looks with some of his goons, but nothing happened, and the finished picture turned into a box-office smash. Long afterward I saw Willie in New York.

"You did pretty good with Each Dawn I Die," he said. "You can thank me for that."

"What do you mean?" I said.

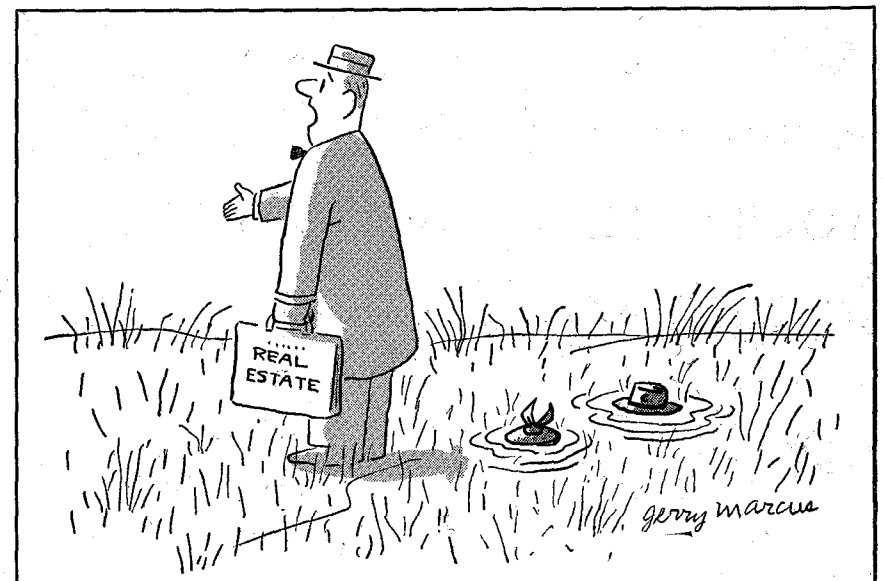
"I was going to take care of Cagney," he said. "We were all set to drop a lamp on him. But I got word to lay off because you were in the picture."

"Why, you ——" I snapped. "It's a good thing nothing happened to Cagney. Jimmy's one of the great guys in Hollywood and if you hurt him you hurt me."

Willie backed off with an angry, surprised look on his fat face, and I never spoke to him again. I don't know why he wanted to hurt Cagney, and I doubt if Jimmy does. Anyway, Willie sang like a canary when he was tried for extortion, and he blamed the Chicago mob for his rough stuff. He went to prison, and eventually got a parole, and I remember what Florabel Muir, a great newspaperwoman, said: "If the old Capone gang never get Willie, they'll worry him to death by just living in the same world with him."

I picked up the paper one morning and read that the mob had finally run him down. He came out of the fancy house in Phoenix where he had holed up under a phony name, and pushed the starter button on his car. People a mile away heard the hidden bomb go off, and Willie was through. I don't like to see men killed, even when they're cheap blackmailers, but in this case I knew that no one would weep for Willie. I could say to myself, *Here's one racketeer who won't be coming back to Hollywood making trouble for my friends.*

Another unhappy experience was what I call the Leo Durocher affair. I first met Leo years ago in a poolroom on 48th Street in New York and I liked him instantly. As our careers developed over the years we became very close friends, and were together everywhere. We stole each other's suits, ties, shirts, cars and girls, and for nine years in a row Leo lived at my Hollywood home for an eight-week period after the baseball season ended. I still have a Dodger uniform



"Would you believe it, only six short months ago, this was a dismal swamp."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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he had made for me, and I was proud to wear it around the ball park or anywhere else.

In 1944, just after I had returned from a U.S.O. tour of the European war zone, I was in New York for personal appearances in connection with my new picture Follow the Boys. After the première at the Palace, I took some friends to Durocher's midtown apartment for a party. Leo was at the Dodgers' camp in Bear Mountain, New York, but had left me the key.

I was playing gin with sportscaster Bill Stern, as I recall, when a New York businessman suggested a dice game. I told him I played horses, not craps, but he found a pair of Stork Club souvenir dice in the apartment and the game started. When we quit toward morning I was ahead about $8000 in checks, not cash. Seven months later, when I was filming Johnny Angel with Claire Trevor, the loser in the crap game complained to District Attorney Frank Hogan, of New York, that I had clipped him. He accused me of using loaded dice and taking $18,000 from him in thirteen straight passes. The story made the papers, and you would have thought I had personally dropped a bomb on Ebbets Field.

Leo was just catching a plane for Italy, where he was going to play exhibition baseball for American troops, when Branch Rickey got him on the airport phone and gave him a blast. He and the late Commissioner Kenesaw M. Landis both made Leo promise that I would not be allowed to use the apartment again. I was even scolded by Joe Adonis, the Jersey mobster who was deported to Italy not long ago. "This is bad business, George," he said. "You ought to know better than get mixed up in a third-rate crap game with strangers. The papers will cut you and Leo to ribbons."

Adonis was right. They even got him into the act when the police admitted they had been tapping Leo's telephone and had recorded some of his conversations with the gangster.

Unfortunately the Sunday supplements wouldn't let the story drop. One newspaper got John Scarne, the nationally known dice expert, to analyze the game and announce that the odds against thirteen straight passes were 9851 to 1. A rival paper promptly got another expert to say the true odds were 25 trillion to 1. After that no one asked me anything. I could have told them that I didn't make thirteen passes, that I never collected all my winnings, and that my accuser was subsequently arrested as a bad-check passer.

But the whole Dodger organization trembled with these repeated jolts, and with each new account Leo got the hot-foot from Rickey.

Eventually, when Westbrook Pegler poured hot oil on Durocher for associating with me, Joe Adonis, Benny Siegel and other characters, Happy Chandler made an emergency flight West. Arthur Mann, once Branch Rickey's assistant, later reported that Chandler and Durocher met secretly on a fairway at the Claremont Country Club in Berkeley.

Chandler said, "Leo, you've got to keep away from George Raft and get out of his house." Mann says that Chandler also mentioned Adonis and Siegel, and told Leo to quit baseball or drop his undesirable friends.

"O.K., fine," Leo said. "I'll steer clear of all the guys you mentioned. They'll call me a louse, but I'll do it."

Leo came back to Beverly Hills, where he had been occupying the guest suite in my Coldwater Canyon home, and I could see he was crushed.

"Go ahead and say it, Leo," I said.

"Well ——" he said. "You know how it is. I'm in the great American game—and Chandler says ——"

"I know what he says, Leo," I interrupted. "You'll hurt your career hanging around with me. I don't want that to happen. You better move out."

Leo looked away and said quietly, "Yeah, I better."

He packed his bags that night, and the next day he was gone. Our friendship flickered out and died, and I never saw him alone again. Time dulls the sharpness of these cuts, and I have long since forgotten the bitterness I felt when Leo walked out. He had absolutely no choice, but my main regret is that he was forced into this decision by men who knew George Raft only from what they read in the papers. I can even manage a little laugh now, when I realize I got the brushoff from two directions. Not long after Leo departed, Joe Adonis had dinner with me in New York. "George," he said, "I like you and you like me. But it's no good for you to be seen with me. I'm in the rackets, and if the press ever connects you with me, you'll get hurt."

Sometimes I wish I had really been a top man in the gangs instead of a movie star. Then there would have been no misleading grays. Only black.

There was a similar situation in my friendship with Benny Siegel. Siegel, a handsome, vain and hot-tempered man who survived the concrete jungles in New York while more careless rivals were being eliminated one by one, came to California in the late '30's. He was on the Syndicate board of directors with Charlie Luciano, Frank Costello, Joe Adonis and other racketeers, and he was sent to Los Angeles as a sort of Western branch manager.

He used Lawrence Tibbett's former home as a starting point and in short order he became one of the darlings of Hollywood. Benny Siegel, in short, was a movieland fad. He browsed around with Jack Warner, Cary Grant, Barbara Hutton, Countess Dorothy di Frasso and other Hollywood blue-book names, and in public he looked and acted about as tough as a cocker spaniel.

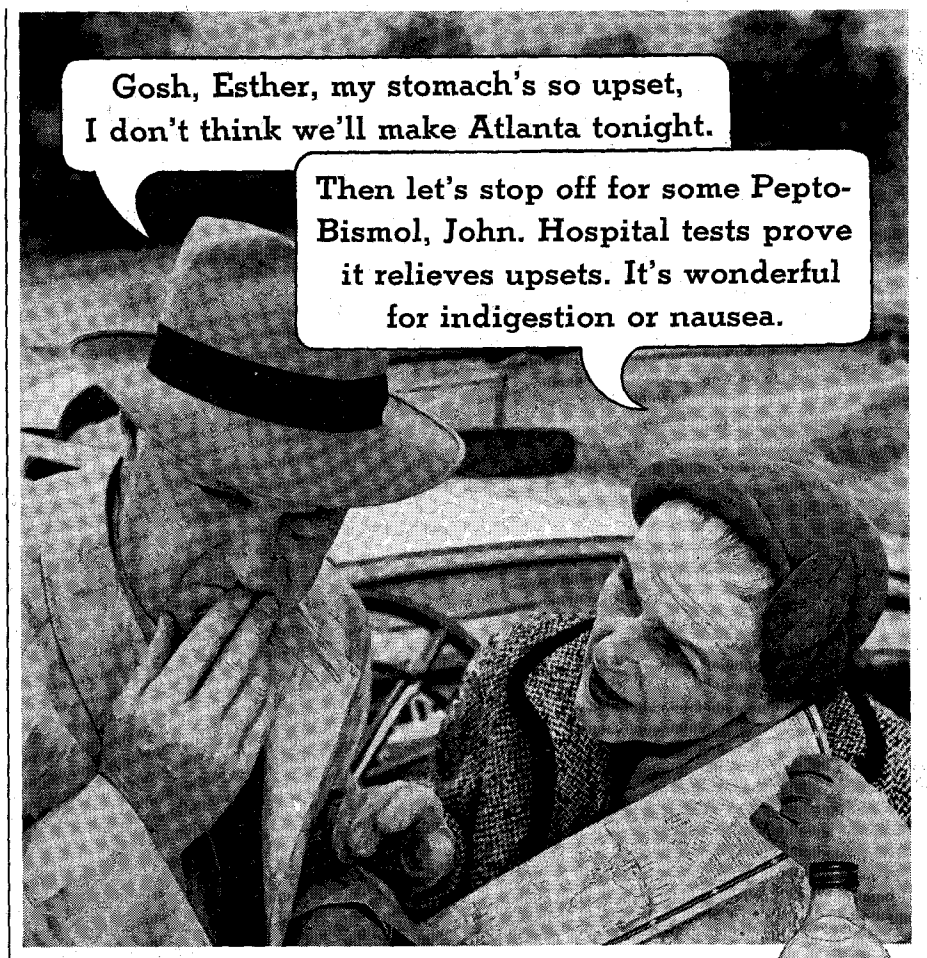
I had known Benny intimately in earlier days, and so he came often to my Beverly Hills home. There he could be himself, and he wasn't always charming. He was terribly vain about his hair, for instance. He combed it every five minutes, and when it began to fall out, he tried every known lotion, medicine and treatment without success. In 1949, when I played a gangster in a picture called Red Light with Virginia Mayo, I remembered Benny's hair-combing compulsion and suggested using it in my role. I thought of it as a character mannerism similar to the coin-tossing bit I had used in Scarface, but the director wasn't interested. "It looks exaggerated," he said. "You couldn't convince an audience that a guy would really do this."

I should have told the director that lots of people do unbelievable things in real life. On one occasion Benny was irritated by Mack Gray's thick head of hair and offered him $2500 cash if he could cut it off. Mack took the money, and Benny snipped off his hair with an almost unhealthy delight. I seriously underestimated Benny's vanity on this point one year, and sent him a toupee on his birthday.

He drove to my house in a fury, stormed in and snarled, "I oughta shoot you, you ——"

"You want to plug me?" I said. "Now look here, baby blue eyes, just take it easy."

He hesitated and lowered the rod with a sheepish grin. That "baby blue eyes"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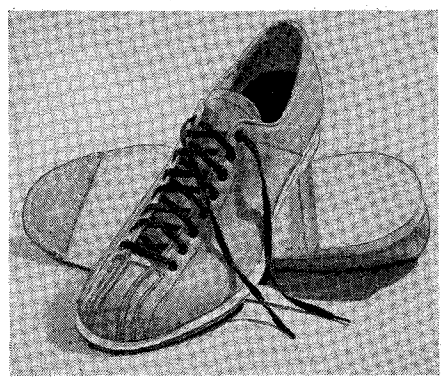

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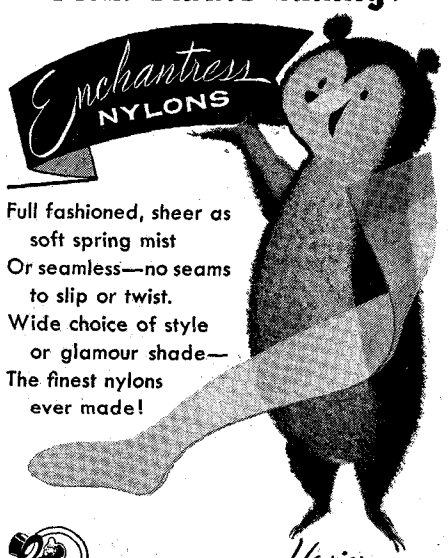

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line pleased him somehow, and whenever I used it in critical situations Benny would soften up. But I avoided kidding him on personal matters thereafter, and never mentioned that I knew he was using face creams, eye shades and other things in an attempt to keep his youthful looks.

Over the years we had many business deals. Once I lent him $20,000 to buy shares in the gambling ship Rex, which was anchored offshore in Santa Monica Bay, and he returned the money two weeks later.

Another time, at his request, I met him on a street corner on Sunset Boulevard and gave him $100,000 in cash—a loan made without a note or interest. I don't know why he wanted the money, and I didn't ask. I gave it to him in cash, because I didn't want any notes or other documents that might connect me with his not always legal enterprises.

It certainly never occurred to me that the police authorities in the Los Angeles area were slowly compiling a file on my association with Siegel, and that it could be very damaging.

I was in the Hollywood Towers apartment house one morning in 1944 with Benny and his friend, Allen Smiley. Now, I have never denied that I read the Racing Form the way some people read the Wall Street Journal. I've been a racetrack fan for years—I once had a stable of my own that put me $375,000 into the red—and I like to bet the bangtails. Anyway, Benny and I were placing some $1000 bets on the long-distance phone that morning when Capt. William Deal, of the sheriff's vice squad, busted in and ruined the morning.

Siegel and Smiley were arrested on bookmaking charges, and they couldn't have been more humiliated. I accompanied them to the station and I told Benny I would be happy to testify for him. When some of my friends and business advisers heard about this, they were shocked. "You out of your mind, Georgie?" they screamed. "You testify for this gangster and they'll put a double whammy on you in this town."

"Gangster or not," I said, "I've known Benny since we were kids together and he's my friend. This is a bum rap. I know, because I was there."

I did testify for Benny at his trial. The news photographers took pictures of us together—certain people later referred to that photo as "the kiss of death"—and Benny was acquitted of the bookmaking charge.

As time went on, Benny took a more personal interest in motion pictures. He bought cameras, projectors and other equipment, and often came to the studios to watch the technical processes. I took a lot of footage of him in my dressing room, and he would run the film off at home. I had a hunch he was a frustrated actor and secretly wanted a movie career, but he never quite had nerve enough to ask for a part in one of my pictures. When Benny wasn't dating Virginia Hill or Dorothy di Frasso, he was out with stars and starlets, but he rarely hit the night spots. His idea of healthful living was to go to bed with The Reader's Digest at ten o'clock.

When the mob back East backed Benny in the construction of the lavish Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas, he virtually vanished from his usual Hollywood haunts. He fretted and fumed over this project, lost sleep and slugged troublesome people with his fists.

Two or three days after I attended the Flamingo opening, Benny drove to Beverly Hills and stopped at my house. He was sulking because so few Hollywood celebrities showed up for opening night—many had been ordered by their studios or agents to stay away—and he confessed he was having friction with some of the Syndicate men back East.

"You look terrible," I said. "Get some sun and some sleep."

"That's why I'm here," he said. "Why don't you have dinner with me at Jack's Restaurant tonight?"

It was the first time in our long friendship he had asked me to have dinner with him alone, and he must have had something serious on his mind. But I had another engagement and had to decline.

"O.K., Georgie," he said. "I'm going to be at Virginia Hill's house later on, so why don't you come by when you've finished your business? She's in Europe, and we can talk there without interruptions."

I said I would. But I was delayed and didn't get to Virginia's house on Linden Drive. I'm a fatalist, and I guess it wasn't my time to go. Benny was sitting on the divan in the living room that June evening in 1947, and a killer blew his head off with nine shots from a carbine. When the cops got there he was sprawled on the couch and in his lap was a copy of the Los Angeles Times with a pasted-on advertising label which read: "Good Night. Sleep peacefully with the compliments of Jack's Restaurant."

The men from the district attorney's office were ringing my doorbell, of course, even while newspaper trucks were rushing extras all over town.

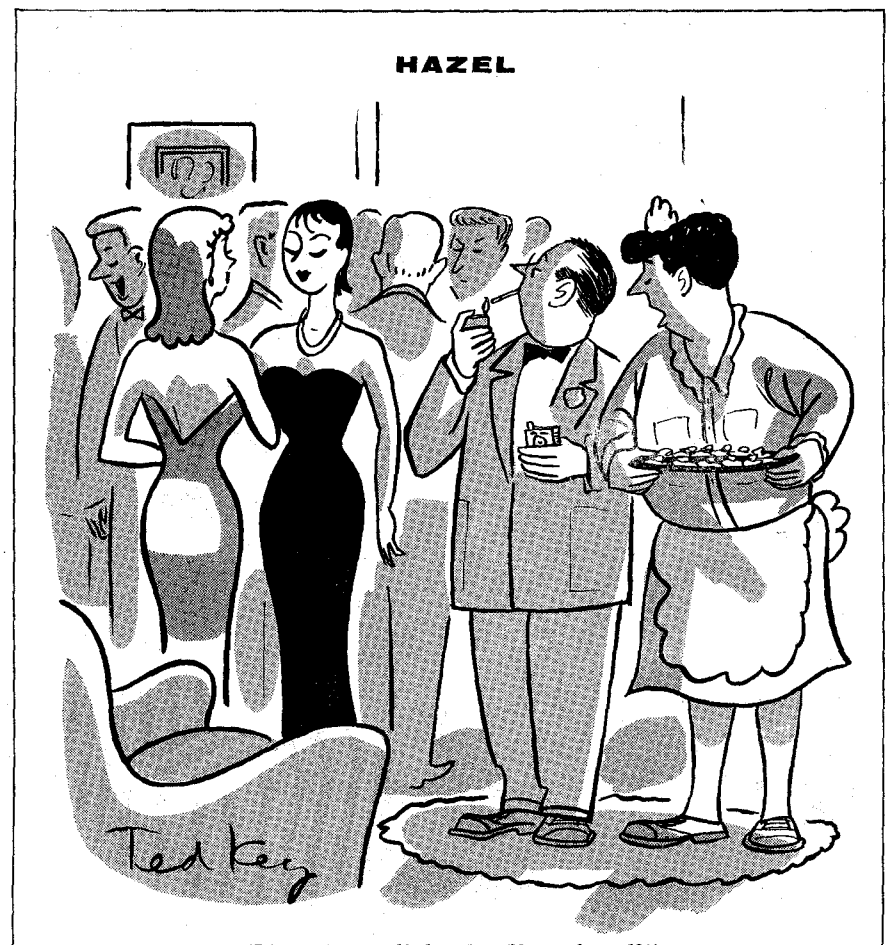
"What do you know, Georgie?" they asked.

"I don't know anything," I said. "But I can tell you this: when they shot Benny they shot me."

If my remark seemed mysterious to them at the time, they'll know what I meant when they read this. They say you can't take it with you, but Benny did. My $100,000, I mean.

As I sit here tonight in my lonely home, the exciting past runs through my mind like a film that's unwinding too fast. Most of the scenes are a blur, but some are still vivid and sharp. It seems as if nothing has changed, but it has.

Al Capone, "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, Benny Siegel, Big Frenchie DeMange, Dutch Schultz, "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn and Larry Fay are dead. Joe Adonis and Charlie Luciano are living in Italy, far from their old haunts and, as Charlie told me, they might as well be dead. Owney Madden is in exile in Arkansas, and Mickey Cohen moves like a shadow from place to place, perhaps wondering why they've tried to kill him five times. Even Frank Costello, the so-called king of the rackets, is uneasy on the throne and may still be wondering why a hood nicked his skull with a slug just a few months ago.



"You always light the filtered end?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Among other places, my mental newsreel takes me to Naples and Charlie Luciano.

Once, just before I left for a European trip, one of Luciano's men came to my New York hotel with a small suitcase. "This is for Charlie Lucky," he said. "Hope you can deliver it in person." I went to San Remo on the Italian Riviera to shoot scenes for a picture called Lucky Nick Cain, and it soon became obvious that I wouldn't get to Naples.

Luciano's suitcase worried me and I suddenly remembered two elderly and trustworthy ladies—I think they were schoolteachers—who were in San Remo and had been introduced to me by mutual friends. They said they were going to Naples, and I asked them to deliver it.

Two weeks later they came back, beaming and twittering like sparrows about their trip. "That Mr. Luciano was the nicest man," one said. "He took us all over Naples and he had two servants with him all the time."

That was news to me. "How do you know they were servants?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, "because they followed him everywhere and he said, 'They're very faithful. They like to know what I'm doing every minute.'"

"What about the suitcase?"

"Well, he couldn't wait to get it open. He said, 'Boy, do I need this stuff!'"

"What was in it? Money?"

"No," she said. "Little coffee candies from Schrafft's."

I didn't have the heart to tell them the real identity of this nice Mr. Luciano. In 1953, when I spent five days with Charlie in Naples, we talked about the two little old ladies. It was the first good laugh Charlie had had in eight years of exile.

I never kept clippings on these adventures of mine, but my memory is scrapbook enough, and I can see the good ones and the bad ones just as clearly as though I had set them up in type myself.

Among other things, I can still be blue about the $100,000 I lost on my television series during 1955-56. It was called I Am the Law and I made the mistake of playing a cop instead of a thug. I remember New Year's Eve at Romanoff's three or four years ago when I foolishly tried to break up a battle between pianist Oscar Levant and producer Walter Wanger. Levant punched me in the eye. I recall the day in 1950 when a top gangster phoned to ask me for advice on his Kefauver Committee television appearances, and how I urged him not to get into word duels with experts. I can remember Rocky Marciano's asking me whether my plastic surgeon could fix his split nose after the first Ezzard Charles fight. I told him it would heal by itself, and it did.

I can hear my agent moaning in 1951 when I turned down $150,000 offered me for the lead in a picture called Hoodlum's Empire. The story was based on Frank Costello's life, and I had the positive feeling he wouldn't like it. I can still feel the shock I got in 1955 when the Nevada State Tax Commission refused to let me buy stock in the Flamingo Hotel because I had associated with Siegel, Madden, Adonis and all the rest. Jackie Dietz, the son of my closest friend, called me a gangster and wrote me off his list of friends. It was because of him, as I said in the beginning, that I decided to tell the truth in this story.

I went to Carson City for a personal appearance before the commission and these gentlemen gave me every chance to clear myself. They reversed their original ruling and decided I wasn't so dangerous, after all.

If I had a chance to be reborn tomorrow and begin my life anew, there is not much I would want to change. In fact, there are blue moments when I think my life would have been less painful if I had never come to Hollywood, but had stayed in New York and possibly become a big shot in the underworld. Then there would have been no guesswork, no gossip, no cruel rumors. And I would still have friends, for there is a certain loyalty in the underworld. There a man is not always concerned with your money, social standing or box-office draw, and he may remain your friend as long as you live.

Long ago, when I was willing to stand up and be counted in the Siegel bookie case, I took a chance that Hollywood would at least give me credit for that much. I was born in a gang neighborhood, brought up with gangsters and given a movie career by friends in the underworld. That is something no one can change, and I owe much to many men who stayed with me when the going was rough. That's more than I can say for the unfaithful world of the motion picture industry.

What did I say earlier about being afraid of the phone? I take it all back. I sit beside it and look at the magic wire that leads to a million other wires, and wait for the bell to ring. If it does, I'll pick it up fast and say, "Hello." It might be you.

Editors' Note—This is the last of five articles by George Raft as told to Dean Jennings.

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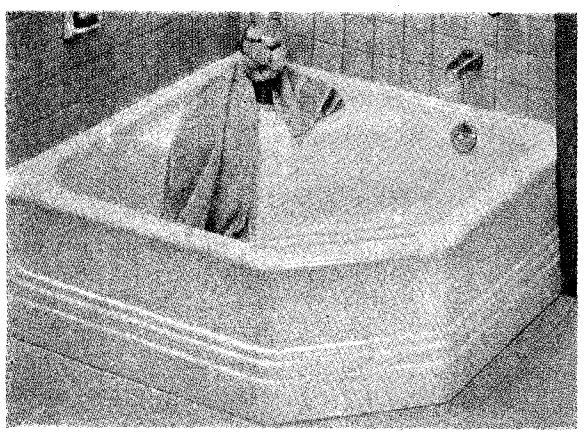
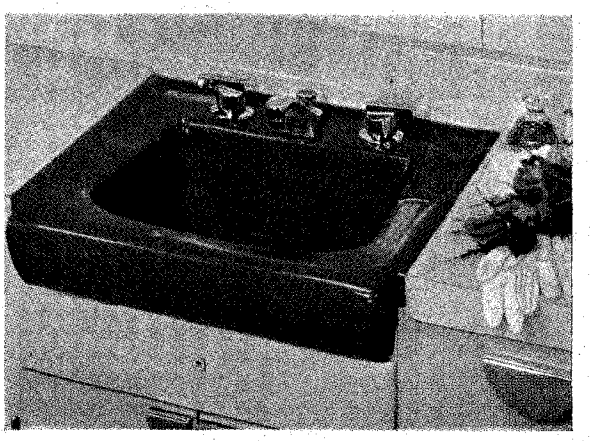
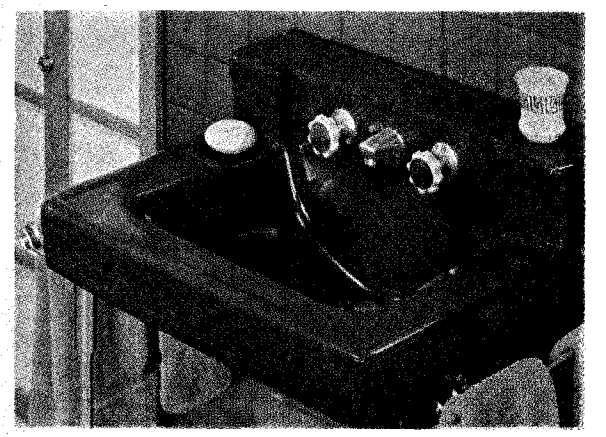


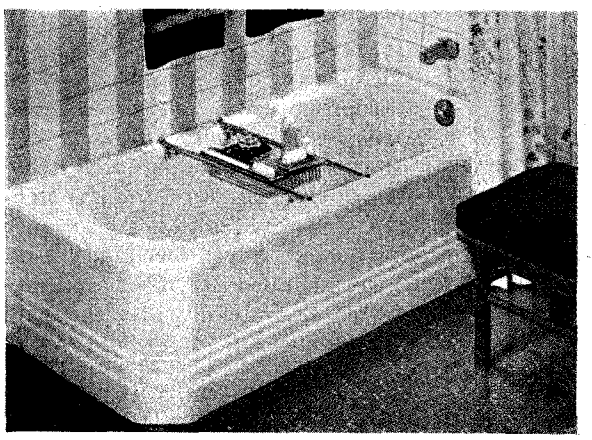
Manchu Yellow, *a new, warm color shown in a smart, square bath with corner seats.*



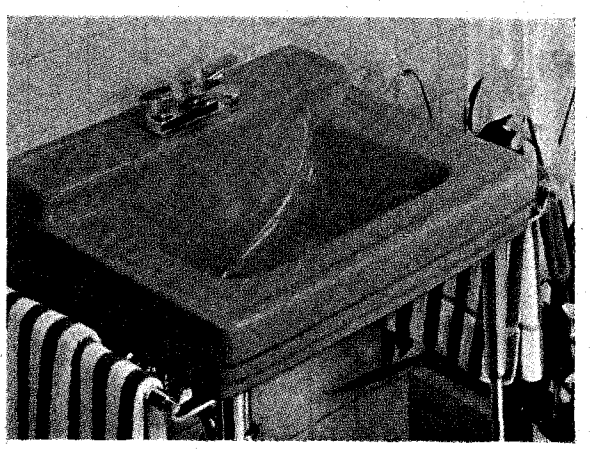
T'ang Red *lavatory fits snugly into a storage cabinet. Ideal for powder room.*



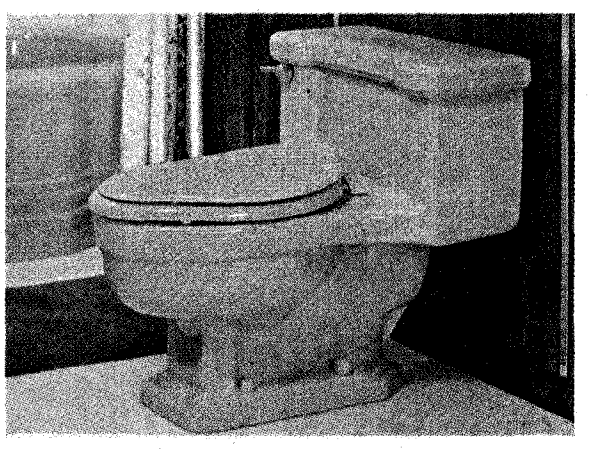
Tourmaline Green, *a new jewel color. Handy shelf and smart initialed faucets.*



Corallin, *a subtle pink, in an extra-long bath that's a favorite with tall men.*



Ming Green *is a soft, yet strong color. Notice the handy shelf — deep, roomy basin.*



Persian Brown, *a long-time favorite. Shown in smart, low, one-piece toilet.*

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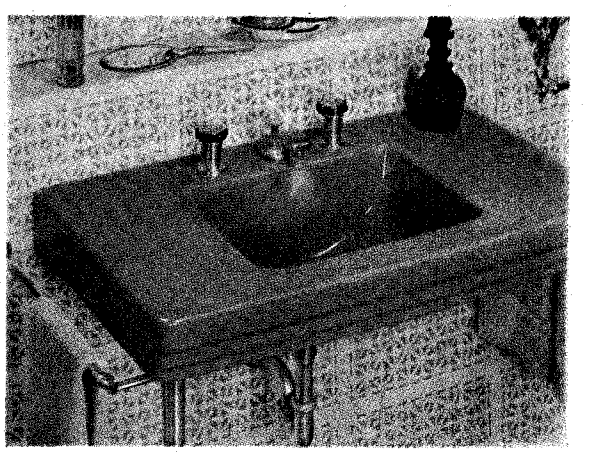
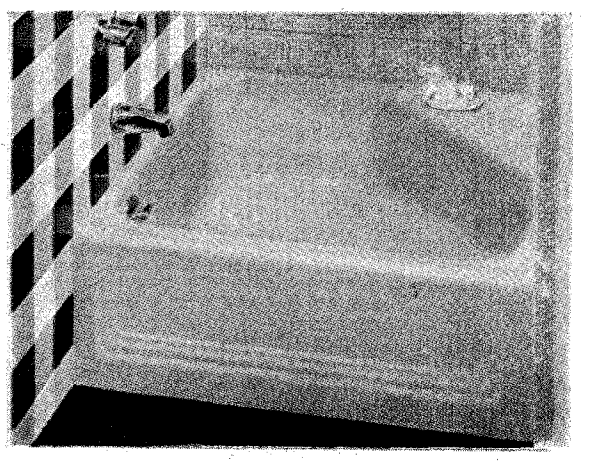


Regency Blue, *shown in a stunning lavatory with wide counters for cosmetics.*



Platinum Gray *in a shower-bath that needs a mere 38 x 39 inches of floor space.*

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Keeping Posted

Cover From Copenhagen

Mr. and Mrs. Ard: on a visit from Denmark they stroll in New York's Washington Square

Kurt Ard, of Copenhagen, sold his first magazine illustration when he was 17 and was remunerated (in Danish kroner, of course) to the tune of $1.43. Undismayed by the $1.43, Ard now, at age 31, has had more than 1000 illustrations in Europe's top-flight magazines. Recently the young man has gone West in the aspirational sense; he has made good with Post illustrations, and this week he is first-timing out front on the cover. Since Scandinavia has no model agencies, Ard seeks volunteers in the streets, parks and stores, or by putting ads in the papers—and one day a lovely girl named Ulla answered an ad. She became his best model, then his best girl, then his wife.

Ard designed the furniture for their garden-surrounded home ("modern but not extreme") and, being a pianist and composer, he fills the house with music ("modern, but I mean *music*, which excludes Rock 'n' Roll, I guess"). The Ards love motoring and they stop in small inns where guests are like members of the innkeeper's family, except when they get the bill. And every so often Kurt Ard has a spell of designing, building and flying kites. His smallest creation, matchbox size, never got off the ground; his biggest, fifteen feet tall, got off once, snapped its rope, and departed ungratefully into the wild blue yonder.

Article Makes Mouths Water

Samuel Williamson, author of a learned thesis on Maine lobsters in the July 20 Post, says he's bewildered by the extra salivation it has caused; among the flood of letters (they're still coming) were several beginning, "I'm still drooling." A typically ravenous missive came from a California lady, Quebec-bound on a motor trip, who had decided on a 350-mile detour to eat a lobster dinner in Maine. Telephone calls included an Oklahoma chap, 1500 miles away, who talked hungrily for 20 minutes—"That cost him plenty. He must have been not only an oil man but somewhat oiled." Williamson's standing in his home town of Rockport, Massachusetts, became "as if I'd won the pennant for the Red Sox or invented a way to put diapers on seagulls." The phenomenon included a heavy influx of tourists to photograph a memorial window in a local church; Williamson had written that in a corner of it is a boiled lobster.

Tales of the Authors

Golf beginner: Jim Skardon's son James cries, "Fore!"

Football beginner: Mike McClung goes through rugged drill in tackling.

Jim Skardon (page 31), describer of the zany rigors of golf on New York's public courses, plays in the higher 90's and has a fine excuse for not playing better. "On those courses, you don't play against par or your companions, but against *all* the other players on the course, which is quite a burden." He had an earlier period of golfing in Japan, where girl caddies always giggled—also a burden. Recently this senior editor of Coronet magazine retreated with his family to Connecticut, hacked a five-hole course out of their woodland, and now Mary, 3, and James, 2, are learning that "Fore!" means to hit the dirt—fast.

Paul and **Geraldine McClung,** both writers, dwell near the University of Oklahoma; they adore football, hence Mrs. M.'s collaboration on page 34 with **"Ma" Burris,** who has sent five star football sons to Oklahoma. "Coach" McClung (see photo) is bringing up her son Mike, 4, correctly; and maybe daughter Jean, 10, will become a band majorette at the University. Her mother was.

Malcolm Boylan (page 30), who is at home in many forms of fiction, including the novel, is a staff writer at Disney Studios, and Mrs. B. is an author too. Boylan frankly computes, "I have written, produced or ruined about 500 motion pictures."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Death on the Water Front"

A minute-by-minute account of the terrible blast that destroyed Texas City a decade ago. The holocaust was followed by a monumental legal battle that finally has ended, closing the books.

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